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SOUTHERN Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXIII.



EDITED BY
R. A. BROCK,
SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XXIII. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1895.

"Contributions of the South to the Greatness of the American Union."

AN ADDRESS BY GENERAL CLEMENT A. EVANS,
OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA,

Delivered before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia,
October 10th, 1895, at Richmond, Virginia, with the Proceedings of the Association on the Occasion.

The annual meeting of the Virginia Division of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia was held at the State Capitol, in the hall of the House of Delegates, on Thursday the 10th day of October, 1895, at 8 o'clock P. M.

PRESENT:

Judge GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, President.

Sergeant Ro. S. BOSHER, Treasurer.

Captain THOMAS ELLETT, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Captain John Cussons, Captain E. P. Reeve, Captain W. Gordon McCabe and Private James T. Gray.

Also a large assemblage of veterans, and of ladies and influential citizens.

The president called the meeting to order, and at his request Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., offered a fervent prayer. The president then in a few eloquent remarks introduced the orator of the occasion, General Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Georgia, the subject being "*Contributions of the South to the Greatness of the American Union.*"

The history of the war for Southern Independence, by Prof. Joseph T. Derry, of Georgia, recently issued by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, of this city, has an introduction by General Evans, whose reputation as a scholar and orator is national.

The address, which was a cogent presentation of the claims of the South as a factor in the moral and material progress of the nation and held the audience in rapt attention, was replete with eloquent flashes, which constantly elicited warm applause.

At the close of the address, on motion of Rev. J. William Jones, the thanks of the Association was tendered General Evans for his able and eloquent address, and a copy of the same was requested for publication.

On the motion of Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, a committee of five was appointed to nominate the Officers and Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

The committee, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, Colonel W. A. Smoot, General Stith Bolling, General T. T. Munford and Colonel R. L. Maury, having retired, during their absence, in response to their repeated call, Captain W. Gordon McCabe briefly addressed the audience.

His remarks were in the happiest vein, and "in a flash of inspiration," he earnestly pressed the claims of the noble women of our Southland to an enduring monumental shaft in testimony to their devotion and sacrifices.

The committee returning, made the following report:

Judge GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, President.
General EPPA HUNTON, 1st Vice-President.
General D. A. WEISIGER, 2d Vice-President.
General CLEMENT A. EVANS, 3d Vice-President.
Sergeant ROBERT S. BOSHER, Treasurer.
Captain THOMAS ELLETT, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Colonel W. E. Cutshaw, Captain John Cussons, Captain E. P. Reeve, Captain W. Gordon McCabe and Private James T. Gray.

On the question being put, they were unanimously elected for the ensuing year.

The President, with characteristic modesty, would have demurred against being continued in the office, which he has so satisfactorily filled, but the audience was clamorous that he accept. In expressing his compliance with their wish, he eloquently urged the claims of the Association to support, declaring the annual meetings to be occasions of delight and inspiration, and that he felt assured that the hearts of all participating in them imbibed fresh inspiration, and that

all were strengthened in patriotic resolve and effort for the public good.

The members of the Association, with their invited guests, then repaired to Murphy's Hotel to a banquet prepared under the direction of the Executive Committee.

The enjoyment of the occasion was here enhanced by brief and warming addresses by Generals Dabney H. Maury, Eppa Hunton, Thomas T. Munford, Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Hon. William A. Anderson and General Clement A. Evans, whose graceful "Adieu" was received with a delight scarcely less than that with which his masterly plea for the South had been greeted. The words of the "oldest Confederate," General Maury, in the dedication of the closing years of his life to the cause of the history of his native State, were touching.

This most recent banquet has been published as the "most pleasant" ever held. The leaven of the devoted President is working, as it has been proposed to publish in a becoming volume all of the addresses heretofore delivered before the Association.

THE ADDRESS.

I am honored by the request to speak during a convention of men whose occupation deserves the first and chiefest consideration as the corner-stone of popular welfare, whose success makes all things prosper, and whose cry for relief is never made until the pain is too great to be borne. Labor that converts human energies into cities, railroads, ships, factories and foundries; into churches, school-houses, asylums and homes; into munitions of war for the country's defence, and implements of industry for times of peace; labor that makes and spends money by billions per annum, is entitled to the honest solicitude of statesmen.

Dear to my heart are you my comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia, with whom I followed Jackson and Lee to the last charge at Appomattox. There are events in my life, as in the lives of others, which are remembered with regret; but the part I bore with you in the assertion of the original ideas of our forefathers upon the battle-fields of Virginia is a rich memory, which I shall cherish with patriotic pride forever.

By your cordial invitation I stand upon the soil of a State which in the travails of nearly three centuries has uniformly affirmed the

axiomatic truths of human freedom, and produced eight generations of manly freemen willing to defend them. Virginia! every Heroic Age salutes you ; all free peoples hail you as the historic mother of American Independence, and this exalted era applauds your American spirit ! I speak by your courtesy also within the gates of a revered city, planted by the enterprise and bravery of liberty-loving men amidst their conquered obstacles, nurtured into stalwart strength by the acrid sap of trial, lathed into lithe grace in the whirl of sharp vicissitudes, polished into untarnished brilliance by the rub of rude conflicts, and withal steadfast in sustaining the most vital human convictions !—a city that has reversed the dread decisions of the unfriendly fates which decreed its destruction, and wrought superb success out of the debris of its ruins ! Richmond ! The epochs of human struggles cluster around you in a proud homage, such as the sheaves of the patriarchs gave to the sheaf of princely Joseph in his prophetic dream ! In the inspiring presence of the sons and daughters of this illustrious State,—every one worthy of a place in the house of our fathers,—I may have liberty to discuss with the ardor of a Southernor and in the soberness of matured reason a patriotic question that concerns our whole country and admits of no partisan treatment ; a theme as broad as our expansive land and uplifted above the stature of partisan political motive. Although to the Southern manner born, I will speak without sectional bias, and in vivid consciousness of possessing at this moment the broadest and truest American spirit ! Southern Honor maintains with chivalric fealty that agreement which the sword's arbitrament lately required, when Americans surrendered to Americans, and not by deed or word or thought, will the terms of that settlement, sanctioned by the peerless Lee, be avoided in letter or in spirit. The South possesses in affluence the true American spirit,—that pride in the grandeur of our country, that hospitality which keeps open house for the worthies of all the world, that glorying in our free institutions, that faith in our Nation's power to maintain its place among the earth's greatest governments, and the profound conviction that in the constitutional union of all the States, we shall achieve a national greatness never equalled in the history of the world. The South says let the decayed corpse of long gone, lurid, sectional strife lie like John Brown's body mouldering in the grave, while the American soul shall go marching on—marching on forever,—under the flag of the Union, keeping step to the music of

Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle and Dixie, harmonized into one national air.

A true peace among the people of these United States is now a fact accomplished,—not a thing to be sought for, but a blessed reality, of which domestic disturbers, as well as all the outside world, will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly. The peacemakers have fulfilled their mission, and may now enter into their reward, for theirs is this kingdom of heaven. The fury of civil war is gone. The fitful fever of sectional passion is over, and it sleeps its last sleep in dreamless death. The North said let us have peace, and they won it ; the South said let us have it also, and thus we met the enemy and they are ours. There is no more any bloody chasm across which old foes are called to clasp their hands. That gaping horror has been closed by the patriotic spirit of a mutual reconciliation more sublime than the harmony of the white and red roses of England, or the agreement by Ephraim and Judah to vex each other no more, for all such restorations to fraternity but pre-figured this far-nobler sacrifice of internecine resentments upon the altar of our re-united country.

We may not be of one mind on all questions which admit of fair discussion in this land of free speech, but we will have one heart when we contemplate the fiery ordeals through which we have been safely borne. Our attitude toward the great issues, events and people of that militant, political and social upheaval must be reverential, indeed, whenever the scenes, the events and the actors of the Confederate era pass before us in solemn and sublime review. Behold the armies as they pass ! On one side mustered into the Union service 2,778,304 arms-bearing men ; on the Confederate side 600,000 men with arms ; united they make a force three and a half millions strong ! Witness more than a score of great and hard-fought battles, every one a Waterloo, and half a thousand others with fewer battalions but equally brilliant in bravery. Survey the theatre of war broader than all Europe; the casualties nearly half the numbers engaged ; expenditures of treasure and destruction of wealth more than the taxable values of many States ; a mighty nation in lethal throes that writhed its whole social system with an awful pain ; the most masterly minds of a noted age stretched to an agony of tension in thought of the ways, means and measures of protracted war ; heroic men by tens of thousands braving danger and death on crimsoned fields, and paired by devoted women enduring

the pangs of suspense at home ; and these Americans all ! brothers by blood and heirs alike to the inheritance of this undivided country ! My God ! are not men worse than brutish beasts who talk in trivial phrase of men and times and events like these, and who are unawed by the amplitudes of the ideas, the convictions, the patriotism and the heroism which distinguished the actors in that ever-illustrious epoch of American history ! Every one who lived amidst those scenes, every one whose memory recalls those events, every one who in any respect mingled among those historic men, must be conscious, sometimes, of a strong fascination drawing his spirit back to those times whose scenes, events and heroes are rapidly dissolving into the refining empyrean of history. And every one whose post-bellum birth makes him but a listener to the epic story of that focal period, must also feel the kindlings of a proud American spirit since all these men were his heroic countrymen, all these events are in his country's history, and all these scenes were on his country's soil. The hour then has come and now is for mutual honors to be awarded to all true defenders of their respective convictions, for fair statement of the law and the facts governing that one great disagreement among Americans which issued in bloody conflict, and to build still broader, deeper, higher and grander our national fabric of popular government.

Under the influence of this American spirit, I desire to show *the contributions of the South to the greatness of the American Union.*

It is the just complaint of the South that the general literature of all nations has not dealt fairly with the motives of its men, the history which they made, the customs and institutions which they fostered, or the sunny land where they dwell. We must, however, share the blame with all who have shown us this courtesy, because we have been careless concerning the publication of Southern worth. We have trusted to the "truth of history" without giving that truth a tongue to proclaim the inmost principles, the lofty purpose, and the patriotic deeds of the Southern people, as a part of this American nation. Ours is a treasury of things new and old, whence all sections are entitled to draw those riches of political precept and action which make nations great. That treasure belongs to the whole country, and in opening the cabinet for the display of the rare jewels it contains, our countrymen from every quarter are bidden to come, behold and use the riches which belong alike to all.

With my subject in view I name five cardinal co-ordinative causes

which contributed to the greatness of our republic. They are: 1. The extent and richness of its eminent domain. 2. The martial spirit ready on sea and land for the country's sure defence. 3. A people enlightened, industrious, progressive and religious, possessing qualities which fit them for citizenship. 4. The jealous maintenance of all the first principles of human right against all power at home or abroad arrayed to destroy them. 5. Last and not least, the integrity of the Constitutional Union, whose dissolution is to be unthinkable until the martial spirit become extinct, the people lose their virtues, and the principles of liberty are dead; and then may

“The stars be old, and the sun grow cold,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.”

I.

CONTRIBUTION TO TERRITORIAL GREATNESS.

Our countrymen feel a proper pride in this broad land, covered by forty-four contiguous sovereign States,—every State a nation,—shorelineing the two greatest oceans of the globe, capped by lakes that have the magnitude of seas, and pedestled on a gulf that duplicates the Mediterranean of the old world. We say to our sister Nations, behold the land where popular government is sacredly templed and its principles are bravely guarded. See the landed estate of a free American people which provides home and happiness for its seventy millions, with room to spare for four-fold more! Now, in view of the political truth that in the century at hand no nation, however free, can be truly great without having jurisdiction over expansive and expanding territory, it is pertinent for all Americans to enquire into the history of a policy which within a century gave a growth to our country from thirteen States to nearly fifty, and from a fringe of settlements to the present vast enlargements of eminent domain. Will not a fraternal acknowledgement be won from our countrymen of every section when their memory is refreshed concerning the contributions to this territorial greatness made by that South which sought once to divide the estate and now in honor and contentment remains integral, harmonious and happy in the unsevered possession of the entire magnificent area? I trust it will. I believe that even while they pronounce our attempt at secession a mistake, they will frankly say to the South, “Your policy of territorial aggrandizement on this continent was right.”

Let us see in a sheer summary how much this country is indebted

to the South for actual land. We commence with the fact that in the beginning the Southern Colonies brought into the common property largely the greatest landed wealth. Take the munificent grant of your own Virginia by its cession of territory to which jurists said and say it had a valid title; look at the gift made by Maryland, North Carolina's donation of Tennessee, and Georgia's cession from the Chattahoochee to the Mississippi; then examine that outlying range of northwestern territory won and held by the backwoods' boys, from Virginia and Kentucky, of which a northern first-rank historian frankly says, "All our territory lying beyond the Alleghanies north and south was first won for us by Southwesterners fighting for their land." Survey also the regal possessions of the French, then called Louisiana, broadening out from the delta of the Mississippi along the right bank of that mighty river, in shape like an eagle's wing whose tip touched the British possessions on the north line of the present Dakotas, and covering ground nearly one-third the United States! That imperial region was seized in peace from Napoleon by the statesmanship of Southern men against the resentment of Great Britain and over the protesting fears of our timid countrymen who opposed the aggrandizement of our nation by territorial extension. Next came the acquisition of Florida from Spain, by which the same Southern policy secured that inviting realm of beauty, where the gentle climate invites the shivering Northerners to flee the wrath to come and revel in the luscious lures of orange groves. Will they not, while breathing the balm of Indian river and Tampa's strand—will they not bless the valor of Andrew Jackson and the acquisitive statesmanship of his Southern compeers which delivered this glorious peninsula from the oppression of Spain and committed it to the keeping of the American Union? And next in order, great Texas won by annexation and consequent Mexican war, followed by victory, peace and purchase, that brought us for a trifle in money the ownership of New Mexico, the garden fields of all the Californias and a Pacific shore line whose harbors now open to the trade of the Orient. Everybody knows that this magnificent gain was the result of the South's aggressive policy and occurred through the administration of a Southern President. Last comes Arizona, known in the annals of acquisition as the Gadsden purchase, achieved, as is conceded, by the skill of the South Carolina Senator, who by special mission contrived the trade. Now, take your map of these United States and territories. Survey with all your American pride the broad domain of the American Union in the best portion of the

earth: then draw a line along the northern boundary of Maryland and due west toward the Mississippi river, then northward to the Canada line, then along our northern limits to the Pacific Ocean, and from thence down the Pacific coast to the southern part of California, where you will turn eastward to the mouth of the Rio Grande and follow the islands of the Gulf around the Florida keys, and still on in the course of the Gulf stream sweep up the Atlantic shores by Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia and Maryland, to the beginning point! Look, my countrymen, at that wondrous *imperium in imperio*, containing two-thirds of the nation's land, one-half its population, and destined to be the home of two hundred millions of free people—that land came into the Union by the munificence of Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia; it was won from the crowns of England, Spain, France and Mexico by the blood of the brave, or bought by the taxes of the people; it was all brought into the family of the free and sovereign States of this American Republic through a consistent, persistent, far-seeing Southern policy! But lest this historical statement shall seem to be a sectional boast, I bid you as patriots to cast your eyes proudly upon your country's territorial greatness and see it as it begins to appear in the eyes of the nations. Reflect on the common achievements of your countrymen in war and peace, and then nobly stand in your place with all States and people in the Union to repeat the words of the President: "We have built a magnificent fabric of popular government whose grand proportions are seen throughout the world."

II.

THE SOUTH IN OUR COUNTRY'S WARS.

We will enter next into brief and cold statistics which only vaguely show the martial patriotism of the South in the wars of the Republic. A country's fame is made great in part by the heroism of its people in times of wars. We have a heroic history, in which the patriotic valor and sacrifices of our people were so evenly balanced as to leave all sections wondrously rich in fame. Our "forefathers" were New Englanders as well as Virginians, and there are names that can never be made sectional: Ethan Allen and Francis Marion; John Starke and Harry Lee; Nathaniel Greene and George Washington—who divides these martial heroes into North and South! Jefferson and Franklin—twin sages; Madison and Adams—twin statesmen; Henry and Otis—twin storms in debate: who can separate these civic chiefs

of the Revolution into sectional classes? I shall not recite the historic chivalry of the South in the slightest disparagement of Northern courage. Rather would I be silent and await the coming of the years of dispassionate consideration if I believed any people of the Union felt that applause of the South dispraised any part of Republic. May I not briefly reveal the recorded acts of Southern patriots and make that record another reason why we are one people? I will trust the answer to the great heart of Americans everywhere.

Passing the Indian troubles which antedated the Revolution, and beginning with the call to arms to win American Independence, what was the part borne by the Southern States in that Revolutionary struggle? I will answer that it is the glory of North Carolina to have shed the first blood for colonial liberty at Alamance in 1771, and having given her sons to the common cause, she fought on to the finish. Maryland furnished twenty thousand men, South Carolina thirty-one thousand, Georgia nearly as many, and Virginia fifty-six thousand. South Carolina doubled New Hampshire, South Carolina and Georgia outnumbered New York, Virginia sent sixteen thousand more men than Pennsylvania. Massachusetts did the noblest of all the Northern States, yet South Carolina sent thirty-seven out of forty-two of its arms-bearing men, and Massachusetts thirty-two out of forty-two. From official report it is gleaned that the States in the Northern division sent one hundred men for every two hundred and twenty-seven arms-bearing population, and the South sent one hundred out of every two hundred and nine. In the account of suffering by invasion, it appears that Norfolk was burned, Charleston and Savannah captured, and the Southern States invaded with British armies for years, while Washington drove Howe from Boston in March, 1776, and from that date all Massachusetts was free from the presence of the enemy to the end of the war. The next test of the military fealty of the people was by the war of 1812. That was the second war for Independence caused by English arrogance, and was urged by the South against the protest of the East. In that contest, which was mainly naval, there were notable victories won under Northern leaders, but the greatest injury to British shipping was done by privateers, chiefly sent from Baltimore, which captured nearly three hundred ships and many thousand prisoners. Wingfield Scott made himself and his regiments famous at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, while Andrew Jackson whipped Packenham at New Orleans with men from Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky and Tennessee. Next the Mexican war, preceded by the

adventurous help for Texas rendered by Lamar, Houston, Fannin, Crockett and other like spirits from Tennessee and Georgia, when the blood of the South crimsoned the Alamo, and afterward freely flowed in all battles from Palo Alto to the ancient city of the Montezumas, and in which the troops of the American Union were led to victory by such men as Pierce, Butler, Zachary Taylor, Wingfield Scott, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. In that war of so much importance to the Republic the reports show: Northern volunteers, twenty-three thousand and eighty-four, and Southern volunteers, forty-four thousand six hundred and forty. Thus, while the South has multiplied the stars on the flag of the Nation, it has deepened the crimson of the stripes with its blood. Having done its best in every battle, having given its Washington to lead the armies of the Colonies, its Jackson to win the second victory over England, its Taylor and Scott to bring Mexico to terms, and having shown in all wars that the chivalry of the South means in part the readiness of its natural born soldiery to fight, we may say to our countrymen and the world that no legions truer or more gallant than the sons of the South will ever follow the starry flag into battle at the call of our country to arms.

III.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM.

I will ask for the South a just and generous concession of its full share in the successful Colonial efforts which established on this continent the fundamental principles of individual liberty, and put them in operation through a government of republican-democratic form. It will not be claimed that political virtues were all centered in Southern Colonies and descended from Southern sources alone. North of the dividing line drawn by King James, in 1606, there lived a host of men in whose own brave hearts burned the inextinguishable flame of civil and religious freedom. I know from the record that in 1630 the spirit of home rule stirred the soul of Plymouth men, and Massachusetts resolved to hold a Legislature for its Settlements. It is in happy memory that in 1639 the Connecticut settlers adopted the "fundamental orders" for their self government, said to be the first written constitution of America. With pride we read in the records of New Jersey for 1680, its brave resolutions against illegal and tyrannous taxation. We recall with delight the heroism of John Peter Zenger, of New York, who bravely printed in his paper the demands of his people for political rights, and went to prison

rather than debase his press. Not one ray would I withdraw from the radiant glory which floods our historic fields from the colonial stars that constituted the old Plymouth Colony. The appeal of this hour of fraternal graces is rather to that broad and just national spirit which will award to the old original South of the Colonies the largest of pride and praise for its contributive proportion of the wisdom, heroism and all other political virtues by which our free government was founded.

With the country-loving spirit moving most powerfully my whole nature at this moment, I will collate in very brief historical statement some of those acts which place my queenly South on an illumined eminence as a panoplied and inflexible vindicator of man's political rights in a government of his intelligent choice. Examining the record, I find that before 1613, within ten years after the feudal charters of King James were granted, the outspoken demands of the Southern English colonists caused the changing of those charters into free democratic form, and that in 1619 the first representative Legislature in America selected by ballot met in this Southern Virginia to make laws for its people. The gray dawn of self-government began at that hour to break out of a long night of hereditary misrule, and it was on the land of the South fell the first white beams of the splendid day of popular self-government in America. There is a principle of liberty expressed by the terse phrase, "no taxation without representation," which is firmly embedded in our common political faith, and the star which stood over the birth of that great American maxim shed its first light, in 1623, down upon the capital city of your illustrious Virginia. Following along the logical line of its first step, in 1619, the Colony of Virginia acquired in 1652 the right to trade with all nations without hindrance, to exercise general suffrage of all freemen, to levy its own taxes, and to be ruled by Governors of its own choosing. The perfidy of royalty brought on a period of oppression, bravely but vainly resisted by petition, remonstrance and non-intercourse, until at length the South, by representative Virginia, made the first armed resistance to foreign oppression by the patriotic rebellion of Nathaniel Bacon, one century before the War of the Revolution. The earliest establishment of freedom in conscience, or the free exercise of religious worship, was in the organic law of Maryland. The Carolinas, North and South, in 1670 made a bold fight for home and established representative governments. From the public expression of Southern views during these early days on the general doctrines of human

liberty, I could make a volume of quotations; but I will repeat only this, that in 1689 the amplest bill of rights ever drafted was written by George Mason, a Southern farmer, containing these principles: the rule of the majority ascertained by honest elections; all political power is vested in and derived from the people; the executive, legislative and judicial functions shall be separate; free institutions, free enjoyment of life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness; free ballots, free press, free conscience and the equal rights of all men under the law. These grand principles, so familiar to us now, were large additions to Magna Charta, and they advanced the theory of human government to that summit from which amid the conditions of the rebellion of our fathers nearly a century later shone the bold resolutions at Mecklenburg, the Declaration of Independence which Jefferson drew and the Constitution of these United States.

IV.

GROWTH OF THE UNION SENTIMENT.

The idea of a Union of the several Colonies was of slow and painful growth. There were instinctive thoughts of intrinsic and eternal value melting in the minds of noble men, like precious metals in heated ladles, which were cast into a model form of government upon this wild, wooded continent, far away from the Old World's theater, where bad rulers had debauched and debased humanity for centuries. The installation of a new system of inter-state and inter-social regulations, where democracy would mean the rule of the people by representation, and republicanism should signify that public affairs are conducted with single care for the people's rights—this new fashion formed in the political processes of Colonial development, and which all royal and aristocratic Europe derided as a mad-cap scheme, was the priceless product of prolonged conflicts which bestrewed the field of our heroic history with the wrecks of many patriotic endeavors, but emblazoned it at last by the triumphs of sound principles and the establishment of our novel, potent and rhythical system of government. The English Colonies deployed along the Atlantic coast for a thousand miles from Buzzard's Bay, the outpost of the Plymouth Settlement, to Brunswick harbor, where Oglethorpe fought, rocked the infant Union in the cradle of those recurring political storms which beat upon it in varying fury for one hundred and fifty years. There was such a growing appreciation of the common interest that wherever the British Crown

asserted the claim to hold the Colonies dependent for laws and liberties upon the royal will, the American discussions had the same fire, the protests showed the same spirit and the resolutions of Assemblies assumed the same form. The idea of Colonial association grew. Franklin formed a "New England Confederacy," and made the fatal mistake of confining the Union to the States of the East, in memory whereof, I may here take courage to suggest that the word "Confederacy" as applied to a compact among States can never hold an unwelcome place in the American lexicon since the use of the term was born in the brain of Franklin, and that the sound thereof should be as sweet to New England ears as the cooing of a babe, because the first political child of that name was baptized in the waters of Massachusetts Bay.

Now in those old times, when the Union idea was struggling upward into life and light, what aid came from that Southern section which this generation has been taught to think were ever the restless and inveterate opposers of the Union? I proceed, by your leave, to state as a fact which shines forth in cloudless evidence, that the Southern Colonies were the foremost to nurse the earliest hope of Colonial alliance, and when troubles increased, when Franklin's Confederacy (limited) had been ditched in the sectional mire, when patriots were trying to devise nearer and broader relations—the first practical step toward our present organized American Union was taken when Dabney Carr, in 1773, proposed in the Legislature of Virginia to provide a plan of concerted action, and the State having adopted the first scheme of inter-Colonial correspondence, as a great Northern historian justly says, "laid down the foundation of the Union." A crisis was reached in 1774, upon the passage by Parliament of the bill to close the port of Boston, but this attempt to coerce a sister Colony by armed invasion fired the Southern heart, and then the fraternal cry that "the cause of Massachusetts is the cause of all" rang like a liberty bell from Maryland to Georgia. Virginia in the lead, called for a Congress of Deputies to consider the common defense, and in June following Massachusetts agreed to the proposal. Other Colonies clustered to a center, and the first Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia. Concerning this advance toward Union, Bancroft quotes the words of Gadsden: "Had it not been for South Carolina no Congress would have happened." To that first Congress, Georgia, having broken over the opposition of the royal governor, sent a representative one thousand miles by land to make known its people's espousal of the common

cause; and North Carolina, having met in a voluntary provincial assembly, against the angry protest of its governor, hurried its ambassador to the General Congress. Thus the South, although not yet threatened with invasion, demonstrated its fraternal spirit. A long stride of the Union sentiment was made by this event; but it soon felt, pending the stress of the Revolutionary war, that yet another step must be taken, and in this, also, the South led the advance. At its instance a committee was appointed to draft the Articles of Confederation under which the alliance of the Colonies grew into the stronger form, and by which general Confederacy of States the war for American liberty was successfully fought. May I not take courage again from this memorial further to say that the title, "Confederate States of America," can never represent anything but an honorable nation to any honorable mind.

But there was still another step necessary to a "more perfect union." The Revolutionary war separated the States from England but did not establish a perfect Union among themselves. Difficulties concerning inter-State relations arose, especially involving Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey to such extent as to make disunion and anarchy imminent. What was the voice of the Southern States at that critical juncture? I am happy in being made able to answer that amidst these portentous perplexities the first suggestion on record of "the more perfect Union" was made by Madison, and that Virginia, as the spokesman of Southern sentiment, arose to the political zenith and drew after her all the stars of the Confederation into that inspired convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States of America. So it appears that your South nourished the earliest idea of Union among the endangered "settlements"; called the deputies of the Colonies to assemble in general committee of correspondence; suggested the Continental Congress of States; devised the Articles of Confederation, and moving on with the love of Union in its warm heart, advanced the great idea step by step until the loftiest distinction was reached, when it proposed to create this present United States Government by a written Constitution. Your Union, my countrymen, developed into its present form, your Constitution, which is the palladium of your rights as States or as people, and all the privileges you enjoy in this free Commonwealth are due at least in equal measure to the energy, the valor, the wisdom and the patriotism of Southern men.

In order to make this demonstration still more distinct, I will note

in hurried review the origin and progress of the idea of Disunion, indulging the hope that the sweet spirit of charity will prevail while we consider any sins for which all sections may be brought to confession. It is true, indeed, that signs of sectional strife and threats of disunion were made during even the administration of Washington, but these sentiments did not come from the South. In 1796, while the Presidential election was pending, a lieutenant-governor, referring to the probable election of Jefferson, said: "I sincerely declare that I wish the Northern States would separate from the Southern the moment that event shall take place"; but it was not the governor of any Southern State who first declared that the election of a President was a cause of secession. There was a secret junto formed within less than twenty years after the Union was organized, composed in part of eminent men pledged to bring about the dissolution of the Union, but that junto did not have one Southern member. There was a convention of prominent leaders held during the war of 1812, to consider a plan for withdrawing all the East from the Union, but that convention was held at Hartford, not at Richmond, and had not one Southern supporter. There was one attempt at nullification in one Southern State in 1832, on the debatable plea that certain measures of General Government violated the Constitution, and that attempt was promptly suppressed by a Southern President; but there were many actual nullifications of Federal law by Legislatures of Northern States after 1850, without pretense of sustaining the Constitution, which no President seriously tried to forbid. There were open threats to disrupt the ties that bind the States together on account of the annexation of Texas, which the Southern people so much desired; but the Union-loving South went on to greateren the Nation with new and rich territory, and then arrested the cry of secession by concessions to Northern opinion. There were some fanatical disunionists who said that the Constitution of our happy country was "an agreement with hell;" but that profanity did not fall from Southern lips. Some madmen called our starry flag "a flaunting lie;" but it was no Southern fire-eater who blistered Old Glory with that lurid insult. Disunion was somewhat rampant in 1848, but its fires burned in the bosoms of fanatics about slavery who did not care enough for the negro to buy him back into freedom with the money they had sold him for into slavery. Meanwhile, let it be frankly admitted that the disunion spirit began to grow in the South after 1850. The example of threatened secession had been set before it, and new agitations, invasions and other irri-

tations wearied the Southern people into the final adoption in practice of the theory they had been taught. The South had learned much from the intelligence and thrift of its Northern co-patriots, and while imbibing some errors, had profited by many of their valuable views; but it now appears that secession by States which these, our brothers, so persistently taught us to regard as a final but friendly and legal remedy for wrongs must be rebuked as the least defensible and most immoral of all measures a sovereign people can adopt.

WHY SECESSION?

It was no small sacrifice for the Southern section to yield all the vast empire of the East, the North and the West, reserving only the area of a dozen States; to give up the Union which our forefathers planned and formed; to surrender that flag of stars and stripes which Washington designed, and under which our heroes had fought on land and sea; to give up the national name, the domain, the wealth, the prestige of our country, and begin anew the experiment of self-government. It will never be fully told how the great heart of the South yearned for a settlement of the issue without the shedding of blood and the severance of the States.

It is, therefore, well asked why then did secession occur? Let the answer be honorably made, that in 1860 the Southern States despaired of maintaining the original principles of that Union which they had helped to form. They saw sectional ascendancy become imminent and portentous of evil. They saw the hard hand of impatient fanaticism uplifted against their prosperity. With unspeakable sadness they beheld centralization tightening its coils to crush out the Statehood of the States. With dismay they read upon the banners of a victorious host the old British and Federalistic device, "The States are provincial and the Union Imperial." The South did not secede from its proud place among the States to maintain the abstract theory of secession. That theory was not the issue and the Union was not the enemy. It did not suppose that under the law as interpreted by every State in the original Union the legal right of secession could be disputed or coercion justified. When the States withdrew they dissolved no Union, broke no law and formed no conspiracy. They left the Union intact, the President, the Congress, the Judiciary—all unharmed; the army and navy undisturbed, and all public property scheduled for account and settlement. Their ordinances simply maintained the principles which

all true patriots now assert that there must be no Eastern, no Western, no Northern, no Southern supremacy of any kind, but a Union of One People of the many States, equally and honestly governed, without favoritism for special States, sections, classes or conditions. That was the burning question as the South saw it, and all contention focused there. Upon that vital issue, involving the good character of the Union, the honor of the States, and the individual liberties of the people, peaceable secession was sought as the right way of relief and coercion by arms confronted the plan. We withstood the bloody Mortmain with all our might, at the cost of all we had, and literally bled to death.

The fealty of the Southern people to the Union is ever self-respecting, as it should be, and is as sincere as the flawless virtues of a vestal. It is right to have it understood that the South is stung to the quick by the insult which pretends to suspect its honorable devotion to the Union, the Constitution and the flag. Its proud lip curls in scornful contempt for the man whose soul is so paupered of sentiment and leprous with prejudice that he cannot trust the honor of the South. The Southern people meet their Northern countrymen not half way, but all the way. In the use and occupation of this realm, dedicated to freedom, we hold *per my et per tout*, where each is for all and all is for each. We are ready for a full and equal division of the gravest duties and the highest privileges including our part of all civil, military and naval advantages, together with a fair share of National offices, from postmaster to President. We have come back, as Senator Hill said, to our father's house, and I may be allowed to add, we are ready to break merrily into the fatted ring and kill the golden calf.

V.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO INDUSTRIAL GREATNESS.

I have reserved for conclusion a restricted glance at the industrial history of the South, and its present brightening promise of future additions to all those things which will increase our Country's greatness. True as this section has been to the original ideas of the forefathers, its record does not consist alone of mere chivalric sentiment. Its footprints are well marked in the pathway of the world's progress, and it as willingly unfolds its old career as its present resourceful prospects to the scrutiny of the age. In the infancy of the Union, after a hundred years of competition, it stood foremost in industrial and commercial power, and then saw without envy the

material wealth of the wide and rich territory it had donated to the general estate turning away from its own ports, and Norfolk, the natural entrepot of commerce, surpassed by New York. The Northern section grew rapidly because the Northeast became the Merchant, the Banker, the Transportation agent, and at length the Manufacturer of the Country, by which adjustment of business relations it turned its money over every day and profited by every turn of the incoming and outgoing trade, while the South made one annual deal. Immigration forced through its ports poured by special inducements upon the territory of the West, and the immigrants became customers of the East. The sale of its slaves brought no small amount of ready money to those who bargained them to the South, and early emancipation of its Negroes freed from the North from bonds which the South was obliged longer to wear. Great governmental aids followed each other thick and fast in the form of bounties, tariffs, contracts and the like, in the disbursement of which the large percentage went away from the South. Grants to build railroads with public lands which Southern cessions and policy had secured to the National wealth exceeded the area of European empires, and of which the South received not one-fifth of its share. The Southern people make no unfair complaint at the energy with which these and other unnamed advantages were seized, but they do rebuke all unjust sneers which stigmatize them as an unprogressive race, and the whole South makes a powerful protest against this injustice by the evidence of its old thrift in maintaining a prosperous existence in the Union for nearly a century by the use of only one-tenth of its resources, and the still more significant display of its rapid rise in recent years from utter prostration through the masterful spirit of its own people. The transformation of the Southern wilds into fruitful fields, from which have gone Northward in sixty-five years two hundred and fifty millions cotton bales, worth forty dollars per bale, beside cereals and fruits, tobacco, lumber and other products of four-fold greater value, should be accredited to the enterprise of the diligent Southerner. It is strange that a people who hibernate nearly half the year in enforced idleness, while the workingman of the genial South is out with the morning lark and pursues his calling through the months of winter as well as summer, can think of such a worker as indolent. When we survey the deep repose of many Eastern towns which slumber in unprogressive if not "innocuous desuetude," we rationally inquire why Southern cities are so specially characterized as "sleepy boroughs"? We will not forget that the

first railroad was built in Carolina, the first steamship that crossed the ocean weighed anchor from a Southern port, and the cotton gin originated in the cotton belt. The Old South was in truth a vast hive of small industries. It was dotted with domestic factories, tanned its own leather, made its shoes in every county and its hats in every section; wove its cloth in domestic looms, wrought its iron in its own shops, milled its corn and wheat, and lived at home in peace, plenty and hospitality.

I will take the ten years between 1850 and 1860 in illustration of the energies of the Old South to show its enterprise, and to remove the error that it had the cotton monomania, and was not keeping pace with the nascent industrial spirit of the times.

With only one-third the population of the Union during that decade, the South raised one-third the corn of the country, one-fourth the wheat, three-fourths of the tobacco, nearly all the rice and sugar, one-third of the live stock, made large sales of lumber and naval stores, besides producing in unascertained quantities that remarkable variety of cereals, fruits and vegetables for which it was now more than ever famous. Nor was it then a laggard in manufacturing and other individual enterprise, as will appear by its gain during that one decade of one hundred per cent. in grain mills, exceeding the percentage of the entire country; its increase by two hundred per cent. in machinery and engine construction; its great growth in cotton mills and in hundreds of minor industries which occupied its people. In those ten years it doubled its lumber trade, doubled the output from iron foundaries and nearly quadrupled its railroad mileage. The South increased its railroad miles in that decade above the percentage increase of all other sections of the United States combined. It had in 1860 a mile of rail to every seven hundred of its white population, while the other States all united had one-mile to every one thousand people. An exposition of the industrial status in 1860 would have shown the world that the Dixie of that day was not merely "the land of cotton, cinnamon seed and sandy bottom," but in the range and value of its products from the soil, and in the diversity and elevation of its industries of every kind, it was measuring up to the stature of the most progressive nations.

The recovery of the South from its stunned condition in 1865, after the war which exhausted its resources, challenges the generous admiration of mankind. The returning soldiers of the Confederate army made heroic efforts to recuperate their country, and although

these brave endeavors were repressed awhile by the errors of reconstruction and hindered by panics which they did not cause, yet through the wisdom, the courage, and the enterprise of these soldiers and their sons, their wives and their daughters, this irrepressible land is now waking up the world to gaze upon the sunrise of the Southern day, and calling it to participate in that coming splendor which another census will reveal. The wayfaring man must be more than a fool who will not see the signs at the cross roads of prosperity pointing Southward. The bounty of Almighty God has endowed this land of the South with all the resources which a great people require. Arable soil, stately forests, water powers, climate salubrious and soft; marble, stone, coal and mineral ores; great rivers, ample harbors, ocean shores and gulf coasts; mountain ranges, hills and valleys. It lies in broad beauty upon that middle belt of the Northern Hemisphere; along which the brightest star of human achievement has moved since the earliest historic age, and its richness exactly meets the demand for those elements by which man may attain to his highest estate of liberty, enlightenment and religion.

It is not a New South that has thus burst into sight like some freshly found planet, which has been formed with regravitated fragments which lately wandered in the skies. Not a New South—but it is truly the Greater South flowering forth under new conditions from the stem of the old plant and out of the rich original soil. THE GREATER SOUTH! May it be matched by a Greater East, a Greater West, a Greater North, and all these in the Union of their graces display to the world the greater glory of our matchless Country—THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

THE SOUTH AND THE FUTURE.

The South is now newly girded with strength and purpose to increase in all respects the true greatness of the American Union. It enjoys at this day a mediatory position which will enable it to remove political asperity and to bring all differences to the fair plane of conservative, patriotic discussion. The South has its views, but they are in the Bill of Rights as taught by the old and new patriots of all States. It will stand firmly by those sacred original ideas. It will continue to ask for an uncorrupted preservation of the cardinal principles of the old Revolution and the strict observance of constitutional law. It will still maintain that our system of government is

not like the magnificent planet Saturn, girt by a combination of concentric rings and surrounded by subordinate orbs which sattelite a central sovereign, whose name was taken from a god who devoured his children; but more like a constellation of co-equal solar stars which move through the heavens in radiant agreement and inseparable order. Carefully, therefore, will it cherish the citizen's loyal devotion to the State where he lives as well as his fidelity to the Constitution and his passionate love for the Union. The freeman of Vermont, wherever he roams on land or sea, shall be encouraged in memory of the Green Mountains of his State to fondly affirm, "I am a Vermonter!" The Virginia citizen, bursting with proud recollections of his State's traditions and present glory, may without suspicion of his loyalty to the Union exclaim, "I am a Virginian!" And the son of my noble Georgia—although nicknamed "goober-grabber" in Confederate times by the brave cohesive tarheels of Carolina—will proudly announce, "I am a Georgian!" The patriot from well watered Michigan, emerging from his lovely lakes and claiming the right by his feathers to flock with the American eagle, shall say with unhindered enthusiasm, "I am a Michigander!" And the mightiest man from Maine, glorying in a State whose ancient mountain spurs once fretted the British lion, may strike his broad palm upon his ample chest and bravely cry, "I am a Maniac!" But we all, whether cracker, hoosier, tarheel, Michigander or Maniac, while maintaining devotion to our several States will declare with one common voice to the nations of the earth, "We are all Americans!"

The South further believes that under the Constitution there can be solidarity of popular action without centrality of official power, Union without fusion, co-supremacy of State and Federal authority without conflict, and the blessing of co-equality among the people under impartial statutes without the bane of unnatural equalism contrary to law. It will beg for fairness and fullness of the ballot right, the undiminished boon of individual liberty, and for statutory guards to be set over the interests of the unsophisticated people to protect them against the experienced shrewdness and rapid greed of the monopalist who seeks to despoil them. It stands ready to umpire and adjust our financial perplexities fairly, because it has no brokerage in gold imperilled, no silver to sell, and nothing to demand but the emancipation of intelligent and honest enterprise. With threads of gold and silver and natural wealth it will make the financial cables

and cordage of the Ship of State strong, flexible and sufficient to anchor it securely in any harbor, and sail it safely on any sea. Believing in the ability of this Union to maintain its own greatness, the Southern counsel will urge the Government to heed the advice of Washington and make no entangling alliance with, or dangerous concession to, any foreign power. The Monroe doctrine is understood to be a settled policy as to improper European aggression on this hemisphere, and the South is now listening with boundless sympathy to the cry of Cuba, and on hearing the wail of this oppressed neighbor it inquires, Why shall all America be free and the beautiful Queen of the Antilles be alone a slave? In short, you will allow the statement to be made that your South, like the Goddess of Justice, can weigh the issues of this day in unbiased scales, and with unselfish patriotism join the true men of all the States in protecting the political axioms of our people, and contributing with all its increasing resources to the future unexampled greatness of the American Union.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

In consideration of all our traditions and our present vantage ground as a Nation, let us cherish a strong American spirit. Not a proscriptive or prejudiced, but a characteristic Americanism in both the native and the naturalized citizen. Our country is not isolated from other nations, but it is indeed differentiated from them by its form, its policy, its people and probable destiny. It was not born great and had no greatness thrust upon it; but it has achieved a greatness that is not European, nor Oriental, but purely American. The blood of all European tribes has been pouring into our National body, and we have feared the development of foreign traits; but the predominance of the American spirit will secure the American character. The laws, the institutions, the ideas and even the language of this country will be distinctively American. A peculiar people, bearing in character, manners and views the impress of strong American individuality, has risen, and will reign in this country from sea to sea. The type is not in process of formation; it is already formed and the development cannot be arrested. The typical American has unbounded faith in the wisdom of his country to devise its own policy, in its power to execute its own will, and in its goodness to preserve the liberties of its people.

My Southern Comrades: When the victorious veterans of the

Northern armies formed their great association I was charmed by the modesty with which they adopted the title of the Grand Army of the Republic, for I supposed they felt that a people could be grander in defeat than in triumph, and therefore left the survivors of the Southern side the privilege to be called the *Grander Army of the Republic!* But when both armies are found united as they now are in the fellowship of the American spirit, and emulating each other in eulogy of the American soldier, they present a sublime spectacle while passing in review before the American people, and win for themselves the right to be called the GRANDEST ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC! I feel sure, therefore, by this fraternal regard for each other's valor, patriotism and convictions, you will not be asked to strike no more the resonant, tuneful chords of memory in proud recall of marches, bivouacs and battles where the columns in gray added new martial glory to American chivalry. Your battle banner, stripped of all gory significance and meaning only the memory of a comradeship in arms, although radiant yet with stars that bezewel the red cross, signifies the luster shed upon the whole American name by the intrepid courage of the brave young Southerners who bore it aloft through storms of fire. That emblem need not be furled, for it has no honorable foe who demands its disgrace; shows no stain upon its bullet-riven folds, means no fight, frightens no man of sense, and only inspires the Southern patriot to love, follow and defend the star-spangled banner of his country.

My Southern Countrymen, your fathers gave our nation much of its territorial greatness; they evolved into chrystallized beauty the elements of human liberty under constitutional safeguards; they bore their part in the material uplift of this land to the present crest; they shed their warm, rich blood freely in all wars for your country's sake, and therefore, by all well acknowledged reasons and rights, your voice will be potent in the councils of your countrymen, and your influence felt in the future achievements of the American people.

May God speed you on your patriotic way, my native South! May our whole country trust you, my noble Southern Land, and millions yet unborn rise up and call you blessed!

[From *The State Columbia*, S. C., Sept. 10, 1895.]

HAMPTON AND BUTLER.

Some Pages of Heretofore Unwritten History.

A Paper read by Captain U. R. Brooks before a Meeting of Camp Hampton Confederate Veterans, at Columbia, S. C., Sept. 6, 1895.

"History is a brilliant illustration of the past, and leads us into a charmed field of wonder and delight. It reflects the deeds of men, and throws its rays upon the just and unjust, and leads us upward and onward to that mention of facts bearing directly upon a brilliancy surrounding our every day life—as it was and as it is.

"That brilliancy called history is pitiless; it has this strange and divine thing about it, that all light as it is, and because it is light, it often throws shadows over spots before luminous, it makes of the same man two different phantoms, and one attacks the other, and the darkness of the despot struggles with the lustre of the captain."

In the language of Wendell Phillips: "If I stood here to-night to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the father of his country." I am about to tell you of one of the many battles which was planned, fought and won by our illustrious lieutenant-general, Wade Hampton, on the 10th day of March, 1865—the charge on Kilpatrick's camp, twelve miles this side of Fayetteville, N. C. Hampton's plan of action was a masterpiece.

No historian will ever say of him what has been said of Wellington, that "Waterloo is a battle of the first class, won by a captain of the second." Hampton's brave men who dared to follow where he dared to lead saw no Waterloo, because that expressive word of defect was not written in their vocabulary.

Napoleon said that "detail facts belong rather to the biography

of regiments than to the history of the army." I will, therefore, try to deal in facts as I remember them.

In January, 1865, General Lee ordered Lieutenant-General Hampton, with General M. C. Butler and two of his brigades (Young's and Dunovant's) from the A. N. V. to meet Sherman at Columbia, where General Wheeler was to report to General Hampton upon his arrival. Each general had a squad of scouts, who were brave and courageous men. I will give their names as I remember them: General Hampton's scouts were G. D. Shadbourn, sergeant commanding; Bob Shiver, W. W. Miller, D. F. Tanner, Phil Hutchinson, Jim Doolin, Jim Guffin, Lem Guffin, Walker Russell, David Smith, Jack Shoolbred, —— Simons, Jim Sloan, Shake Harris, and R. B. Merchant.

General Butler's scouts were Dick Hogan, sergeant commanding; Hugh K. Scott, Bernard King, Joel Adams, Jim Niblet, —— Black, —— Ashley, —— Callins, —— Hodges, Bill Burness, Bill Turner, Pem Guffin, and a brave young lad from Virginia named Colvin, and also the fearless Captain James Butler. Colvin was killed just before Johnston surrendered.

General Wheeler's scouts were commanded by Captain Shannon. The gallant General Butler commanded the rear guard. On the morning of the 17th of February, 1865, when the rear guard was leaving Columbia, and while the remnant of the Second squadron of the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry was reluctantly leaving our beautiful city, Sergeant Hill Winn was killed in the college campus, when withdrawing the picket line, by Black Jack Logan's advance guard. This gallant young soldier belonged to Company B, which, with Company F (the cadet company), formed the Second squadron—than whom no braver squadron ever crossed the James.

The hero of Sherman's army was Lieutenant John A. McQueen, of the Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, who saved several houses in Columbia, at the peril of his life, and in the language of Dr. A. Toomer Porter: "He was one of the finest men I have ever known—a brave soldier, chivalrous enemy, a devoted friend and a devout and honest Christian gentleman." So much pleased was Dr. Porter with him that he wrote this letter :

COLUMBIA, S. C., February, 1865.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON:

Dear General,—Should Lieutenant McQueen, Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, one of General Howard's escort, U. S. A., ever fall into

your hands or any of your command, let me entreat you to show him every kindness in your power. In the awful night of the 17th, I testify but for him my family and Dr. Reynolds' would have suffered indeed. He stuck to us all the night and all the day. He was a great part of the night on the shed, and labored with all his might to save Dr. Reynolds' house, which, by the good providence of God, by his aid was saved. I beg you, by all kind of remembrance of the past, for my sake as well as for him who has in the midst of the horrors of that night proved himself a man and a Christian, return to him in his extremity all the kindness he showed to us in ours.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

A. TOOMER PORTER.

Bummers were men who were ordered by Sherman to go from house to house along the march, and rob our women and children of every morsel of bread and meat they possessed to feed his 70,000 hungry men, who, with few exceptions, acted like savages more than soldiers. Some of our women were forced to rake up grains of corn from where these men had fed their horses in order to prepare it for food as best they could. Every horse, mule, cow, turkey, chicken, and all that could be eaten, had been stolen. The day after leaving Columbia, General Butler, with a few men, charged some "bummers," and they ran in every direction from the house they were then pillaging, and in a chase of about 200 yards through the woods, I caught one of them, who begged hard for his life, and offered me a beautiful riding whip not to kill him, which he evidently had stolen from some lady, and, as he had thrown his gun away, all that I could do was to accept the whip and him too. I turned him over to General Butler, and left him answering questions. The next day some one presented General Butler with a large map of the State, which was put in my charge until we could get a smaller one, which was procured I think the next day. About sundown of the first day I carried it. General Butler called for the map, which, to my disgust, I had left five miles away, in a house where some ladies had given me a piece of bread. The order had to be obeyed, and when I mounted my faithful horse, something, I know not what, seemed to tell him that quick work was all that could save us both. The smoke from the houses all around showed that we were gradually being surrounded, and I expected every moment

to be bushwhacked, or, perhaps, meet a column in the road, and be shot to death; but I swore I would have that map or die, and when I reached the house, with my horse white with sweat, a lady met me at the gate with the map, and said: "Fly, for they are here." It is useless to state that the map was soon in General Butler's hands. This same faithful horse, like Tam O'Shanter's Meg, "good as ever lifted leg," was killed at Campbell's Mill, on the Juniper creek, in Chesterfield county, when his rider, and a private soldier belonging to the Phillips' Legion, named McDaniel, being possessed with more pluck than judgment, charged fourteen Yankees in the Campbell house.

Well do I remember how poor Mrs. Campbell looked when she ran out of the house and said: "My gracious alives, men, if you don't stop that shooten somebody is gwine to get hurt." I soon discovered that she was right; my horse was shot and so was I, but the poor horse had strength enough to take me to the swamp, where McDaniel and I held a council of war and decided to separate at once. Poor fellow, I hope he is doing well; I have not heard of him since. I wandered about in the woods, dodging blue coats until dark, when I met an old citizen who gave me his hat and said: "Here is a good negro who will conduct you through the woods to Society Hill to Dr. Pressley's house, and he will let you have a horse." Upon our safe arrival, I gave this faithful negro all I possessed, which was a five dollar Confederate bill. Our scouts took the bummers in at Campbell's Mill, and ate the dinner which they made old Mrs. Campbell prepare for them. At Dr. Pressley's hospitable home I fortunately met Colonel Zimmerman Davis, and the next morning I was mounted on Dr. Pressley's horse, and with Colonel Davis crossed the Great Pee Dee, and went in the direction of Bennettsville, and after travelling a few miles I returned Dr. Pressley's horse, having procured a wild, young horse, which could run like a deer. We spent the night at Bennettsville, and early next morning met our men at Cheraw, where a hot skirmish was going on. A battery was placed in position to shell the town, and while Generals Hampton and Butler were consulting in the street a shell killed the horse of Sergeant Wells, of the Charleston Light Dragoons. This gallant company had been so badly cut to pieces in Virginia that only fifteen or twenty men were left, and, while at Columbia, General Butler detailed these brave boys as his escort, and the first shell fired into Cheraw killed the horse just mentioned. Just before reaching Lynch's river we stopped at a house where a

deserter lived. He told us that he belonged to Nelson's Battalion, Haggard's Brigade, and took us for Kilpatrick's men, opened his corn-crib, fed our horses, and assured us that he was with us, and would do what he could to crush the rebellion. I never can forget how this unfortunate man looked next morning when he found, to his utter disgust, that he had been entertaining "gray coats."

I take the following from a letter written by Colonel Zimmerman Davis: "Among many similar brilliant exploits of our Major-General, M. C. Butler, was a morning attack upon one of Sherman's wagon trains on the west side of Little Lynch's creek, in Kershaw county, on February 22d or 23d. The night before was cold, dark and rainy, when he boldly marched his command into the very midst of Sherman's army, and about 11 o'clock went into camp in sight of and between camp fires of two army corps. His men were in the saddle again before dawn, drawn up in column of fours, in close proximity to an encampment of wagon trains, anxiously awaiting the opportune moment to charge. Just as the wagons were being hitched up and had driven into the road for the purpose of beginning the day's march, their escort in front, the shrill blasts of our bugles sounding the charge, awoke echoes in the forests around, and away we went shouting, shooting and hewing with sabre. It was but the work of a few seconds, and in an incredible short space of time about 200 prisoners and nineteen splendid army wagons, each drawn by six fine mules, clad in such harness as our Confederate teamsters had not seen for many a day, we put across the stream formed by Little and Big Lynch's creek, where they were safe from rescue."

This wagon train was coming after the very corn that our horses had just eaten, and in this charge that took them in, one of General Hampton's bravest scouts, Jim Doolin, was severely wounded in the thigh, and the best we could do for him was to put him in a little hut near the river, in Darlington county. Jim Doolin was as brave as Julius Caesar, and was detailed to scout for General Hampton from a Virginia regiment in Rosser's brigade. I have never seen him since telling him good-bye in the hut, but I hear he is living up in the valley now at his old home. Colonel Davis continues: "After the charge, while waiting in the road in columns of fours, prepared to resist a counter charge from the enemy's main body, should one be attempted while the captured train was crossing the creek, I observed a horse running through the woods without a rider, and dispatched Private McElroy of my old company, the South Carolina Rangers, to capture and bring him in. He did so, and the

horse was equipped with a perfectly new English bridle and martingales of soft, yellow leather; I lost no time in transferring them to my own horse. I swapped saddle pouches, too, as the captured one was also new. One side of the pouch was empty, the other side contained nothing but a book, which, upon examination proved to be the diary of Lieutenant John A. McQueen. The diary was frequently referred to and discussed by General Butler and Colonel Aiken and myself during the next day, as we had opportunity on the march. These words were written in the diary: 'It was heart-rending to see the wanton destruction of property and the insults visited upon the defenseless women and children of Columbia by our Union soldiers. I did all I could to prevent it, but was powerless.'"

Butler's old brigade was commanded by Colonel Hugh K. Aiken, and on the morning of the 24th of February, 1865, General Butler, being then at Kellytown, directed Colonel Aiken to take a regiment and proceed down the east bank of the creek and ascertain if any portion of Sherman's army had crossed into Darlington county. Colonel Aiken selected the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Davis. This gallant old regiment had been cut to pieces, so that only about 300 men answered to roll-call. On the road to DuBose bridge Colonel Aiken met a picket body of men commanded by Lieutenant John A. McQueen, and led the charge with Colonel Davis by his side, and it being dark the men got into close quarters, and Colonel Aiken was captured with Sergeant Heighler, but jerked the reins out of the hand of the Yankee who held them, escaped, rode up to Colonel Davis and dismounted, but was hit immediately by one of the parting shots of the enemy, and cried out: "Davis, I am dying, catch me." His nephew and courier, young Willie Aiken, caught him as he fell, and his death was instantaneous. Thus ended the career of the gallant Hugh K. Aiken, colonel of the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry. In this night charge, as Colonel Zimmerman Davis drew near the enemy, he saw that the two men in the road ahead of him were officers and both firing pistols, their last shot passing through his hair at less than five paces. He fired at them once as they approached, and again as he went rushing by; he struck the one nearest to him a severe blow with the muzzle of his pistol and pulled the trigger at the same instant, severely wounding Lieutenant John A. McQueen, who was taken by the Confederates to the house of Mr. DuBose, where he showed Dr. Porter's letter and was treated with the utmost kindness. As soon as Dr. Porter heard of it he was at once by his side, and could not have been more tender

to his own son. From the DuBose house Lieutenant McQueen was sent to Camden, and there it was that Dr. Porter nursed him. After leaving Cheraw we had a pretty hot skirmish at Rockingham, N. C., and the next day charged a regiment of cavalry, just after they had opened a barrel of wine. I led this charge, simply because I lost control of my horse—he being young and afraid of a gun—fortunately our men, making as much noise as they did, created a panic among the Yankees and they stampeded, thereby saving me from death or capture. While our command was in Chesterfield county, Pink Brantley, General Butler's orderly, got permission to visit the house of a friend, where the Yankees captured General Butler's satchel, containing among other things his comb and brush, and old Pink, too. While we felt sorry for Pink we could not refrain from laughing when we heard of it, because when Pink left us he said no ten or fifteen Yankees could catch him, he knew the country too well, he was raised there. Little did he think that he would be raised again so soon by the Yankees.

The gallant Colonel L. P. Miller commanded the Sixth cavalry from the date of General Dunovant's death, October 1st, 1864. Colonel Miller was one of the best disciplinarians in the army, and is now the only surviving field officer of that historic regiment. Major Fergusson was wounded on the 10th of March, 1865, and a few years ago went to his reward full of honors, both as soldier and citizen.

On the 9th day of March, 1865, General Hampton rode ahead of the command all day by himself, and the men would look at each other and say: "Look out, boys, Old Wade is fixing a trap for them; we will be into it to-night," while others would say: "We will give it to them to-morrow," which forcibly reminded me of what General Mart Gary said to a Yankee general in Virginia one day after they had arranged some matter, under a flag of truce, and had separated, but before the general in blue was fifty yards away, the "Old Bald Eagle" called to him and said: "I am coming over to-morrow and give you hell," and sure enough he did.

About sundown of this black, cheerless, drizzling day, we caught up with General Hampton, who consulted with General Butler, and just at dark General Butler paralyzed the pickets of the Fifth Ohio, United States Cavalry, not by shooting at them, but by simply commanding them to surrender—not a shot was fired. It was the coolest thing I ever witnessed, and within ten minutes more, he had captured fifteen or twenty bummers, in the same cool and deliberate

way, thus leaving Hampton at Kilpatrick's picket post, with the key to the lock of the situation well in hand. A "council of war" was held with General Wheeler, and in a short time Hampton and Wheeler were walking through and around Kilpatrick's camp, where all was still as death, save across the road, where the provost guard kept a close watch over some twenty-five of our men, who had been captured along the route from Columbia, and were all barefooted and bareheaded and almost naked. Mr. Flynn Davis, a brother of Colonel Zimmerman Davis, and Mr. Frank Niernsee, with his brother, Reuben Niernsee, now of Washington, D. C., were among the prisoners recaptured. Just at the break of day, a few minutes after the formation of the line, and in the midst of that profound silence which precedes the storm of a battle, General Butler ordered Colonel Gid. Wright and Hugh Scott by his side, with the gallant old Cobb Legion, to lead the charge, followed by the rest of Butler's "Spartan band." No charge was ever made with more determination. The charge of the "Scotch Greys" at Waterloo was not equal to it. General Wheeler was ordered to support us on the right, but unfortunately his horse bogged up in the miry woods, and, like Moses of old and the promised land, they could see us and hear of us, but could not get to us at once. Oh, that I had the power to depict this hand-to-hand fight ! The men on both sides were brave, and fought with more desperation than I had ever before seen. Victor Hugo says "a certain amount of tempest is always mingled with a battle." Every historian traces to some extent the lineament that pleases him in the hurly-burly. What is a battle? An oscillation. The immobility of a mathematical plan expresses a minute and not a day. To paint a battle those powerful painters who have chaos in their pencils are needed. Let us add that there is always a certain moment in which the battle generates into a combat—is particularized and broken up into countless and detail facts. The historian in such a case has the evident right to sum up; he can only catch the principal outlines of the struggle, and it is not given to any narrator, however conscientious he may be, to absolutely fix the form of that horrible cloud which is called "the battle." Butler's men charged down the road, and as soon as they rode over the sleeping men in blue, they wheeled their horses, and rode over them again—three times they rode over them—while the men under the blankets would say, "we surrender," but would fight like tigers when they saw so few "grey coats." Soon

we were all mixed up so that swords, small arms, and ringing cannon thunder caused the blood to flow in streams.

“ Breast against breast with ruinous assault
And deafening shock they come.”

The rush of columns to the breach, officers cheering the men on, pauses, breaks, wild and angry threats, upbraiding calls, fresh rush on rush, now here, now there, fierce shouts above, below, behind, shrieks of agony, choked groans and gasps of dying men and horses hurled down with rattling missiles of death. I take the following from Colonel Thomas' history of the Citadel, page 219: “On the 10th March, 1865, our command surprised General Kilpatrick's camp about daybreak, and the battle which followed lasted the whole day, and on the Confederate side no infantry was employed. It may not be our place to chronicle here one of the many episodes that befell the cadets, collectively and severally during their service, and the writer will relate an incident of this battle in which ‘Shaftsbury’ Moses measured sabers and fists with one of Kilpatrick's troopers. The cadet company was fighting hand to hand with the enemy, and Moses' horse was killed under him. On freeing himself from his dying horse, he found himself confronted by a big Yankee, sabre in hand. Moses being a smaller man than his antagonist, and dead game, determined to force the fighting, and he made a furious thrust inside of his adversary's guard, which caused a clinch, and a fall, ‘then the Gael above, Fitz James below,’ and not only so, but the Gael had in the brief struggle secured a firm hold with his teeth on Fitz James' finger. As good luck would have it Private Bill Martin, whose horse had been also killed, came along just at this juncture, and, in his own expressive language, ‘lifted the Yank off of’ Shaftsbury with his revolver. As no such name as ‘Shaftsbury Moses’ appears on the muster-roll of the cadet company, it is proper to state that cadet J. H. Moses, while at the Citadel, on account of his scholarly style of composition, had been dubbed by his fellow-cadets ‘Lord Shaftsbury.’ In this battle Sergeant G. M. Hodges' horse was killed under him, and he was shot in the side. Though wounded, he succeeded in capturing another horse, and continued in the battle until disabled by a wound in the shoulder. After the battle investigation showed that the enemies' bullet had entered the same hole in his coat that was made by the bullet which wounded him at Trevillian, 12th June, 1864. In this battle Captain Humphreys was wounded in the arm by a grape shot in charging a battery.

He was carried to the hospital in Raleigh, N. C. The surgeon informed him that his arm must be amputated. He refused to submit to the operation from a morbid horror of going through life maimed, and died a short time before Lee's surrender. Cadet Humphreys was gifted with a fine intellect and a very natural quality to make for himself a successful career. Fate willed otherwise than that he should survive to fulfill the promise of his youth, and, after a term of service, brief but brilliant enough to satisfy the dream of any Paladin of romance, he died just in time not to know that the good fight had been made in vain. 'The Cadet Company' fought in the battle of Bentonville, and learning that Johnston's army was to be surrendered, by permission marched out of camp the night preceding that event, with the idea of making its way to the Trans-Mississippi part of the Confederacy, but disbanded under counsel of its colonel, L. P. Miller, when he bade them good-bye."

The 10th of March was a damp, dreary day, and the smoke from the guns would not rise. If you missed your aim your bullet was liable to kill friend or foe. The prettiest duel I ever saw was fought by Captain James Butler and a Federal officer, who began the fight with the brave, the dashing, the gallant and handsome Nat Butler, who was riding the same horse that his brother Thomas was on when killed at Gettysburg. He was shot through the right elbow, and as soon as Captain James Butler saw his young brother's arm hanging at his side, he at once attracted the Yankee's attention by sending a bullet whizzing by his head, and after exchanging three deliberate shots at each other, this brave man in blue bit the dust. Captain James Butler was cool, brave, and reckless, and I can never forget how tenderly he nursed his young wounded brother. No man could have been more attentive and kind than he. Nat Butler was my friend and I was his friend; I loved him and he loved me. Among a great many other brave men, gallant Sam Cothran, orderly sergeant Company B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, Tom Sego, Mat Adams, and Fayette Cogburn were killed, which reduced this gallant old company to a mere handful of men. A lieutenant was ordered to capture General Kilpatrick, but the wily general outwitted him. When the lieutenant rode up to him in his *dishabille* and said, "Where is General Kilpatrick?" he replied: "Don't you see him running on that horse right yonder." With this the lieutenant charged the private soldier, who was frightened and out-ran everything that followed him. General Kilpatrick, however, took time by the forelock, and was soon mounted on his steed and make good

his escape. After the war, when General Butler was in the Senate, Kilpatrick said to him: "When I heard the Rebel yell in my camp I threw up both hands and exclaimed: 'My goodness, four years' hard fighting and a major-general's commission gone in four minutes.'"

The next day we comparatively rested, and rode into Fayetteville, N. C., and, while we were all at breakfast, gallant Hugh Scott notified General Hampton that one hundred Yankees were at the door, and said: "General, give me four or five men and I will run them out of town." General Hampton, hearing the words of this beardless boy, was inspired, and he said: "You scouts follow me, and I will lead this charge." He killed two with his own pistol and captured the captain, who acknowledged that he had one hundred men, of whom quite a number were killed and captured. Here is a copy of General Hampton's letter complimenting those gallant boys who followed him:

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HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY, 19th March, 1865.

Lieutenant:

I take great pleasure in commending to you Privates Wells, Bellinger, and Fishburne of your company, who, with Private Scott and one of Wheeler's command, whose name I regret I don't know, acted with conspicuous gallantry in charging and driving from the town of Fayetteville that portion of the enemy's cavalry which entered the town before it had been evacuated by my troops. Their conduct on this occasion reflects high credit upon them as soldiers.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WADE HAMPTON, *Lieutenant-General.*

Lieutenant Harleton, commanding Company K, Fourteenth South Carolina Cavalry.

It seems that one hundred blue-coats rushed into town and were surprised to find us there. The whole thing was done so quickly that some of us knew nothing about it until it was all over. General Hardee crossed the river with his foot-sore veterans. Butler's rear guard followed leisurely, burning the bridge over Cape Fear river behind them. Bachman's battery was among the last to cross the bridge, and an historic battery it was, recruited in Charleston, composed of sturdy, brave, determined Germans. It enlisted for the war, served in the trying years in Virginia, was complimented for

gallantry at every turn; it bore a distinguished name for unbounded courage.

This battery, with its infantry support, successfully resisted at Gettysburg a charge of Federal cavalry, and saved the army transportation. General Farnsworth, the Federal commander, who led the cavalry charge, rather than surrender himself, blew out his own brains on the field of battle.

So this battery traversed nearly every military road in Virginia; crossed the Potomac, fought in Maryland and Pennsylvania; was ordered back to South Carolina, and aided by an enviable courage to close the career of the Confederacy.

Heretofore in these pages an allusion has been made to the "Charleston Light Dragoons." This is an old and time-honored corps, dating back to 1773, when it was named the "Charles-Town City Troops," and did active service then as a company, and in halcyon days as gay and gallant "Dragoons," on "Muster Day" and as an escort for governors. They went to Virginia as a "Kid Glove" company, earning glory on each and every field; such men fought at "Balaklava" and at "Inkermann," and knew when and where to die. They died as they had lived—"True to God and to country," and a high tribute was paid them by their commander, General Wade Hampton, who had witnessed their gallantry on more than one field. On an occasion General Hampton was riding with General Lee, and came opposite the "Dragoons." General Lee was attracted by the general appearance of the men, and in his gentle, quiet way asked General Hampton: "General, what command is that?"

The answer came with pride and tenderness in the tone: "General Lee, it is the 'Charleston Light Dragoons,' and sir, I would rather be a private soldier of that command than to wear to-day the decoration of the 'Legion of Honor.'"

Like wine, time sometimes flavors records of men and horses. Two of the oldest cavalry companies, "Dragoons," intact to-day, of the "Philadelphia City Troops," and the "Charleston Light Dragoons." For a principle they, each of them, fought in 1776, and for the same reason in 1861 to 1865—in the latter years one represented the blue; the other the gray. Each maintained its organization, and when the time comes, rest assured that where duty calls, these men of the "Old Dragoons" will ever be found. Thank God that we have living to-day the men who wore the "Gray" high up in rank—great in military achievements and who are willing to

award to the private soldier of the Confederacy, of every branch of service, the glory that belongs to each. But the old cavalry commanders from South Carolina are devoted to the history of their old commands, and Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler have each in turn placed chaplets of laurels upon the monument to the "Dragoons," and measured out to the survivors the full measures of credit due a command as faithful in life as were they in death to a cause where time honors alike memories of the living, and of the glorious dead.

The winding up the affairs at the city of Fayetteville was hastened. Sherman with his 70,000 men halted until his pontoon bridge could be put down. On the 12th of March, suffering from a wound received at "Campbell's Mills," General Butler sent me with Private King of the "Maryland Line" to Raleigh, where I might be with my friend, Nat Butler, who was beloved by staff and couriers alike. Any man who has served on the cavalry headquarter staff can fully understand the kind relations existing between the general and his household. The tenderest sentiment exists—a sympathy for chief and staff; for orderlies and couriers.

We found my wounded friend nicely quartered at Major Devereaux's house, with Captain James Butler and Edmund, General Butler's faithful body-servant, at his side: I was so thankful that I was able to help nurse the wounded soldier boy. Dr. Warren, the surgeon, when asked by me what I should do, said: "Poor Nat is so low, but if you can keep him mad all the time we will pull him through." Major Devereaux's beautiful daughters, Miss Agnes and Miss Kate, would bring every delicacy they could think of, but from no hands save mine would he touch food. He died in the prime of his life, on the 12th day of April, 1877, at the Planter's Hotel, Augusta, Ga.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray."

The above account is not what a general saw, but what was seen by an humble private soldier, and I regret to say, by him is very poorly described.

[From the *Times-Democrat*, September 8, 1895.]

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE LATE WAR.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

I was ordered to report to Brigadier-General Henry W. Allen, of Louisiana, at his special request; being unable to do so, the order was rescinded. Par. IV, S. P., No. 275. January 5, 1864, I was ordered to relieve Major E. W. Baylor, post-quartermaster West Point, Georgia, where I remained until the fall of that plucky little city, which event took place a week after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox.

West Point, Georgia, a town of some importance to our armies, on the banks of the Chattahoochee River, being the key to the situation at this juncture, was splendidly fortified against attacks by stockades, redoubts and long-range rifle pits, and by the erection of a large fort on the west side of the river. The fort commanded a great portion of the place, and under more favorable conditions would have proved a veritable Gibraltar. This fort was manned by a portion of Wailes' Battery, from Columbia, S. C. The post was under command of the intrepid General R. C. Tyler, of Tennessee. Rumors came of the advance of the Federals from the direction of Montgomery, Alabama. Saturday afternoon, April 15th, 1865, everything was set quickly in motion for the defense of the place. Sunday morning the pickets were posted along the roads leading into town, and in the rifle pits and in the redoubts. The military contingent from the hospitals and militia were soon ordered into the fort. School boys responded to the call, and there were in all 121 effective men to cope with the 3,000 Federals under Colonel La Grange. The women and children were ordered to places of security early in the day. The fort contained one gun, denominated a siege gun, 32-pounder, and two 12-pounders. The large gun occupied the eastern corner of the fort, while the two smaller ones commanded the southern and western approaches. The small arms consisted of 113 smooth-bore muskets.

At 10 o'clock the enemy came in sight, and Trapanier, a young South Carolinian, aimed the siege guns on their columns, and

brought down Colonel La Grange's horse and two pack-horses. The Federals planted their brass cannon on Ward's Hill, just a half mile from the fort, a most commanding position, and began a rapid and effective cannonade on the fort. They soon drove in the outposts, and began to sound the bugle for charges on the coveted trophy. The valiant soldiery in the fort, though but a handful, were equal to the occasion, and repulsed attack after attack. The cannon in the fort was silenced about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, every gunner having been either killed or wounded. General Tyler, while recklessly exposing himself at the portcullis, viewing the enemy through his field glasses, was shot by a sharpshooter from a flower or kitchen garden below. The first shot, though fatal, was followed by a second, which cut his crutch in two and precipitated him to the ground. He was tenderly borne to the foot of the flagstaff, where he died an hour later, beneath the flag he had sworn to protect with his life, which had been presented by the noble ladies of West Point and vicinity. The command of the fort then devolved upon Captain Gonzales, of Florida. He, too, soon received a death wound, but survived until Monday morning. Next in line was Colonel J. H. Fannin, of La Grange, Georgia, who, after seeing the ammunition was about exhausted, and the fearful odds against him, and the hopelessness of contending against 3,000 picked men inured to warfare, and thoroughly equipped with improved repeating carbines, raised the white flag at 6:30 o'clock, after a gallant stand of eight hours and a half in such an unequal conflict.

Our losses were thirteen killed and twenty wounded, among the killed being Lieutenant McKnight, of Louisiana, the author of many beautiful poems.

While the battle was in progress there were other details to carry out. My orders were to take charge of the supplies and government stock, all of which I sent up the river about three miles, on the Winston plantation. My wife and daughter, Callie, accompanied the train on horseback, with a Mr. Leonard in charge. They would have been captured but for a thorough knowledge of the country and the fleetness of their horses.

I was superintending the men under me in tearing up the flooring of the large foot bridge, to prevent the enemy from passing over with their cavalry and heavy ordnance, as Beauregard was thought to be rapidly pursuing this part of Wilson's command. Here the noble young McKnight was killed, and he was on leave of absence from

“Leed’s Light Horse,” New Orleans. My servant, Andrew Walker, received a slight flesh wound, but from his wild expression, showing so much of the white of his eyes, it was evident he “thought that his time had come.” Mr. W. C. Camp, proprietor of the hotel, who left the bridge for the fort to report, had both eyes shot out. So sad! Lieutenant Lee, of Tennessee, was anxious to help out, but his horse was killed, and he could not reach the fort.

Young McKnight, one of our brave boys, who fell by the hand of a sharpshooter, was carried to the residence of Mrs. Ann Winston, and there, unattended by a physician, died. Mrs. Winston, one of the true-hearted women of that day, had his remains interred in her lovely flower-garden. Although far from home (New Orleans) he rested beneath the sweet shadows of rose bowers, and the feathered songsters kept watch over his grave. Old man Baker, Mrs. Ann Winston, Miss Tinsley Winston, and my wife buried McKnight, assisted by some of the old servants.

After the battle had ended, the victorious Federals cheered and climbed upon the parapets of the fort, and were dumbfounded to find so few inside, and praised their valor in no uncertain words. “You fought like demons,” they said. “We thought you had at least two companies.”

Fourteen of the Point Coupee Battery of Louisiana, who fought a week before at Selma, were in the fort and did valiant service. One of their number named Delmas was killed. Three of the quartermaster’s department—Lieutenant John W. Bryant, George Williams Blackwell, of New Orleans, and Julius O. Metcalf, of Natchez—were in the fort.

All the prisoners were marched to the outskirts of the town and bivouacked for the night on the east side of the river. The next morning the Federals burned the two commodious depots filled with government supplies and hundreds of freight cars loaded with machinery, merchandise, etc., together with about sixteen locomotives. The magazine in Fort Tyler was blown up, and the two magnificent bridges were burned; after which the enemy, with the prisoners, were again on their march, carrying destruction on their way.

A Federal captain, whose leg was amputated, was taken to the residence of the mayor for treatment. He was robbed of his sword, pistols, watch and cash by the Federal stragglers—“The Devil’s Own Vagabonds.” They found one of the wagons of my wife’s

train in the woods and plundered the trunks and boxes, and took the clothing of the officers and men, etc.

After the Federals reached Macon they learned for the first time of Lee's surrender. The prisoners were paroled and sent home. The day after the battle I was reading the burial service over the joint grave of General Tyler and Captain Gonzales, when firing was heard in the direction of the town, and a panic almost ensued. Some cowardly stragglers had returned and shot into the wards of the hospital, killing a wounded soldier in his bunk, and desperately wounding a small lad. They cut up a large zinc yawl, the only means of ferriage, and departed.

The Federal loss at West Point was about 200.

A daughter of Mrs. Potts, sister of the late Charlie Marsh, fired twice from a rifle pit, in the rear of their residence, at the Federal skirmishers. This daring exposure of herself was observed. Colonel La Grange was informed, and learned that the bodies of the gallant Tyler and Gonzales were in the house. He said: "Were it not for the honored dead that lie in the house I would teach the female sharpshooters a lesson." The order to burn the house was rescinded.

West Point, Ga., is midway between Montgomery and Atlanta, 165 miles; there was a difference in the gauge of the track of five inches. The telegraph lines were cut before the surrender of General Lee, leaving us without the means of communication with the outside world.

It is with regret that I cannot recall the names of the six Louisiana boys who assisted in throwing the planks from the bridge into the river. Their timely aid was thoroughly appreciated.

The heroic defense of West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865, cannot be forgotten, and will rank with the hardest contests of the war of 1861-1865.

S. F. POWER.

Natchez, Miss.

[From the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, October 6, 13, 1895.]

THE ELEVENTH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

The Successor of the First N. C. Volunteers (the Bethel Regiment).

**Its History from Its Organization, March 31, 1862, to the Surrender at Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865, by Colonel W. J. Martin,
Davidson College, N. C.**

For any inaccuracies or omissions in the statement of facts, and for the absence of anecdotic incidents which would have made the sketch more readable, the writer offers in advance the apology that at the close of the war his diaries and private letters to his family were destroyed by a Federal raiding party. As a consequence he has had to rely mainly on the *Rebellion Record*—very incomplete on the Confederate side—and on the recollection of the few members of the regiment with whom he has been able to confer.

If his old comrades who detect material errors in this record will send report of the same to him at Davidson, N. C., so that they may be corrected in the proposed volume of sketches, he will be grateful for the favor.

The Eleventh North Carolina Regiment was the successor of the First North Carolina Volunteers, the Bethel Regiment. This latter was mustered into service for six months, and upon its disbandment was re-organized for the war as the Eleventh Regiment, North Carolina troops. It was composed in considerable degree of the material of the Bethel Regiment.

The reorganization took place at Camp Mangum, near Raleigh, March 31, 1862, by the election of C. Leventhorpe, Colonel; W. A. Owens, Lieutenant-Colonel, and W. A. Eliason, Major. Major Eliason was at the same time elected to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Forty-ninth, and accepted it, and Captain W. J. Martin, of the Twenty-eighth, was elected Major in his stead, and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel May 6th, when Lieutenant-Colonel Owens was elected Colonel of the Fifty-third. At the same time, May 6th, Captain E. A. Ross, of Company A, was promoted to the majority.

The regiment, therefore, went into service early in May among the troops for the defence of Wilmington with the following organization :

Colonel Collett Leventhorpe, Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Martin, Major Egbert A. Ross, Surgeon John Wilson, Assistant-Surgeon J. Parks McCombs, Assistant-Quartermaster John N. Tate, Assistant-Commissary of Subsistence Pat J. Lowrie, Adjutant H. C. Lucas, Chaplain A. S. Smith, Captain W. L. Hand, Company A, Mecklenburg; Captain M. D. Armfield, Company B, Burke; Captain F. W. Bird, Company C, Bertie; Captain C. S. Brown, Company D, Burke; Captain J. S. A. Nichols, Company E, Mecklenburg; Captain E. A. Small, Company F, Chowan; Captain J. A. Jennings, Company G, Orange; Captain W. L. Grier, Company H, Mecklenburg; Captain A. S. Haynes, Company I, Lincoln; Captain J. M. Young, Company K, Buncombe.

FRANKLIN.

We served around Wilmington and at various points on the coast until the 1st of October, when we were ordered to Franklin, Va., and took a prominent part in the defense of the Blackwater, engaging in numerous skirmishes with the enemy operating from Suffolk. The line to be guarded was so long and the troops to guard it so few, that forced marches were of constant occurrence, and the term foot-cavalry facetiously applied to us aptly described our role.

WHITE-HALL.

On the 12th of December we were ordered to Kingston, N. C., but before we reached it the enemy had taken the town and sent a force up the south side of the Neuse to cross at White-Hall, and take the Confederate troops in the rear. We, with portions of three other regiments and a section of artillery, all under Brigadier-General Robertson, were hurried up to White-Hall bridge, and arrived in time to burn it before the enemy could cross. Here the regiment had its first real baptism of fire. Posted along the river bank, from which another regiment had just been driven back, it was pounded for several hours at short range by a terrific storm of grape and canister, as well as by musketry; but it never flinched, and gained a reputation for endurance and courage which it proudly maintained to the fateful end at Appomattox. The enemy finally desisted from the effort to force a passage and drew off toward Goldsboro.

After the battle of White-Hall the eleventh became a part of the brigade of General Pettigrew, and continued under his command until his death. The next three months were spent at Goldsboro, Weldon, Magnolia and Greenville.

BLOUNT'S CREEK BRIDGE.

From Greenville the regiment took part in the expedition of General D. H. Hill against Washington, N. C., and on the 9th of April, 1863, at Blount's Creek bridge, with the aid of a battery, it successfully resisted the attempt of General Foster to reinforce the garrison of Washington by that route, driving back after a spirited fight of several hours General Spinola's command, consisting of three brigades, besides artillery and cavalry. Our position was a very strong one naturally, we were well intrenched, and there were other troops in reserve; still it remains that Spinola's giving up the crossing of the creek as hopeless, and his return to Newbern after so brief a contest was pusillanimous, and he deserved the censure he got from his superiors in command. Towards the end of the month we marched by way of Hookerton to Kinston to meet a demonstration made by General Foster, apparently to distract attention from the projected movements in Virginia, and to keep as many Confederates as possible away from the real seat of war.

In the beginning of May we were hurried to Richmond to meet Stoneman's raid, and to protect the railroads and the bridges over the North and South Anna rivers. From there we went to Hanover Junction, and thence to Fredericksburg (Hamilton's Crossing), early in June. There the brigade was incorporated with Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's (Third) Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in which relation we continued to the end of the war. When the army took up the line of march which ended at Gettysburg, Pettigrew's Brigade formed part of it, except the Forty-fourth, Colonel Singeltary, which had been left to guard Hanover Junction, and took a very prominent part in the bloody three-days' fight.

GETTYSBURG.

Heth's Division arrived at Cashtown, nine miles from Gettysburg, June 29th, being in advance of the corps. On the 30th Pettigrew with his brigade was sent to Gettysburg for supplies, but finding a large force of cavalry and infantry there, he was unwilling to hazard an attack with a single brigade, and returned without attempting to

enter the town. The next day, July 1st, Ewell's and Hill's Corps advanced upon Gettysburg by different roads, and Heth's Division, being in the advance of Hill's Corps, was the first to strike the enemy, whose strength was then unknown. Upon engaging them they were found to occupy in large force and strongly posted a position west of the town. A line of battle, consisting of the divisions of Heth and Pender, with two of Ewell's divisions, was formed for attack, one division of each corps being held in reserve, and drove the Federals through Gettysburg, with very heavy loss, to the range of hills south and east of the town. In this engagement Pettigrew's Brigade occupied the centre of Heth's line, and encountered the enemy in heavy force, breaking through his first, second and third lines. "The Eleventh North Carolina, Colonel Leventhorpe commanding, and the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, Colonel Bur-gwyn commanding," says General Heth in his official report, "displayed conspicuous gallantry, of which I was an eye-witness, and the whole brigade fought as well and displayed as heroic courage as it was ever my fortune to witness on a battle-field." In this attack Colonel Leventhorpe was wounded and subsequently made prisoner, and Major Ross was killed. The total loss in this day's fight I do not find recorded, but in the battles of the first and third days (it was held in reserve the second day) the regiment lost 50 killed and 159 wounded, and in the fatal charge of the third day on Cemetery Hill many were taken prisoners.

In the third day's fight Heth's Division, commanded by Pettigrew, whose brigade was commanded by Colonel Marshall, of the Fifty-second, and Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps, a fresh division not previously engaged, bore the brunt of the attack on Cemetery Hill, and in a perfect hailstorm of musketry, grape and canister, which made it a slaughter pen, succeeded in penetrating the Federal line, only to be promptly repulsed, leaving a large number of wounded and unwounded prisoners in the enemies' hands. At the close of this battle the regiment found itself reduced to a mere handful. Major Jones, of the Twenty-sixth, was the only field officer left *in the brigade*, and most of the company officers were either killed, wounded or captured. The companies of the regiment generally came out with a single officer, and several of them had *none at all*. Company A crossed the Potomac with a hundred men, and came out of the charge on Cemetery Hill with a lieutenant and eight men. The losses in the other companies were equally severe. Owing to the number of officers captured in the Gettys-

burg battles and not exchanged, many of the vacancies could not be filled, and this defective organization continued to mar the efficiency of the regiment to the end of the war. Colonel Leventhorpe did not return to the command, and for some time Lieutenant-Colonel Martin was the only field officer. He became, upon the exchange of Colonel Leventhorpe and his promotion to be Brigadier-General of the North Carolina Reserves, Colonel of the regiment, and Captain Bird, of Company C, its Major. On the death of Captain Armfield, at Johnson's Island, who was entitled by seniority to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, Major Bird became Lieutenant-Colonel. The ranking Captains were prisoners, and so we could not have a Major, and when Colonel Bird was killed at Ream's Station, Colonel Martin, for the second time, became the only field officer in the regiment, and so continued to the end of the war. In a similar way most of the companies were crippled in the matter of officers. In spite of this great hindrance, the career of the regiment continued to be in every way worthy of its glorious past, a fact which is infinitely to the credit of the private soldiers and their non-commissioned officers.

FALLING WATERS.

Pettigrew's Brigade was the rear guard when the Potomac was re-crossed at Falling Waters on the 14th, and about 11 o'clock—the men mostly asleep from exhaustion—a small body of cavalry, a squadron of the Sixth Michigan, made its appearance and was mistaken for our own cavalry and allowed to approach with 175 yards unmolested. They madly charged our lines and were annihilated; but in the melee General Pettigrew was mortally wounded by a ball from the pistol of the major in command. Subsequently a heavy force of the enemy came up, and the crossing of the brigade had to be done fighting, and some loss was sustained, including a few captured, doubtless because they were too much exhausted to keep up. As the brigade crossed about 12 o'clock, the pontoon bridge was cut loose, and for the first time for many days the command drew a free breath. Next day the brigade marched to Bunker Hill in command of Major Jones, where the army encamped for several days to recuperate and where Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, who had been sent back to the hospital after the brigade left Fredericksburg, rejoined his regiment and took command of the brigade, being in turn relieved by Colonel Singeltary, of the Forty-fourth, when that regiment rejoined the brigade.

The army gradually moved southward, and by the 4th of August we occupied the line of the Rapidan, our brigade being stationed successively at Orange Court House, Culpeper Court House and Rapidan Station. At this time, September 7th, General W. W. Kirkland was assigned to the command of the brigade, a command which he actually exercised for a very few months. During the period of his connection with us, about nine months, he was wounded twice and off duty in consequence; so that, for a large part of the time between the death of General Pettigrew and the assignment of General McRae, the brigade was commanded by Colonel Singeltary, the ranking officer.

BRISTOE STATION.

On the 10th of October General Lee again took the offensive, and started a movement towards the right flank of Meade's army; but Meade declined battle, and withdrew across the Rappahannock, whereupon a race towards Washington ensued, Lee endeavoring to get around Meade's flank, and intercept his retreat. Our corps, with Heth's Division in front, crossed the Rappahannock near Warrenton Springs on the 13th, and camped within a mile of Warrenton. Early next morning we resumed the pursuit, Anderson's Division in front, passing the enemy's camp-fires and *debris* of breakfast evidently left in haste. At Greenwich Heth took the lead, and followed close upon the rear of the Third Federal Corps, picking up a number of stragglers. We overtook them early in the afternoon at Bristoe Station, a part moving off towards Manassas, and a part resting in the plain. In his eagerness to prevent the Third Corps from escaping him, General Hill failed to discover that the Second was there also, strongly posted behind the railroad embankment and in rifle-pits behind on the hill. He directed Heth to attack, and Kirkland's and Cooke's Brigades were formed on the crest of the hills, parallel to Broad Run and the railroad. Cook was on the right of the road and Kirkland on the left, the Eleventh being the extreme left of the line. As soon as we advanced the presence of the Second Corps became evident, and from their shelter behind the railroad embankment they poured in a deadly fusilade, while the Federal batteries, well posted, swept the field. Cooke was more exposed than Kirkland, and suffered more, and his regiments were driven back. Kirkland pushed on, and the left of his line, the Eleventh and part of the regiment on his right, the Fifty-second, I think, succeeded in reaching the railroad, and, dis-

lodging the enemy, themselves sheltered behind it. General Kirkland had been wounded in this charge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, the ranking officer of the force at the embankment, finding, after a painful suspense, both flanks exposed, and that the enemy had posted a battery on the railroad to his left to enfilade his line, and no reinforcements appearing, reluctantly ordered a retreat, which was made under a galling fire from behind. A number of the men shrank from crossing the open field, and were captured at the railroad. Colonel Martin was twice shot down and severely wounded in this retreat, and the command of the regiment passed to Captain Grier, the ranking officer present. The loss of the regiment in this ill-judged attack was four killed and eleven wounded, with an unknown number captured. Had the strength of the enemy been recognized, and an adequate force put in, what became a disaster, might have been a victory, and General Meade might even have been brought to bay in the open field. As it was he quietly withdrew in the night, and safely established himself in his entrenchments at Manassas. The loss of the brigade in this battle was 270 killed and wounded, and that of Cooke's Brigade 489. Lee's army now retraced its steps, tearing up the O. & A. railroad to the Rappahannock, which, however, the enemy promptly repaired. Here the line was established for awhile, but later we returned to the line of the Rapidan.

MINE RUN.

Nothing of consequence occurred until during the last days of November. General Meade moved down towards the lower fords of the Rapidan, and General Lee, on the 27th, moved down correspondingly, Hill's Corps by the plank road, Colonel Singeltary commanding our brigade. The Federals crossed at Germanna and Ely's fords and turned up the river. They were in full force, and a general battle was expected. Our line of battle was formed first east of Mine Run, and then, as a better position in which to receive an attack, on the west of it, and slight earthworks were thrown up. There was constant skirmishing, but no general attack was made, and General Lee determined to assume the offensive. Before day on the morning of December 2d, the troops were formed for the attack, but at daylight it was found that the enemy had retired in the night. Pursuit was made, but they re-crossed the Rapidan before we could overtake them. We returned to our camp near Orange Courthouse and spent the remainder of the winter there.

THE WILDERNESS.

On the 4th of May, 1864, the Federal army, this time with General Grant in command, again crossed the Rapidan at the same fords, with Richmond as Grant's avowed objective point, and with the intention "to fight Lee between Culpeper and Richmond *if he would stand.*" General Lee did stand, moving out Ewell's Corps on the turnpike and Hill's (only Heth's and Wilcox's Divisions) on the plank road, and ordering up from Gordonsville Longstreet's Corps and Anderson's Division. A pitched battle was fought in the Wilderness on the 5th, 6th, and 7th, resulting in Grant's complete failure to carry our position and in his withdrawal towards Spotsylvania Courthouse, the beginning of his famous "flank movements." The Federal attack of May 5th was concentrated on Heth's and Wilcox's line, and Kirkland's Brigade with the rest of the corps was actively engaged all through the day in repelling assault after assault of Sedgwick's Corps and in counter charges, until night closed the contest with the enemy baffled at every point. In one of these charges our brigade formed part of a second line of battle, Cook's Brigade, commanded by Colonel McRae, afterwards our Brigadier-General, being on the first line. In advancing we came upon McRae's line lying down, and as we charged over him with a yell, he *sneered* sardonically, "Go ahead, you'll soon come back." And sure enough we did. We struck, as he had done, the Federal line behind entrenchments, from which in vain we tried to dislodge it, and recoiled, lying down in turn behind McRae's line. I fancy he *smiled* sardonically then.

The worn out troops of Hill's Corps were ordered to rest on their arms as night found them, without reformation of lines, as they were to be relieved at midnight by Longstreet's Corps. This was a miscalculation and a well-nigh fatal mistake, for about daybreak of the 6th, when it was found that Longstreet had not come up, our men commenced to form line of battle, but before it was completed a furious attack was made on our left flank and the unformed line was rolled up as a sheet of paper would be rolled, without the power of effective resistance. If even a single brigade had changed front to the left before the enemy struck their flank they might have stemmed the tide and have stopped the rout. But no Brigadier seems to have thought of it, and the situation was desperate; all the advantage of yesterday's hard fighting was about to be lost when the head of

Longstreet's column came up, and the leading brigade was formed under fire and thrown upon the victorious Federals. Here is said to have occurred the thrilling incident of General Lee's offering to head this brigade in person, and their refusing to advance unless he would remain behind. Others of Longstreet's brigades were put in as fast as they came up, and in a short time all of the lost ground was regained from the enemy, and in turn his left flank attacked and a heavy loss inflicted upon him. Our brigade was not hotly engaged the balance of this day, and no very serious fighting was done by any part of the opposing armies the next day, and on the 8th we started for Spotsylvania to put ourselves in Grant's front and intercept his march towards Richmond. At one time during the fighting on the 5th our regiment lay down behind a line of dead Federals so thick as to form a partial breastworks, showing how stubbornly they had fought and how severely they had suffered. It was a novel experience, and seems ghastly enough in the retrospect.

SPOTSYLVANIA.

There was more or less fighting along the line during the 8th and 9th of May, in which our brigade took no part. On the 10th Heth's Division was sent to General Early on the extreme Confederate left, and attacked Barlow's Division of Hancock's Corps, which had crossed to the south side of the Potomac, menacing Lee's left flank, and drove it back to the north side. Hancock had his artillery strung along on the hills north of the Potomac, so as to protect the crossing of his men and to prevent our crossing after them. We could not, therefore, follow up the advantage gained. During this fight the woods in rear of the Federals took fire and they had to retreat and we to advance through the burning forest. It was a hot time, literally, and many of the Federal dead and wounded were consumed. Heth's Division took no active part in the severe fighting of the next two days, but was moved about from point to point as our lines were threatened by the enemy's repeated assaults. It was thus hurried in hot haste to the salient lost after desperate fighting on the 12th by Johnson's Division; but Hancock's men pouring through the gap had already been driven back by other troops and the line reestablished when we got there. After several days manœuvring and skirmishing without serious fighting, Grant gave it up and began his next flank movement on the 20th.

SPOTSYLVANIA TO PETERSBURG.

Continuing his policy of turning our flank and interposing himself between us and Richmond, in which policy he was continually foiled by finding General Lee in front of him at every move, General Grant transferred his army to the North Anna and then to the Chickahominy, whence, despairing of reaching Richmond by the north side, he crossed the James, intending to take Petersburg. In the course of these movements, lasting from the 20th of May to June 14th, many engagements of minor and some of great importance took place on the line of the North Anna, Pamunkey and Totopotomoy rivers, and around Cold Harbor and the Chickahominy. Our brigade took part in a number of them, marching and counter-marching, and doing some very hard fighting; but the details I find myself unable to record in their order satisfactorily. In one of these fights General Kirkland was wounded, and did not again rejoin the brigade. Colonel McRae, of the Fifteenth North Carolina, was promoted June 27th and assigned to the command of our brigade, in which command he continued until the surrender at Appomattox. He was a strict disciplinarian, as was Pettigrew, and which General Kirkland was not, and he rapidly brought the brigade to a high degree of efficiency. General Kirkland was subsequently assigned to a brigade in Hoke's Division.

AROUND PETERSBURG.

General Grant commenced transferring his army across the James June 14th, and in conjunction with the troops already on the south side attempted to surprise and capture Petersburg before Lee's forces could get there; and he very nearly succeeded. But after some pretty stubborn fighting he was again foiled, and both armies proceeded to entrench themselves in a line reaching from the James to the Appomattox and around Petersburg nearly to the Weldon railroad, and what was practically a siege of the city began, to last until its fall in April, 1865. In some places these lines ultimately came so close together that no pickets could be thrown out, and picket duty was performed by sharpshooters in the trenches, who made it hazardous for any one on either side to expose any part of his person. Mortar shelling was also added to the ordinary artillery fire, rendering bomb-proofs a necessity, and they were accordingly built all along our lines. In spite of this dangerous proximity and the well nigh

ceaseless firing kept up during the night, our men learned to sleep as soundly and as peacefully in these trenches as they were accustomed to do in camp. One can get used to anything.

After we got into the defences of Petersburg we continued there to the end except one hurried march to the north of the James (July 27) when Grant sent Hancock's Corps and a large body of cavalry to destroy the railroads north of Richmond. General Lee supposing this to be an attempt on Richmond itself, started a good many troops northward from Petersburg, our brigade among the number. General Grant quickly took advantage of this depletion to spring a mine (July 30), which he had prepared under a salient in our lines in front of Petersburg, and to follow this with an assaulting column which was to break through in the confusion and capture the city. In this he would probably have succeeded but for the bungling way in which the assault was managed. As it was, the mine proved a slaughter pen for the assailants. Some indecisive fighting was done on the north side, and then when Grant's real object was uncovered and frustrated, the troops of both armies returned to Petersburg.

Except this assault, no other was seriously attempted against the intrenched lines immediately around Petersburg until the end, and the active operations of the ensuing nine months consisted of repeated efforts on Grant's part to extend his line to the left and get possession of the railroads, and on Lee's part to prevent it and to punish him for attempting it. Inch by inch Grant *did* gain ground, until he planted himself across the Weldon railroad, which he also several times cut south of us, chiefly by cavalry raids. In these operations, Hill's Corps being on the right of our line, McRae's Brigade was frequently called to take a part, alternating these field operations with service in the trenches, so that we were almost continuously under fire. I will mention only the principal actions, as far as I can remember them, in which we were engaged.

Warren's (Fifth Corps) took possession of the Weldon railroad on the 18th of August, and attempts to dislodge him brought on a number of sanguinary engagements with A. P. Hill's Corps, in one of which (19th) Hill captured 2,700 prisoners. Our brigade was not in this battle. A combined attack on Warren's fortifications on the railroad was made on the morning of the 21st by our brigade and General Ransom's, with a force of artillery making a demonstration down the railroad in his front, while the real attack was to

be made by a larger force under General Mahone on his left flank. It did not succeed. We lay between our batteries (30 pieces) and theirs during the artillery duel which opened the ball, and came in for some pretty severe shelling. We then charged, driving in their pickets and an advanced line, and lay down under cover of a ravine quite close up to their works, awaiting the signal of Mahone's success to rush in. Mahone's attack failed, and we lay low till night enabled us to withdraw under cover of darkness. We lost some men killed and a number wounded, and if Warren had known how few we were in his front and had sent out an adequate force, he might have captured the most of these two brigades, isolated as we were.

On the afternoon of the 25th our brigade and Cooke's with Lane's attacked Hancock's Corps well entrenched at Ream's Station, a previous charge by other troops having been repulsed. We carried their works handsomely, capturing 2,000 prisoners and nine pieces of artillery. Hancock retired during the night and we returned to Petersburg. Our loss was considerable, including Lieutenant-Colonel Bird killed, after which to the close of the war the regiment had but one field officer. The ranking Captains entitled to the positions of Lieutenant-Colonel and Major were prisoners at Johnson's Island. This law of succession by seniority, customary and perhaps the best under ordinary circumstances, worked very great injury to many regiments situated as ours was. As has been mentioned, the Eleventh had most of the time from Gettysburg but one field officer, and from September 30th, 1864, to the fall of Petersburg, during which time I was off duty from a desperate wound, *it had none at all*. That it maintained its efficiency under such adverse circumstances speaks volumes for the morale of its men, and for the training which it had in the earlier part of the war.

On the 30th of September a movement was made by the Fifth and Ninth Corps (Warren's and Parke's), two divisions each, to turn our right and incidentally to prevent troops being sent from our army to the north side of the James where Grant was projecting important operations. This was met by a counter movement of Heth's Division to the right, and in the afternoon he attacked Parke near the Pegram house, and forced him back to a considerable distance until night put a stop to the fighting. During the course of this advance a considerable body of troops appeared on our right and bore down on our flank occupied by McRae's Brigade. The situation was critical; there was no time to ask for orders, and with-

out orders I at once caused my own regiment and the one next to me, the Fifty-second, I believe, occupying the extreme right of our line, which was already being thrown into disorder, to change front to the right and charge the Federal flanking party. They were completely routed and 400 prisoners captured, more prisoners than we had men in the two regiments. We then returned to the brigade and were in the act about dark of reforming the line when I was struck with a shell which carried away a large slice of my left thigh. I was with difficulty carried off the field in a blanket, and neither I nor the surgeons of the field hospital expected that I would recover. But I did after so long a time, and rejoined the regiment the night before the lines were broken at Petersburg, the wound still not completely healed. In consequence of this protracted absence I have no personal knowledge of the operations in which the regiment was engaged from the 1st of October to the 2d of April.

On the 1st and 2d of October the movement above referred to, of the enemy against our right, was kept up, and the brigade was more or less seriously engaged over several miles of territory outside our lines. As the result of the movement the Federal entrenchments were considerably extended on their left.

On the 27th of October another movement to the left, with the Southside railroad as the objective point, was made by the Army of the Potomac with the whole or the most of the Second, Fifth and Ninth Corps. The Fifth and Ninth found our works in their front so strong that they did not seriously attempt to carry them; but Hancock, to the left of the Fifth and Ninth, attacked our right impetuously, yet without success. He was then in turn attacked by Hill, and a hotly contested but indecisive battle was fought in the open field at Burgess' Mill. In the night the Federals returned to their original lines, and we afterwards returned to ours.

I find it impossible to get from the records any information about the operations in which the Eleventh had a part for the remainder of the year 1864. I have the impression that the regiment was in no important engagement during the months of November and December, but of this I am not certain. It was, of course, continuously on duty.

Both armies remained quiet during January, 1865; but with February, Grant resumed the anaconda process of enveloping Petersburg preparatory to the swallowing of it and of Lee's army. On the 5th of February the Second and Fifth Corps, with a division of

cavalry, moved out to Hatcher's Run, and in the afternoon parts of the Sixth and Ninth were ordered up to reinforce them. This movement was resisted by Hill's Corps and parts of Longstreet's, Heth's Division attacking Humphrey's (Second Corps) and subsequently the whole corps participating. Nothing accomplished. Fighting was resumed on the 6th and 7th, and Hill gained some advantage in the afternoon of the 6th by defeating with heavy loss Warren's Fifth Corps. But they brought up fresh troops and our victory was a barren one, the Federals finally holding Hatcher's Run.

Another lull followed until the 25th of March, when General Lee, with Gordon's Division, made an assault on Fort Stedman's (Hare's Hill) on the Federal right and carried it handsomely, with capture of prisoners and guns. But our army was now so attenuated that we could not hold any ground we gained or follow up any victory, while the Federals could pour in fresh troops to retrieve their disasters; so the fort was soon retaken, and Grant made a counter demonstration along his lines. There was some severe fighting on our right in which McRae's Brigade was engaged. Nothing accomplished on either side.

Meanwhile Grant had been preparing his army for a final *coup de main*, withdrawing troops from the north side of the James and from the intrenchments on the right of his line at Petersburg, concentrating them on the right of his left near Hatcher's Run. His programme was to bear down on our right with crushing force, and in case Lee reinforced his right with troops from the trenches at Petersburg, to assault the weakened lines at any practicable point and carry them. The plan was a complete success. Lee did carry every available soldier to the right, and some heavy fighting with varying fortune was done there beginning March 29, and culminating in the battle of Five Forks April 1, in which last battle our troops (Pickett's Division and our cavalry corps under Fitz. Lee) were disastrously defeated at the hands of Sheridan's cavalry and Warren's Fifth Corps of Infantry. On the morning of April 2nd, at 4 o'clock, our attenuated lines near Petersburg were assaulted by Generals Wright and Parke (Sixth and Ninth Corps) previously massed in front of their works, and so near to ours that they could reach them in a few steps and almost before their approach was known. Wright's Corps carried the works in his front which would have been impregnable if defended by any adequate force, but which in fact were occupied by a mere skirmish line. The Eleventh and the

Twenty-six were among the troops in these trenches (the rest of the brigade having gone to the right) and the men were *five or six feet apart*. Breaking through the line at the point of assault the Federals swung around to the left and swept down the trenches, turning our own artillery against us as it was captured. At the same time General Parke with the Ninth Corps carried the first line of our works in his front nearer to Petersburg, but here encountered an inner line of fortifications which he failed to carry, though he afterwards did so when reinforced by other troops. Our lines being thus cut in two and the troops on Hatcher's Run cut off from those at Petersburg, General Lee evacuated Petersburg and undertook to re-assemble his army on the Danville railroad. It was not to be. Grant flanked him and dogged his rear during all the dreary retreat ending with the surrender, April 9th, of the remnant of Lee's army at Appomattox Courthouse. During this retreat McRae's Brigade was often called upon for service which it rendered with alacrity if not with hopefulness. Heth's Division surrendered a total of 1,572 officers and men, and our brigade a total of 442. The exact number of the Eleventh at the surrender is not recorded; it was doubtless less than 100. Whatever it was, I had the melancholy satisfaction of signing their paroles, and the gallant regiment ceased to exist. Different parties took different routes to their desolate homes, and we bade each other a sad, in many cases a tearful, farewell. To all the survivors I send a hearty God bless you.

W. J. MARTIN,
Late Colonel Commanding.

[From the Rockingham *Register*, November 10, 1895.]

BATTLES OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

An old soldier, a few days ago, found an old war memorandum book and in it was recorded the list of battles and skirmishes that the Stonewall Brigade was engaged in from the First Manassas to Appomattox Court house. We publish it for the benefit of the old soldiers that are fond of fighting their old battles over again.

Manassas Plains, July 21, 1861.

Kernstown, March 23, 1862.

- McDowell, May 9, 1862.
Winchester (Banks' rout), May 25, 1862.
Port Republic, June 9, 1862
Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.
Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.
Cedar Run, (Slaughter Mountain), August 9, 1862.
Manassas, No. 2, August 28, 29, 30, 1862.
Chantilly, Sept. 2, 1862.
Harper's Ferry, Sept. 14, 1862.
Sharpsburg (Antietam), September 17, 1862.
Kearneysville, Oct 16, 1862.
Fredericksburg, December 13, 14, 1862.
Chancellorsville, May 2, 3, 1863.
Winchester, No. 2, June 14, 15, 1863.
Gettysburg, July 1, 2, 3, 1863.
Bealton(skirmish), November 5, 1863.
Payne's Farm (Mine Run), November 27, 1863.
Morton's Ford (skirmish), Febuary 10, 1864.
The Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Spotsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.
Harrison House, May 18, 1864.
Nye River, May 19, 1864.
Bethesda Church, No. 1, May 30, 1864.
Bethesda Church, No. 2, June 2, 1864.
Monocacy, July 19, 1864.
Snicker's Ferry (skirmish), July 18, 1864.
Kernstown, No 2, July 24, 1864.
Winchester, No. 3, July 24, 1864.
Newtown (skirmish), Augus 11, 1864.
Winchester, No. 4, August 17, 1864.
P. & W. railroad (skirmish), August 25, 1864.
Shepherdstown, August 25, 1864.
Winchester, No. 5, September 19, 1864.
Fisher's Hill, Sept. 24, 1864.
Bell Grove, Oct. 9, 1864.
Hatcher's Run (Burgess Mill), Feb. 6, 1865.
Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

[From the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*, October 20, 27, 1895.]

THE FORTY-NINTH N. C. INFANTRY, C. S. A.

Its History from its Organization, in March, 1862, until overpowered and made prisoners at Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865.

By Judge THOMAS R. ROULHAC, late First Lieutenant Company D., Forty-Ninth North Carolina Infantry.

[It should be stated that whilst this graphic article is presented as it was written, that the *Southern Historical Society Papers* is not committed as to some of the estimates of its writer.—EDITOR.]

The Forty-Ninth Regiment of North Carolina State troops was composed of ten companies of infantry, enlisted from the counties of McDowell, 1; Cleveland, 2; Iredell, 2; Moore, 1; Mecklenburg, 1; Gaston, 1; Catawba, 1; and Lincoln, 1, which assembled at Garysburg, in the month of March, 1862. It was constituted, at its formation, wholly of volunteers, many of whom had sought service in the earlier periods of the war, and all of whom had responded to the call for soldiers as soon as it was practicable to furnish them with arms and equipments. In the latter part of March, or early in April, 1862, organization of the regiment was effected by the election of Stephen D. Ramseur as colonel, William A. Eliason lieutenant colonel, and Lee M. McAfee major. Lieutenant Richmond was the first adjutant, with George L. Phifer as sergeant major; Captain E. P. George, commissary; Captain J. W. Wilson, quarter-master; Dr. John K. Ruffin, surgeon; Reginald H. Goode, assistant surgeon; and Peter Nicholson, chaplain.

The non-commissioned staff was completed with James Holland, quarter-master sergeant; Harrison Hall, hospital steward; and James H. Geiger, ordnance sergeant.

The history of Ramseur is known to all the people of North Carolina. No one of her sons ever contributed, by his devotion to her service, skill and heroic bravery on the field of battle, and fearless exposure and ultimate sacrifice of his life, more to the historic lustre of the name and honor of this, the greatest of the American States. He gave untiring energy and masterly judgment to the rapid organi-

zation, drill, discipline and preparation for active service in the field of his regiment. A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and for a few years an officer in the regular army, endowed with a mind of great strength and quickness, constant in purpose, daring and brilliant in execution, prepared for the science of war and revelling in its dangers and fierce encounters, and with a spirit fired with a determination to excel in the profession of arms; it is not to be wondered at, that, under his capable authority and the influence of his stirring example, the regiment, to be ever afterwards known as Ramseur's, should rapidly take form and shape as a strong, disciplined and efficient body of men; nor that the impress of his spirit and the effect of his training should, as its subsequent career demonstrated, be retained, not alone to characterize the natural development of veterans, but, likewise, as a part of its heritage of honor, so long as the flag under which he arrayed them claimed an existence amid the heraldry of nations. Short as was the length of his authority over them, the force of his activity, zeal and fearlessness was felt and recognized by the Forty-Ninth (Ramseur's) Regiment through all its struggles and hardships, in the camp, on the march, in making or meeting assaults, advancing or retreating; in sunshine and storm, through the long and wearing siege of Petersburg, where it rushed alone into the cavalier line after Grant's mine was sprung, and at skirmish distance in the works held two Federal army corps at bay for three hours—the slender link by which the two halves of General Lee's army was united—until reinforcements could be brought seven miles to retake the crater, when disasters fell fast and fierce on the cause for which they fought, as well as when before their steady charge the foe gave way, and victory perched on their well-worn battle flag, when death had thinned its ranks and suffering made gaunt the survivors, until at last its lines were crushed—its shout and shot the last to be heard—on the field of Five Forks, where its life and that of the Confederacy was ended forever. North Carolina, whose soil has been made sacred by the ashes of so many great and strong men, her jurists, her statesmen, her magistrates, her teachers, her ministers and priests, her soldiers and her patriots, holds within her bosom the dust of no nobler or more perfect man than that of Stephen Decatur Ramseur.

The regiment was officered by men of education, and, for the most part, in the full vigor of young manhood.

Its rank and file was taken from the Piedmont region of the State,

which then contained, as extended observation enables the writer to say, a population second to none for self-reliance, integrity, just respect for authority and modest worth and courage. Many of them were descendants of the people who made the Hornet's Nest of North Carolina a fortress of independence and a terror to their country's invaders.

Soon after its organization Lieutenant Colonel Eliason resigned, Major McAfee succeeding him, and Captain John A. Fleming, of Company A, was promoted to major.

When the operations of McClellan's army around Richmond, culminating in the seven days' battles, began, the regiment was assigned to General Robert Ransom's brigade, and participated in several of those engagements. At Malvern Hill it bore a conspicuous part, leaving its dead and wounded on the field next in proximity to the enemy's works to those of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, then commanded by Colonel Zebulon B. Vance.

In this ill-advised assault the command suffered heavily in killed and wounded—Colonel Ramseur among the latter. His handling of the regiment and its conduct during those conflicts led to his prompt promotion to brigadier general, and to his assignment, as soon as he recovered from his wound, to other commands.

On November 1st, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel McAfee was commissioned colonel, Major Fleming was promoted lieutenant colonel, and Captain Pinckney B. Chambers, of Company C, was made major. During the summer of 1862 Adjutant Richmond fell a victim to typhoid fever, and the life of this brave and capable officer was thus destroyed—no less an offering on the altar of patriotism than if he had laid it down on the battle-field. Cicero A. Durham, of Cleveland county, prior to the war a cadet of the Military Institute of General D. H. Hill, at Charlotte, and who afterwards became so famous throughout the army as the fighting quarter-master, was appointed adjutant. He served in this capacity with great efficiency and distinction until May 2, 1863, when he was promoted assistant quarter-master to succeed Captain George, who was transferred to other duties. William H. Dinkins, who had been sergeant-major, was appointed adjutant, and continued in that position during the remainder of the war, actively on duty until some time in the spring of 1864, when bad health caused his absence to the close of hostilities.

By reason of the losses in front of Richmond in this campaign,

both of officers and men, changes in the roster of officers were numerous.

It has been impossible at this late day to procure of the killed, wounded or missing in these battles anything like full or correct reports. The aggregate was considerable, and the casualties told the story of the fierce struggles in which the command was engaged, but access to the reports cannot be had.

George W. Lytle succeeded to the captaincy of Company A; Henry A. Chambers was, on December 10th, 1862, appointed to the command of Company C; Columbus H. Dixon was made captain of Company G on November 17th, 1862, in the place of Captain Rufus Roberts; Charles F. Connor, on February 1st, 1863, succeeded Captain W. W. Chenault, of Company I, and George L. Phifer became captain of Company K, in the place of Peter Z. Baxter, on July 24th, 1863; changes occasioned by the losses of 1862. Corresponding changes ensued in the other grades of company officers. From Richmond the scene of action was speedily transferred by General Lee to the Potomac and beyond; and through the Valley, by Harper's Ferry, to Sharpsburg, or Antietam, the command followed that great figure in our military history. Returning to Virginia, it participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, beginning December 11th, 1862, where it took position on the Plank road, and during the four days that the fighting there continued was subjected to heavy cannonading and some infantry fighting, several officers and men being killed and wounded; but the heaviest fighting was on the right of our lines and by other commands.

After this battle the Forty-Ninth remained in winter quarters near Fredericksburg until January 3d, 1863, when it was marched, by the Telegraph road, to Hanover Junction, thence to Richmond, and from there to Petersburg, which it reached on the evening of the 7th, and remained until the 17th, when it left for eastern North Carolina.

From this time on until the spring of 1864, the regiment, with the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-fifth and Fifty-sixth regiments, composing General M. W. Ransom's brigade, protected the line of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad from those two terminal points, and that of the road from Goldsboro to below Kinston; being constantly on the move, appearing one day at the other end of the line from that at which they were the day before, and vigilantly guarding the territory of eastern North Carolina from which such abundant

supplies were contributed for the support of our armies. Strategically, it was the right wing of the Army of Virginia; and General Scott, whose plan of campaign delineated at the beginning of hostilities, of intersecting the Confederacy, was verified by events, and the consummation of which resulted in our downfall, declared that, after the opening of the Mississippi, a heavy column pushed through the gateway of eastern North Carolina, would cause the abandonment of Virginia, and the dissevering of the most formidable portion of the Confederacy. The closing events of the war demonstrated the accuracy of his judgment and his consummate skill as a strategist. That it was not done sooner must convince the student of history how severely taxed were the powers and resources of the Federal government to meet and hold in check the main armies of the South, and that its dismemberment was deferred so long alone by the magnificent courage and endurance of its soldiery. Ransom's brigade was the only force of importance in the section mentioned for many months; and, occupying in quick succession Weldon, Warsaw, Keenansville, Goldsboro, Kinston, Wilmington and Greenville, it was always on hand to confront any movement of the enemy in that region. Occasionally a sharp brush with the enemy's forces was necessary to warn him of the foe in his path. From Newbern, Plymouth and Washington, in eastern Carolina, and from Norfolk and Suffolk, in Virginia, the Federals would send out expeditions; but, in each instance, no great distance would be traversed before they were confronted by Ransom's brigade. Besides the protection thus afforded to the main army in Virginta, an extensive and fertile section of the country was thus kept open for supplies of corn and meat to the Confederate forces; and it was not rare for other supplies and needed articles to reach our lines through that territory. Meanwhile, the ranks of all the regiments in that brigade were recruited; drill and discipline were advanced; and equipment was perfected; so that, when in 1864, we were made a component part of General Beauregard's command between Richmond and Petersburg, on the south side of the James, it is more than probable that there was not in the Confederate service any brigade containing a greater number of effective, well-trained, veteran soldiers, and which constituted so valuable a force of that grade.

On May 22d, 1863, a sharp affair occurred at Gum Swamp, in Craven or Lenoir county, in which the Fifty-sixth and Twenty-fifth regiments, owing to the negligence of our cavalry, were surrounded

by a considerable force of the enemy, and, after losing about 170 prisoners, the remainder of those two commands barely escaped capture by fighting their way through the surrounding forces. During this movement Companies C, D, and H, of the Forty-ninth, were picketing at Mosley's Creek, a parallel road from Newbern, the balance of the regiment being moved from Kinston to the support of the troops at Gum Swamp, and by their timely arrival stayed the retreat and checked the attack.

The invasion of Pennsylvania during the summer of this year by General Lee occupied the attention of most of the Federal troops, and movements elsewhere were generally of slight importance.

During the presence of our army across the Potomac a demonstration in considerable force, probably with the hope of recalling some of the troops in his command to oppose it, was made towards Richmond from the direction of the Chickahominy; and Ransom's brigade was hurried by rail to meet the threatened raid. At Bottom's Bridge the Federal column was encountered; but after two days of brisk skirmishing its commander declined to attempt the passage of that stream. Some losses in killed and wounded were sustained by our forces, and the enemy suffered to as great an extent, with the addition of some prisoners captured by us. The return of the raiding column to York river was precipitated; and after a few days our command was back at its old duties in North Carolina. During the residue of the summer and succeeding fall and winter it was constantly on the move.

On June 9th, 1863, Thomas R. Roulhac was appointed sergeant major from Manly's battery, which was then in the army of Northern Virginia. In the latter part of October he joined the regiment at Garysburg, and served in that capacity and as acting adjutant until appointed first lieutenant of Company D, in June, 1864.

On January 28th, 1864, the command left Weldon for Kinston, and there became a part of the forces under Generals Pickett and Hoke in the movement against Newbern. General Pickett proceeded down the Dover road from Kinston with Corse's brigade of his own division, and those of Hoke and Clingman, of North Carolina, and attacked a camp of the enemy at Batchelor's creek, capturing about four hundred prisoners, two pieces of artillery, a large number of small arms, horses and camp equipage, and drove the entire Federal force precipitately towards Newbern.

Ransom's brigade, with Barton's and Kemper's Virginia brigades,

some cavalry and artillery, all under command of General Barton, crossed the Trent river and proceeded from near Trenton down the south side of the Trent to the south of Newbern. Meanwhile General J. G. Martin had moved with his brigade of North Carolina troops from Wilmington towards Morehead City. About daylight, on the morning of February 1st, the picket post of the Federals was reached and surprised without the escape of a single man. Every precaution had been taken, by the detention of negroes and every other person likely to be friendly to the enemy in the section through which we had hurriedly moved, to prevent information of the movement from reaching the commander of the Federals; and it is now certain that a complete surprise to him was effected. As soon as the picket post was taken each regiment of Ransom's brigade was ordered to throw forward a company of skirmishers, Company C, of the Forty-ninth, being selected from that regiment. This was done largely on account of the well-earned reputation of its commander, Captain Henry A. Chambers, for prudence, vigor and courage. No officer of his rank in the Confederate service was ever more faithful, constant and zealous in the discharge of every duty of every occasion and position than this distinguished and conscientious commander of Company C—youthful in age, but clear-minded, steadfast and useful in all emergencies; ripe in judgment beyond his years, and as fearless as a lion; the old reliable among the captains of this regiment, a Christian gentleman and a perfect soldier, it is not difficult to see that to him, by force of his example in the discharge of duty to his brother company officers, youthful like himself, and often heedless where he was prudent and self-possessed, and to that of Fleming, Davis, Durham, Harris, Phifer, Dixon and Grier, the efficiency and morale of the regiment was largely due. This company, and the whole line of skirmishers, were pushed forward rapidly under the orders of Captain Cicero A. Durham, the fighting quarter-master, until the enemy's fortifications were reached. It was the opinion of the officers above mentioned that if the cavalry had been dismounted and advanced with the skirmishers the works could have been easily taken. Instead of this being done, the artillery was moved to the front and a duel was begun between our few field pieces and the heavier guns in the redoubts, which resulted in nothing. That Newbern could have been taken in a short time and without any considerable loss, if any vigorous pressing had been undertaken by our troops on either side of the river, is now well ascertained. Indeed, Gene-

ral Martin captured a courier from General Palmer, the commander of the Federals at Newbern, bearing a dispatch to the officer in command at Morehead City, stating that unless reinforcements were quickly sent him he must surrender.

It was during this expedition to Newbern that Commander Wood, of the Confederate Navy, made his daring attack upon the gunboat, Underwriter, and from under the very guns of their fortifications captured and cut it out; and, finding it disabled by the shells of the Federal batteries, destroyed her. Beyond these small results, however, nothing was accomplished, unless the whole movement was intended for a demonstration merely.

During the entire day of February 2d, Company D, under Lieutenant Barrett, and Company E, under Captain E. V. Harris, occupied the skirmish line, the enemy keeping close within their works, and not venturing any movement or scarcely firing a shot from small arms or artillery.

On the night of the 2d the column retraced its steps through the deep, muddy swamp roads, illuminated by the blazing pine trees, whose turpentine boxes had caught from the camp-fires on the way down.

The next expedition, after returning to our winter quarters, was from Weldon, via Franklin and South Mills, in the direction of Norfolk. The enemy was met along the Dismal Swamp canal, driven in after the capture of a number of prisoners by Colonel Dearing in command of the cavalry, and the capture of Norfolk threatened. This march was made in very severe weather, in the early part of March, 1864. It was immediately succeeded by the attack on and capture of Suffolk, on March 9th, 1864. This was a most exciting little affair, in which our troops met negro soldiers for the first time. Quick work was made of their line of battle, and their retreat was soon converted into a runaway. Their camps were hastily abandoned, arms thrown away, and, discarding everything which could impede flight, they made their way to the swamps. One piece of artillery and a large number of horses captured, and a loss in killed and wounded of several score of the enemy were the results. It was here that our quarter-master, Captain Durham, placing himself at the head of a squad of cavalry, charged into and put to flight a regiment of the enemy's horse. A number of them took refuge in a house in the suburbs of Suffolk, and began a brisk and hurtful fire upon Durham's men. He charged the house and succeeded, after a surrender had been refused, in setting fire to it. They continued the

fight until the flames enveloped the building and all of its occupants were destroyed. The firing of our artillery was excellent, every shot taking effect among the fleeing ebony horsemen. At a swift run, by sections, Branch's battery kept shot and shell in their midst as long as the fleeing cavalry could be reached.

The brigade held Suffolk all that day and the next. A heavy column was moved from Norfolk and Fortress Monroe to meet us, but, though we offered battle, no attack was made, and when we advanced, with Companies D and K of the Forty-ninth in the brigade front as skirmishers, the enemy fell back to the swamp. On the evening of the 10th we returned, via South Quay and Murfee's Station, to Weldon.

On March 30th we began our march from Weldon by way of Murfreesboro and Winton, the latter place having been totally destroyed by the Federals in one of their raids, to Harrellsville, in Bertie county.

At this place, Coleraine, and on the Chowan and beautiful Albemarle Sound, the month of April, 1864, was spent in the fullest enjoyment of all the delights of springtime; beautiful scenery on sound and river, and in the opening life of woods and flowers. The fish and other delicacies of this favored region touched a tender spot in the make-up of veterans, and caused us much congratulation that we had been chosen to cover this flank of the attack on and capture of Plymouth; and the period spent here marked a green spot in the memories of officers and men as the last space of repose and comfort which fell to our lot during the struggle.

On the 30th we marched through Windsor and the lovely Indian woods to Tayloe's Ferry, on the Roanoke, which we crossed at this point; thence through Hamilton to Greenville, where it was reported that on the fall of Plymouth little Washington had been evacuated by the Federals after burning a considerable portion of the town. Pushing on from Greenville we crossed Contentnea creek, the Neuse and Trent rivers to Trenton; thence to Kinston and back to Weldon. Immediately on our arrival there we were sent to Jarrett's Station, on the Petersburg railroad, to drive back the raid and open up the road from there to Stony Creek. A raiding column of Federal cavalry had the day before succeeded in cutting the road and tearing up the track after a hard fight with the small force defending it. On May 10th we reached Petersburg, and were at once hurried to Swift Creek, on the Richmond pike, where fighting had been going on for some time. We were now a part of Beauregard's

army, and while he remained in Virginia continued under the command of this officer, whom history is fast pronouncing the most brilliant soldier of the late civil war. Certainly none displayed greater skill in the management of bodies of troops on the field, such great engineering and strategic acumen, or possessed conceptions of the scope and character of the contest between the sections so correct at the outset, or so accurately perceived that the attitude and conditions of the Southern side of the issue demanded that its earliest blows should be the most telling, and the fruits of every advantage realized. That he was a master in the science of war is no longer questioned; and that his counsel to follow up his splendid victory of the First Manassas as the only chance of securing Southern independence was the prescience of far-seeing wisdom has been demonstrated.

At the date last-mentioned [May, 1864], Butler's movement on Drewry's Bluff, with Richmond as the objective point, had begun; and from this date until Five Forks every day was a day of battle for us. Butler had seized the Richmond pike, when we reached Petersburg, and had thrown a considerable force across to the railroad and Chesterfield Courthouse. But the advance of Hoke's Division with the brigades of Ransom and Hagood, under the command of that sterling North Carolinian, Robert F. Hoke, caused its withdrawal to the river-side of the pike. At Half-Way House Hoke offered battle, but the enemy slowly retired before him, and the way was opened to Drewry's Bluff for the reinforcements to Beauregard. As soon as we arrived there, Ransom's Brigade was ordered to the right of our lines, and had barely reached there and occupied the works when the first assault of the battle of Drewry's Bluff was made upon us. While repelling this attack in front, and, fortunately for the Forty-ninth Regiment, which was on the extreme right, as the Federals were beginning to give way, a Federal line of battle, which had extended around our right under cover of a piece of woods, opened a galling fire in our rear, and advanced to the charge from the wood on our right. But brave Durham had his skirmishers there; and, though they were few in number, he was ever a lion in the path of the foe. Foot by foot he contested the ground until the charge in our front was broken, when the Forty-ninth and Twenty-fifth Regiments leaped over the works and poured a destructive volley into the ranks of the flanking party, before which their line melted away. Poor Durham—truly a Chevalier Bayard, if ever nature placed a heart in man which was absolutely without fear and

a soul without reproach or blemish—received here a wound in his arm, necessitating amputation, from which he died. Occupying a position which did not call for his presence in battle, he never missed a fight; was always in the thickest at the forefront of the tempest of death; he gloried in the fray; and earned a reputation throughout the army as the fighting quartermaster, which added lustre to the valor of our troops, and which North Carolina and North Carolinians should not suffer to perish. He was but a boy, an humble, devout Christian, as pure and chaste as a woman, and in the intensity of his love for his State and the cause she had espoused, he counted the sacrifice of death as his simplest tribute in defense of her honor.

General M. W. Ransom was seriously wounded in the left arm in withdrawing his brigade, as ordered, to an inner line of our works. Resection was performed, and, although he soon returned to his post, he was crippled for life. The Fifth-sixth Regiment was hotly assailed in falling back, and lost a number in killed and wounded, but repulsed every assault upon it with telling effect upon the enemy. The Forty-ninth lost eleven killed and a considerable number of wounded in this engagement of the evening of May 13th. Brave Captain J. P. Ardrey, of Company F, was wounded, and left in the enemy's hands, and died before he could be moved. Lieutenant S. H. Elliott, of the same company, was wounded, and Lieutenant Linebarger, of Company H, was mortally wounded. Dr. Goode, Assistant Surgeon, and three litter-bearers were captured in attending upon the wounded. The 14th and 15th of May were passed in repelling repeated charges of the enemy upon our lines, and efforts to advance his own from our outer line of fortification, which had been abandoned to him on the evening of the 13th. Severe loss was inflicted upon them in each attempt.

The morning of May 16th was obscured by a dense fog. Preparations began at 3 o'clock on the Confederate side for an attack, and by daylight Beauregard moved his entire army forward for an attack, *en echelon* by brigades, left in front, the left wing being under the immediate command of General Robert Ransom. Ransom struck the enemy on their extreme right, carried their works, and turned their flank, each brigade in turn assisting to open the way to the next attacking one.

Blow after blow fell thick and fast on Butler's army. All parts of his line were heavily pressed, so that none could render assistance to the other, and before noon his army, largely exceeding in numbers the attacking force, thoroughly equipped and confident of vic-

tory, was completely routed; and Beauregard had gained the best fought battle of the war. In boldness of conception and execution, tactical skill, thorough grasp of all the conditions of the situation, and command of his forces conducted by him in person on the field, it was unsurpassed by any fight on this continent; and but for Whiting's moving from his position on the turnpike in Butler's rear, thus allowing him to escape without molestation to Bermuda Hundreds, it would have resulted in the capture of his entire army. It is difficult now to understand how so many blunders could have been committed at critical moments by Confederate generals in important commands, save that the hand of Fate had penned the decree of our defeat; but of all those which contributed to our downfall, that of Major-General Whiting, on the afternoon of May 16, 1864, was one of the most glaring and stupendous. Soon after the battle opened, the Twenty-fourth and Forty-ninth Regiments were ordered to the right flank of Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, on the right of the turnpike facing towards Petersburg, and which was heavily engaged on the immediate right of our brigade. Moving at double-quick through thick woods, we came upon the enemy's first line of works, and drove them from it with great loss. Pursuing the foe, we advanced to the attack of the second line under a very heavy fire in our front and a severe enfilade from our right. Quickly responding to the orders of Colonel W. J. Clarke, of the Twenty-fourth, and the movement of his own regiment, we turned to the right and drove the enemy from the position, which enabled the enfilade fire to harass us, capturing his colors, inflicting heavy loss upon him. Moving directly forward, we again attacked the second line of their works, and had nearly reached them, when we were ordered to fall back and reform our lines. This was done under shelter of a skirt of woods, and in a short time Major James T. Davis, Colonel McAfee having been slightly wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fleming having been left in command of the brigade skirmish line when we were moved to the right, gave the command to advance with Captain Chambers' company deployed as skirmishers at an oblique angle to our right. In this attack, aided by the flanking movement from our left, the works in our front were readily taken. In these two charges of this day the Forty-ninth lost heavily in officers and men. When the works had been taken, the dead body of Captain Ardrey was recovered. Besides the wounding of the Colonel, Lieutenants W. P. Barnett, of Company F, and H. C. Conley, of Company A, were killed. Captain G. W. Lytle, of Company A, was mortally

wounded, and Lieutenants Daniel Lattimore, of Company B, and B. F. Dixon, of Company G, were severely wounded.

The next day we continued the pursuit of Butler's army, and assisted in his "bottling up" at Bermuda Hundreds. Several brisk skirmishes and picket fights were had there until the lines were established, but none were of serious importance. In a picket charge on the night of June 1st, Captain George L. Phifer, of Company K, was wounded. Companies C, F and K were those from the Forty-ninth on the picket, and sustained a loss of three killed and seventeen wounded.

On June 4th we crossed the James at Drewry's Bluff, and confronted the enemy on the Chickahominy, at the York River Railroad bridge, and strengthened the fortifications there. On the 10th we were relieved by Kirkland's North Carolina Brigade, and returned by a forced march to the south side, and thence to Petersburg, to meet Grant's advance across the James. From this time on Ransom's Brigade became a part of Bushrod Johnson's Division. After marching all night of the 15th we reached Petersburg about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and were hurried to our fortifications on Avery's farm. At a run we succeeded in getting to the works before the enemy reached them. Through a storm of shot and shell we gained them, just in time to meet their charge and drive them back. In the afternoon we were hurried to Swift Creek, and with the Fifty-sixth North Carolina, under Major John W. Graham and Gracie's Brigade, drove back the Federal cavalry, which had attempted to cut our communications with Richmond, and enter Petersburg from that direction. We were then marched along the Richmond pike until about midnight, when we opened communication with the head of Longstreet's Corps. By the first light next morning we were hurried by train back to Petersburg, where, early in the morning, the enemy had captured a considerable part of Bushrod Johnson's old Brigade and several pieces of artillery. Hastily we three up a line of rifle pits; and now commenced Beauregard's magnificent grapple with Grant's army until Longstreet's command could reach us. With scarcely more than 5,000 men and eighteen pieces of field artillery, Beauregard kept in check Grant's army, coming up from City Point, all the day and night of June 17th, until sunrise of the 18th, when Longstreet came over the hill at Blandford cemetery on our right. When flanked on our right, we would fall back to meet the flank attack, repulse it, and then, being massed, Beauregard would hurl his shattered but compact

battalions against the Federal lines, and force them back, to reform and again press upon us. Through the 17th and the succeeding night every foot of ground from Avery's farm to Blandford cemetery was fought over and over again.

Ransom's Brigade played a conspicuous part in these movements. First Lieutenant Edward Phifer, of Company K, received his death wound through the lungs in this battle. A bright, noble boy, and faithful, light-hearted soldier. At times during this engagement our troops would be lying on one side of the works and those of the enemy on the other; and it is said that the flag of the Thirty-fifth Regiment was lost and regained a half dozen times, until the Michigan Regiment with which it was engaged in a hand to hand encounter, surrendered to it. It was desperate fighting, and the most prolonged struggle of the kind during the war. With anxious hearts we saw the night wear on, not knowing what fate the morning would bring us, if we survived to see it; and it was with a glad shout that, as the sun rose, and the Federals were massing on our right flank to crush us, we welcomed the head of Longstreet's column coming at a trot to our left wing. The contemplated charge upon us was not made: rifle pits were hastily dug and strengthened into formidable entrenchments on the new line; and thus began the siege of Petersburg.

From this date until March 16th, 1865, just nine months, in the lines east of Petersburg, occupying at different times positions from the Appomattox river to Jerusalem plank road, often not a hundred yards from the works of the enemy, constantly exposed to danger and death from mortar and cannon shells and balls, grape, shrapnel and the deadlier minnie balls, we engaged in daily battle. Exposed to sun and storm, heat and cold, with scanty food and insufficient supplies, the ranks thinning hourly from deaths, wounds, and sickness, depressed by the gathering gloom of our falling fortunes, through the dark, bitter and foreboding winter of 1864 and '65, the men of the Forty-ninth were faithful unto the end; never faltering in the performance of any duty, and never failing to meet and resist the foe.

On June the 8th, Lieutenant C. C. Krider, of Company C, was wounded in the right shoulder by a piece of shell. On July 23rd Captain John C. Grier, of Company F, was wounded in the arm and thigh by pieces of mortar shell. On July 30th occurred the springing of Grant's mine under Pegram's Battery, formerly Branch's on a hill about 400 yards to the right of our regiment, and on the left of Elliott's South Carolina Brigade. The Twenty-fifth North Carolina was between us and the mine. The battery, most of its men and

officers, and a considerable part of the Twenty-sixth South Carolina Regiment were blown up, the mine containing, it was said, thirty tons of blasting powder. A large excavation was made, and in the smoke and confusion, amid the flying debris and mangled men, the enemy charged in great force, effecting a lodgement in our lines, and a large number of flags of Burnside's Corps floated on our works. Reinforcements poured to their support and a vigorous assault was made on our line on both sides of the crater. In the van were negro soldiers crying, "No quarter to the rebels." Most fortunately for our army, we had completed but a day or two before a cavalier line in the rear of the salient, where the explosion occurred; the two lines, salient and cavalier, forming a diamond shaped fortification. Into this cavalier line, from the left of the salient, rushed by the right flank the Twenty-fifth and Forty-ninth Regiments of Ransom's, and, from the other side, the remnant of the Twenty-sixth South Carolina, which had been blown up, and a part of another regiment of Elliott's Brigade. These rapidly formed for a charge to retake our works; but the enemy massed his troops so rapidly into the broken salient that it was deemed useless to make the attempt, but to hold on to the cavalier line. Now began the most desperate fighting of the war.

Simultaneously with the rush into the broken salient, the enemy in three lines of battle charged our works for a half mile on each side, only to be repulsed time and again with fearful slaughter. Meanwhile, in the cavalier line, our troops were clinging to the works with the tenacity of despair, and fighting with the fury of madmen. The compact, crowded mass of Federals rendered every shot effective. Our men aimed steadily and true; and as each rifle became too hot to be used another gun was at work by one who took the place of the first, or supplied him with rifles which could be handled. From a redoubt to our left and rear Wright's Battery opened upon the crowded, panic-stricken foe, as they huddled together, an enfilading, plunging fire with five field pieces and two mortars, every shot and shell tearing its way through living flesh. With our men and small bodies of the enemy, who formed and tried to force their way down our works, several hand to hand conflicts, with bayonets locked and rifles clubbed, occurred, which availed nothing to the cornered Yanks. When their support on either side were driven back, it was seen that those who had filled the salient were caught in a trap. When the fighting was hottest, but our supreme danger had been averted, in a large measure, by his promptness in the arrangement and disposition of his own regiment and

those men of the brave South Carolinians who had formed with us, when driven from the salient, he, who had so often led us with such calm, intrepid courage, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Fleming, was shot through the head and instantly killed. Never was a braver knight than he; our State had no more devoted son than Fleming; the South no truer soldier. Somewhat reserved in bearing, severe to those who failed in duty, and disdaining all pretense and insincerity, he did not desire nor practice the arts which seek popularity. But he was so brave, so ready, so steadfast and constant in all trying conjunctures, as in his friendships, that his officers and men loved and respected him and followed him with implicit zeal and faith. He had said to the writer more than once that he was convinced that he would be killed; and the last time he repeated it, soon after some disaster to our arms, remarked that he would have few regrets in laying down his life if, by so doing, the freedom of the South could be secured. From early morning till nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that fateful July day, the Twenty-fifth and Forty-ninth North Carolina and Twenty-sixth South Carolina held our line against tremendous odds, and until the force of the assault was spent and broken, when Mahone's Virginia, Wright's Georgia and Sanders' Alabama Brigades charged with the Twenty-fifth North Carolina and retook the entire salient, inflicting frightful slaughter upon the enemy. Our lines were reestablished, and the Federals were driven back at all points, losing, it was stated, more than 9,000 men, killed and wounded, besides 2,000 prisoners, colors and small arms captured in the undertaking. And when the victory was won, and the Forty-ninth was returning to its former position, Captain Edwin Victor Harris, of Company E, was shot through the neck, severing the main artery; and with his life blood gushing from his wound and his mouth, realizing his mortal calamity, but unable to speak, he extended his hand in farewell to Major Davis, and then to his devoted Lieutenant, John T. Crawford, and immediately the spirit of Edwin Harris, so joyous, happy and bright in this life, winged its flight to God. We, who knew his inmost thoughts—for he was as open as the day, and had a loving word and a cheerful smile for all he met—know that he was pure and gentle. It is not difficult to imagine that in the choirs of the ever blest the sweet, clear tenor voice, that in song brightened the troubled way and stirred the tenderest emotions of his brother soldiers around the camp-fire and on the march, will join their glad anthems, when his

sacrifice for home and country was made perfect in suffering and death.

Nothing occurred beyond the daily fighting, shelling and sharp-shooting on the lines occupied by our brigade, until August 21st, when we were hastily marched to our right, and under A. P. Hill, attacked the enemy on the Weldon Railroad, and after carrying two of his lines of fortifications, dislodged him from his position. Our loss was severe, the Forty-ninth suffering considerably. We then returned to our old place in the trenches. On December 14th Captain C. H. Dixon, of Company G, was killed, and Major C. Q. Petty, who had been appointed major in the place of Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, who succeeded Colonel Fleming, and eight men were wounded during a fierce mortar shelling to which we were subjected.

We remained in the trenches until March 16th, 1865, when we were relieved by Gordon's troops; and moved to the extreme right of our lines, occupying Mahone's old winter-quarters, and where we stayed until the evening of the 25th, when we were marched to Petersburg, and back to our old position on the lines. We reached there about midnight, and soon the arrangements were made for the attack on Fort Stedman, or Hare's Hill, under General John B. Gordon. Just at daylight the next morning we advanced to the assault, Ransom's Brigade being the second one from the Appomattox, and directly in front of Hare's Hill. At the signal, the sharpshooters of the Forty-ninth, under First Lieutenant Thomas R. Roulhac, following the storming party led by Lieutenant W. W. Fleming, of the Sixth North Carolina, in advance, moved across our works, through the obstructions in our front, and the whole brigade, with a rush, climbing the *chevaux de frise* of the enemy, and clambering through and over the deep ditches in their front, went over the enemy's works and captured them before they were aroused from their slumbers. The surprise was complete. Sweeping down their lines, the Forty-ninth opened the way for other troops. Ransom's Brigade captured Fort Stedman, the Forty-ninth rushing over it without a halt, and all the works in our front; but those between us and the river were not taken, although we enfiladed that part of the line, and with our fire on their flank, it could have been easily done. Their fort near the river was thus enabled to annoy us greatly. Here Colonel McAfee was slightly wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel James Taylor Davis was killed. He was a splendid soldier, and a true, warm-hearted gentleman, of decided talents and great promise in his profession—the law. His life would have been

an honorable and useful one if he had been spared. Major Petty having remained in camp sick, Captain Chambers, of Company C, was left in command. We held our position until all the troops on our right had fallen back, and most of those on our left. When the order to fall back finally reached us, the retreat was made under the most trying circumstances. We were exposed to a raking fire from three directions, many were falling at every step, but at last we returned to our lines with but a remnant of the command, having sustained the greatest loss in killed, wounded and prisoners the Forty-ninth met with during the war. Captain Torrance, of Company H, was wounded, Lieutenant Krider, of Company C, was wounded and captured, and Lieutenant Witherington, of Company I, was wounded. The brigade lost 700 men in all, of which the proportion of the Forty-ninth was the greatest.

After the failure of the attack on Grant's lines, evidently a forlorn hope on General Lee's part, we returned to our quarters on the right. On March 30th we participated in the battle of Burgess' Mill, and drove the enemy back into his entrenchments after he had assaulted ours. On the 30th we were, with Wallace's South Carolina Brigade, attached to Pickett's Division, and the next morning were marched down the White Oak road to Five Forks, the Federal cavalry making frequent reconnoisances to ascertain our movements. From Five Forks we marched on to Dinwiddie Courthouse and engaged in battle that afternoon with Sheridan's cavalry, driving them back. We slept on the field. During the night the force in our front was largely reinforced, and before day, on April 1st, we were aroused and slowly fell back to Five Forks. By noon we had reached that place and formed line of battle, Ransom's Brigade on the left, the Twenty-fourth holding the extreme left, next the Fifty-sixth, the Twenty-fifth, Forty-ninth and Thirty-fifth. We threw up rifle pits, and after the whole regiment had been deployed as skirmishers by Captain Chambers to support the Twenty-fourth, the line was formed as above mentioned, with Wallace's Brigade on our right. The skirmishers and sharpshooters of the brigade were placed under the command of Lieutenant Roulhac, and connected with our cavalry on the left. These dispositions had hardly been completed when clouds of Federal skirmishers were advanced against our skirmish line, but these were held at bay. Twice they charged with lines of battle, and were driven back by our skirmishers. Heavy columns of infantry—Warren's whole Corps—were observed massing on our left, and moving around our flank. Frequent

reports were made of this by Lieutenant Roulhac, but apparently no steps were taken to oppose or prevent the movement. After several messages had been sent, Captain Sterling H. Gee, inspector-general on Ransom's staff, visited the line, and directed Lieutenant Roulhac to turn over the skirmish line to Lieutenant Bowers, and to report in person to General Ransom, commanding the division, and who had on each previous report communicated the same to General Pickett. Proceeding to do this, he reached General Ransom and was ordered by him to find General Pickett and inform him of the condition of affairs. But by this time Warren's Infantry had struck the left of our line, and overlapped it. Colonel Clarke quickly threw back his regiment to meet this attack, and in a short time was joined by the Twenty-fifth in a similar movement; but this small force could do nothing to check such overwhelming numbers. Doubled up and overpowered, they were nearly all shot down or captured. The remainder of our line was hotly engaged with two lines of battle in their front, which had driven in our pickets, and advanced to the attack of our main line. Running over the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth, and driving the Fifty-sixth from their flank and rear, the enemy was upon us, both flank and rear, protected by the woods on our left, where Clarke had been, while he still fought the line in our front. Colonel McAfee was again slightly wounded, and directed Lieutenant Roulhac, whom he had requested to act as adjutant, to turn over the command to Captain Chambers. As quick as he could be reached, the regiment was moved by Captain Chambers out of the works, at right angles to its former front. In this Colonel Benbow, commanding Wallace's South Carolina Brigade, lent the assistance of one regiment, all he could spare from the right of his command, the Thirty-fifth North Carolina and the remainder of his brigade remaining to hold our front line. The enemy was upon us in a few moments, and were discovered in our rear, as we then faced, moving in line of battle. We were penned like rats in a hole, but the old regiment which Ramseur formed, and Fleming, Davis and Chambers led, still fought with desperation, and though its ranks were thinning fast, the survivors held their ground and did not yield. A slight attempt was now made to reinforce us by another regiment from Wallace's Brigade and one of Pickett's regiments, which tried to reach us on our left and extend our new line, but the enemy was pouring down upon us, and the succor could never reach us. At this time Captain Chambers was severely wounded in the head by a minnie ball, and turning the command over to Adjutant

Roulhac, with instructions to hold the position, was carried from the field, barely in time to pass through the only gap which the enemy had not filled. In but a few moments more the left flank of the regiment was driven back on the right to our works, while the enemy's line in our former front came over the works, which had been stubbornly held by Captain J. C. Grier, of Company F, up to this time. We were overpowered, and the few that were left were made prisoners, some being knocked down with the butts of rifles, and Captain Grier throwing away his empty pistol, as several bayonets were presented at his breast, with the demand for his surrender. And this was the end. Three times after we were surrounded the Forty-ninth advanced to the charge, and drove back the constricting foe; but when we charged in one direction, those on the other sides of us closed in upon us, and our efforts availed nothing. A few escaped to prolong their sufferings on the retreat to the place of final surrender by General Lee. Many were killed, maimed and stricken in that last useless and criminally mismanaged encounter, and the remainder were captured and held until after the last acts in that great drama of war and subjugation.

The details and most of the data for this monograph of the old command have been obtained from Captain Henry A. Chambers, who kindly furnished me the diary he faithfully and accurately kept throughout that stormy period. Accidentally, as I find in reading it over, I have omitted the fact of the wounding of Capt James T. Adams, of Company K, in the trenches during the month of July, 1864, by which he was deprived of his leg. Others may have escaped my recollection. I have intended them no slight. I would that I could do justice, full but simple justice, not alone to its officers, but its brave, patriotic, faithful rank and file, so many of whom gave up their lives or carried through life mutilated limbs and bodies. In the midst of exacting duties, I could not refuse to contribute the best I could to perpetuate some memorial of the Forty-ninth Regiment. In the thirty years since the surrender many, perhaps most, of those who survived the casualties of war, have faced the grim sergeant and answered the roll call beyond. With all such, may their portion be God's blessing of everlasting peace. With those who yet remain, may he bless them with prosperity, usefulness and honorable repose when age has sapped their energies and wasting strength has un-fitted them for further toil. My heart fills with sadness and distress when I think of those who poured out their blood as a sacrifice which, perchance, the world will say was useless. But, nay, the lesson of cour-

age, fidelity and heroism they left cannot be useless to mankind; the scroll of honor upon which their names are written high cannot, and shall not, be effaced or tarnished by their descendants and their kindred. And what a noble band they were. Ramseur, Fleming, Durham, Harris, Davis, Chambers, the Phifers, Adams, Lytle, Krider, Grier, Horan, Thompson, Alex Barrett, Summers, Crawford, Ardrey, Barnett, Dixon, B. F. Dixon, Torrance, Linebarger, Rankin, Connor and Sherrill. As was said of a group of noble young Englishmen, it may be truly said of them:

“ Blending their souls’ sublimest needs
With tasks of every day;
They went about their greatest deeds
Like noble boys at play.”

How their bright young faces come back over the vista of all these long years! How splendid and great they were in their modest, patient earnest love of country! How strong they were in their young manhood, and pure they were in their faith, and constant they were to their principles! How they bore suffering and hardship; and how their lives were ready at the call of duty! What magnificent courage; what unsullied patriotism! Suffering they bore, duty they performed and death they faced and met; all this for the defense of the dear old home land; all this for the glory and honor of North Carolina. As they were faithful unto thee, guard thou their names and fame, grand old mother of us all. If thy sons in the coming time shall learn the lesson of heroism their lives inspired and their deeds declared, then not one drop of blood was shed in vain. If they emulate them, and lift yet higher the banner of the old land’s honor, credit and worth, then the agony of defeat is healed to those who survive.

To the memory of those who fell, and those who have since passed away, this imperfect tribute is offered. To the veterans of the Forty-ninth, who are among the living now, an old comrade salutes you.

THOMAS R. ROULHAC,

1st Lieutenant Company D., Forty-ninth N. C. S. T.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, December 1, 1895.]

THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

Touching Reference to the Death of Clarence Warwick.

In a former communication to the *Dispatch* I gave a short account of the part borne by our regiment in the Seven Days' battles before Richmond, but I inadvertently failed to mention that we were at the battle of Cold Harbor. I regret this omission and wish to revert to that battle for the purpose of paying a tribute of sorrow and regard to a fallen comrade, the youngest member of our company, Clarence Warwick, a boy indeed, not twenty years old, full of enthusiasm for the cause, bold, active, and enterprising, and had he lived, would, I think, have won distinction in the service. He was the youngest of three brothers, all members of our company—brave soldiers—always ready to do their duty cheerfully, whether in camp or in battle, sons of one of the wealthiest and most respected families of this city, for one of whom especially, Major W. B. Warwick, I had a warm attachment. We shared the same blanket and ate at the same fire until he was promoted and left the company to accept a position on the staff of General Fitz Lee, and whose untimely death a few years ago all who knew him deeply lamented.

We had been actively engaged all day of the 27th of June, 1862, and about the middle of the afternoon were drawn up on the crest of a hill, sheltered somewhat by a thin and open wood, and preparing, as I understood, to charge a battery of four guns, which had for some time been firing on a column of infantry and doing considerable damage, when suddenly a ball came crashing through the trees and striking Clarence about the middle of the body literally severed it in twain, leaving scarcely enough tissue to hold the parts together. Death must have been instantaneous and almost without a pang.

We sent his mortal remains to Richmond for burial.

“On fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

That was the most remarkable shot I witnessed or heard of during the war, and I have never yet been able to understand how it could pass between two sets of fours (the usual formation of cavalry) and across the front of three troopers on the left, and nearest and toward the battery, and strike only Clarence, who was on the right of his set of fours and farthest from the battery. I would state that these four guns were on our left flank, in plain view, not more than 300 yards distant. Finding that they had the range on us, we were hastily withdrawn and did not make the charge.

On the next day, the 28th, we marched to the White House and captured that place and a number of prisoners, and destroyed the supplies there collected—hundreds, it seemed to me thousands, of barrels of eggs, and boxes of sardines almost beyond computation—and rejoined the army, as I have before stated, about the time of the battle of Malvern Hill. And now let us return, if you please, to the field of Manassas, which, after supplying ourselves with all we could carry away, we left late in the afternoon of the 27th of August, 1862. Jackson's troops remained in the place that night and destroyed all the stores (and they were immense) which they could not use. We crossed Bull Run and advanced towards Fairfax and Centreville, but before reaching those places our company, which was familiar with that section of the country—having passed a large part of the previous year there—was detached from the line of march and ordered to proceed to the railroad, about a mile distant, and destroy a bridge, and thereby delay the progress of the troops who were hastening from Washington to Manassas. We found the bridge very easily, and drove off the forty or fifty men guarding it, and captured some prisoners, but the enemy were speedily reinforced, and in turn drove us off, and we could not accomplish the object of the expedition.

We had one man badly wounded, the late N. M. Wilson, well known in this city, and we were compelled to leave him on the field in the hands of the enemy.

Among the prisoners we captured was a physician, whom we released on condition that he would attend to our wounded comrade, and as an instance of the duplicity of these people, as General Lee was wont to call them, but who were commonly and popularly known among us at that time as "those Yankees," but who, I am happy to observe, are now greeted and welcomed everywhere as our dear

friends and well-beloved brothers, we learned afterwards that this doctor paid no attention whatever to Sergeant Wilson. Fortunately he found friends among our own people who had known him when we were among them the previous year, who took care of him and nursed him back to health and strength.

THE COLONEL FORGOT THEM.

We remained on the north side of Bull Run for two or three days, not less than eight miles in advance of General Jackson's corps, who, in the mean time, after destroying the stores at Manassas, had taken position near the Stone Bridge, where the battle of July 21, 1861, had been fought and won; and there awaited the approach of the enemy. General Pope had by this time recovered from the stupor into which he had been thrown by Jackson's advance to his rear, and was concentrating his forces to attack Jackson before the arrival of General Lee, who was hastening to his relief with Longstreet's corps. While we were on the north side of Bull Run we had one active, small skirmish with the enemy, in which not much damage was done on either side, as well as I can remember. On one occasion five of us were left on picket while the regiment was moving forward. The colonel forgot to relieve us, or, perhaps, could not because of the interposition of the enemy between us. The enemy were all around us. We soon found it was unsafe to remain where we were, and almost equally so to keep the road; so, unlike the boy on the burning deck, and remembering the old adage that "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day," we left our post without orders, and concealed ourselves in the woods for the balance of the night, and waited for the morning with some anxiety; and then continued our march, and, after passing several small parties of the enemy, whose acquaintance we did not stop to make, rejoined our regiment late in the evening, much to their relief. They had begun to think we were gone up. We recrossed Bull Run and joined the army, which was then fiercely engaged in the battles of the 29th and 30th of August, and did little more during those two days than guard the left flank of Jackson's corps and report the movement of the enemy.

In Jackson's corps there was a company of railroad men, which had been organized in 1861 at Harper's Ferry and its vicinity. When talking with some of them while we were lying around Manassas idle and inactive for so long a time—more than seven months—

they were asked how they liked soldiering. "Oh, very well, very well indeed," they said. "It has one great advantage over railroading: 'tis not nearly so dangerous." We think these battles of the 29th and 30th of August disabused their minds of such an erroneous belief. They were among the most obstinately and stubbornly contested of the war, and on one occasion at least, our men, when their ammunition was exhausted, hurled rocks and stones at their opponents. The losses were heavy, and many valuable lives were sacrificed—if any distinction can be made where nearly all were alike useful to their country.

On freedom's battle-ground they died;
Fame's loudest trump shall proudly tell
How bravely fought—how nobly fell.

B. M. PARHAM.

[From the New Orleans *States*. November, 1895.]

"I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING," AND ITS AUTHOR.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

Colonel Douglass West's Recollection of the Death of Lytle. The Popular Version.

The *States* is in receipt of the following letter of inquiry from Mr. Joseph G. Fiveash, of the Norfolk (Va.) *Public Ledger*. The clipping referred to in the letter is from the Norfolk *Virginian*, and is as follows:

Our neighbor, the *Virginian*, in its issue of this morning, speaking of the authorship of the poem "Antony and Cleopatra," says:

Quite an animated discussion is going on among certain newspapers concerning the time when this poem was written, but it is generally believed that the Maysville (O.) *Republic's* statement is correct. That paper says that General William H. Lytle had the manuscript on his person when the Confederates came across his body on the field of Chickamauga. The belief has obtained that General Lytle wrote the poem at Cincinnati before the war, but its condition when found on his person at Chickamauga showed that he composed it at odd hours in the camp.

General Lytle may have written the verses with which he is generally credited, but if so, he must have completed them fully three years before the battle of Chickamauga was fought, as the poem was published in a weekly paper in one of the Louisiana parishes in 1860, so we have been informed by a gentleman who resided in that section of the country at that time. We rather incline to the opinion that ex-Governor Allen, of Louisiana, who died an exile in Mexico shortly after the close of the war, was their author. He was one of the most talented men in the Pelican State, but died several years before any controversy arose as to the authorship of the poem.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER,
Edwards & Fiveash, Proprietors,
NORFOLK, VA., October 12, 1895.

Editor States,—By the enclosed clipping you will see that the claim is still made that General Lytle, who was killed at Chickamauga, completed the poem "Antony and Cleopatra" the night before he was killed.

For a number of years we had in our employ, as local reporter, Mr. T. B. Ruffin, who is now dead. Mr. Ruffin was a printer, and went from Virginia to the Southwest about 1858, where he remained until the war broke out, when he returned as a member of a Memphis company. Some twelve or fifteen years ago, when conversing with him relative to the poem named, he told me that he had read it about the year 1860 in a weekly paper published in Louisiana, in the neighborhood of Donaldsonville, I think. The name of the paper, if he told me, I have forgotten. I have since been of the opinion that ex-Governor Allen, of your State, composed the poem, and if you ascertain the name of the paper and the date on which the poem was published I think that you could prove the groundlessness of the claim that has been made in Ohio that General Lytle composed the verses.

Mr. Ruffin worked in Baton Rouge on State printing, I think, shortly before the war commenced. He was in Memphis, however, when the storm burst in the spring of 1861.

With many wishes for your health and happiness, I am,
Yours very truly,

JOSEPH G. FIVEASH.

P. S.—My partner, Mr. Edwards, says that he thinks that Ruffin named the *Sugar Bowl* as the paper that published the poem.

J. G. F.

Since writing the above Mr. Robert W. Tunstall, principal of the Norfolk Academy, has called our attention to the fact that the poem was published as early as 1860, in "The Poets and Poetry of the West," edited by William T. Coggeshall. See *Library of American Literature*, volume 8, page 312.

In compliance with the request contained in the foregoing letter we have made such an investigation as was in our power, and we are quite well satisfied that General Lytle was in truth the author of the poem in question. "Antony and Cleopatra" was certainly never written by General Allen, for it is the work of a true poet, and though Allen was a gallant soldier, a splendid and noble gentleman, and a popular orator, there was nothing of the poet about him. The *Sugar Bowl* was printed in New Iberia, but long after the poem was given to the public. It might have been printed in the *Planters' Banner*, published in St. Mary, long before and long after the war, by the late Daniel Dennett.

But while we believe that there is not a particle of doubt that the poem was written by the gallant Ohio soldier, the facts are fatal to the little romance that has been woven around it, and which states that it was written by the General by a camp-fire the night preceding the bloody battle of Chickamauga, in which battle he was killed. As a matter of fact, the poem, as stated by our Norfolk friend, was printed in 1860, fully three years before the battle referred to, and is extant in the *Library of American Literature*, volume 8, page 312, credited to "The Poets and Poetry of the West," printed in 1860, and the authorship credited to Lytle.

General Lytle was a gallant Federal soldier, respected and honored by the Confederates. Our honored friend and fellow-citizen, Major Douglass West, who was himself a brave and loyal soldier of the Confederacy, first discovered the body of Lytle on the field in his dying moments, and had him removed to the Confederate hospital. Major West furnishes the *States* with the following interesting and very touching interview on the subject :

COLONEL WEST'S ACCOUNT.

There is no one more familiar with the death and attendant circumstances of the author of "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying," than Colonel Douglass West, of this city, who performed such kindly services towards a fallen foe after General Lytle had received his death wounds. Colonel West was called on at his residence and

asked to narrate some of these incidents, but the old soldier felt constrained, fearing that what he might say would be considered prompted by egotism. When the reporter succeeded in removing these scruples, Colonel West spoke interestingly as follows :

General W. H. Lytle, commanding a brigade of Sheridan's division, McCook's corps, was killed about noon, September 20, 1863, by the troops of the Twenty-second Alabama Regiment of Deas' Brigade in Hindman's Division, commanded in that action by General Patton Anderson.*

This command captured between 600 and 700 officers and men of Lytle's Brigade. After the charge, which resulted in the rout of this division of Sheridan, General Anderson ordered me, as Inspector-General of his command, to take charge of those Federal prisoners, then under fire from their own friends, and put them in a place of safety and turn them over to the provost guard, and rejoin my command.

Whilst engaged in this duty of collecting the men under an amphitheatre in their rear, an officer of the Federal army, wounded, Achilles-like, in his heel, limped up to me and asked me to save his General, who had fallen, and was then lying near the Federal breastworks, which, together with the dead leaves in the forest, were burning from the artillery fire on both sides.

I asked him : "Who is your general?"

He replied : "General Lytle."

I asked him whether he was the officer riding a small, dark horse, who was so active in rallying his men. He replied that doubtless he was.

I then said : "Get four or five of your most stalwart men, not wounded, and take them with you to the spot, and I will follow you."

The distance was short from where we were holding this conversation, and just across their breastworks, hastily constructed of felled and rotten timber, we found the body lying in the leaves. His face was upwards. He was bleeding from three wounds—one of which, I know, was in the neck; one in the leg, and I have forgotten where the other was. He was dressed in full regulation uniform, but was minus his sword, his scabbard and belt being still on his person. My first exclamation on looking down upon his graceful and manly form, so perfectly dressed and accoutred, was :

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!"

[* See letter of Judge S. S. Calhoon, subjoined.—*Ed. S. H. S. Papers.*]

I then had his body carried across the breastworks to a secure place, left it in charge of this Federal officer, who begged me to have it buried, if possible, and place a Confederate guard with it.

At this period the Federal officer who brought me to General Lytle's body said to me : "General Lytle's family will never forget you for this act of kindness; will you kindly give me your name and rank?"

I hesitated and said : "The Inspector-General of General Anderson's Division."

This did not satisfy him. He pulled a memorandum-book from his pocket and said : "I want your full address."

I gave it to him—"Major Douglass West, Inspector-General, Deas' Brigade."

He startled me by replying : "Why, that's my name ! Probably we are some kin?"

I replied : "Where are you from?" and he answered : "I am Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore I. West, of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Regiment." I said : "We can hardly be kin, my family have been in Virginia over two centuries, and never immigrated."

EXCHANGED SABRES.

I exchanged sabres with him, he having a very light service sabre, and mine being a very clumsy Confederate-made Claymore. He stated that his sabre was private property, presented to him by the citizens of his county, and bore his name on the blade, which I found by examining it to be true.

I had sent a courier in search of an ambulance during this conversation. In the meantime the courier had returned, and said he could find no ambulance, but listening, I heard through the woods the distant sound of a vehicle. Immediately I galloped towards the sound and met Lieutenant-General Longstreet and staff, and reported to him the killing of General Lytle, and that I was then in search of an ambulance to carry his body off the field and have it buried. I overtook the ambulance about a mile distant, and riding along side of it discovered that it contained Captain Deas Nott, of the Twenty-second Alabama, mortally wounded in the charge that killed General Lytle. I asked Captain Nott if he was severely wounded, and he replied: "I think I am mortally wounded."

I told him I had General Lytle's body, and that, as the dead officer had been a war Democrat and friendly towards a proper conduct of

the war, I asked him would he allow the body to be thrown over the seat of the ambulance to be taken to the hospital, and he said: "Certainly." I wrote a note hastily, directed to the surgeon of our division, Dr. Turner, and others, asking them, if possible, to have General Lytle's body buried. I conducted the ambulance back to where I had left General Lytle's body, and requested Colonel West to give me all the effects on his person, which consisted of his belt and scabbard, a most superb pistol, his private pocket-book, and pocket-book containing his military orders, and a small wicker flask. These I retained, and when I reached General Anderson that night, in bivouac near Snodgrass Hill, I detailed all these events to him.

We sat by the uncertain light of the camp-fire that night and read quite a number of letters, most of which appear to have been written by his sister, and were signed "Jodie." These letters contained numerous scraps of poetry written by General Lytle, and clipped by her from Cincinnati papers. All this was very interesting reading to us, but it was painful for us to think that we had assisted in putting out so brilliant a light. We talked of the poem which gave him his great celebrity, and I was enabled to recite it to General Anderson that night from memory, and I told him I had read it fully two years before the war. General Anderson said to me: "Major, what are you going to do with those effects of General Lytle."

I said I had promised an officer of his command to take the earliest opportunity to send them to his family.

KINDNESS TO HIS MOTHER.

General Anderson said: "Major, you will do me a great favor if you will allow me to do this, as General Lytle has placed me under peculiar obligations by having sent my old mother through the Federal lines in his own ambulance."

I then gave him all the effects except a small wicker flask, which I retained as a souvenir. General Anderson sent these articles through Bragg's headquarters to Rosecrans' command under a flag of truce.

During the action, after the killing of General Lytle, I received a wound which gave me some concern, and I asked General Anderson's permission to ride back to the hospital, and that I would report at dawn in the morning. I rode through the woods without guides, except the stars and the sounds, and it was after midnight when I reached the field hospital of our division on the Chickamauga river,

at Alexander's bridge. After some difficulty I found Surgeons Little and Turner on the furrowed ground, operating without any light except that of burning fence rails. I immediately asked if they had received my note. They answered: "Yes; Captain Nott died in the ambulance before reaching the hospital, and his and General Lytle's body are lying in the straw near by, as it was impossible to obtain sepulture for any of the dead of either side."

I found Captain Nott's body guarded by his two colored servants, Nat and John. I said to them:

"Boys, we must find some means to bury your master," but we could find no implements, except an axe and a broken spade. With those we pried off some of the weatherboarding of the Alexander house, dug a shallow grave at the foot of a large Catalpa tree, lined it with the planks, and laid those two soldiers side by side—the Blue and the Gray. Two other officers, Major Huger, of Magratt's staff, and Colonel Marast, of the regiment which killed General Lytle, were buried near by. These bodies were subsequently all removed—General Lytle's three or four days after he was killed, a casket having been sent through by a flag of truce.

"And this is the true account of the death and burial of Brigadier-General W. H. Lytle, the author of '*I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying.*'"

At the reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Chickamauga battlefield last summer Colonel West met several members of General Lytle's command, many of whom are leading men in the city of Cincinnati. He was made the recipient of many courtesies by them, and specially invited to participate in the exercises incident to the dedication of a handsome monument to General Lytle's, which had been erected on that historic field. General Lew Wallace was to have delivered an address on the occasion. Colonel West would have accepted the invitation, but owing to General Wallace's failure to be present, some of the arrangements fell through, and Colonel West did not attend.

Captain John C. Parker, an ex-Federal naval officer, formerly a resident of Cincinnati, but now of New Orleans, was well acquainted with General Lytle. He agreed with Colonel West that the poem "*I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying,*" was written a few years before the war. Mr. Parker said he remembered reading it in a Cincinnati paper about the year 1858.

General Lytle, he said, sprang from a military family. He was a man of great refinement and culture, and a very gallant soldier, and

he possessed a strong personality and magnetism. His death was greatly mourned in Ohio, and he lies buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, under a handsome monument erected by his family.

THE POPULAR VERSION.

We herewith append the popular version of the romantic story of the authorship of the poem, the poem itself, and a brief sketch of Lytle, but we are unable to discover the name or the date of the paper from which the clipping is taken. The tale about the lines being written on the eve of Chickamauga is fully well exploded, but "Antony and Cleopatra" is a noble production, and will live as long as American literature. We have never seen anything else from the pen of the gallant and unflinching soldier, but if he never wrote another verse or line, this production marks him as a poet in the true sense of the word.

One of the finest poems in the finest literature of song is that one known everywhere by its first pathetic line—

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,"

and which was written by General William H. Lytle on the eve of the battle of Chickamauga. The Detroit *Free Press* says it is indebted to the late Colonel Realf, poet, author and soldier, who shared the fortunes of war with his friend, General Lytle, for an account of the peculiar circumstances under which the poem was written. Colonel Realf shared the tent of General Lytle on the night preceding the battle. The two friends were both given to writing poems at such times, and each had an unfinished poem on hand. They read and criticised each other's efforts humorously for some time, when General Lytle said, with a grave smile:

"Realf, I shall never live to finish that poem."

"Nonsense," said his friend, "you will live to write volumes of such stuff."

"No," said the General solemnly, "as I was speaking to you a feeling came over me suddenly, which is more startling than prophecy, that I shall be killed in to-morrow's fight."

Colonel Realf asked him to define this feeling, and he said:

"As I was talking to you I saw the green hills of Ohio as they looked when I stood among them. They began to recede from me in a weird way, and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like the lightning's shock that I should never see them again."

General Lytle was a native of Ohio, and dearly loved his birth State. Colonel Realf laughed at his friend, and rallied him upon his superstition, but acknowledged afterward that he became so thrilled himself with an unnatural fear that he begged the General to finish his poem before he slept, that such fine work might not be lost to the world. In the small hours General Lytle awakened his friend from the slumber into which he had fallen to read to him that beautiful poem, which must live as long as our literature survives.

Imagine the scene. The two men, united by the bonds of friendship, of congenial tastes, both ready and willing to face death on the morning in its direct form, scanning by the light of their tent lantern each other's features, when the finished poem had been read aloud.

Colonel Realf said that his own eyes filled with tears, but the General said not a word as he placed the manuscript in his pocket, and lay down on his last night's rest upon earth.

Before dawn came the call of arms. When Realf next saw his friend he lay cold in death among the heaps of slain. Then he thought of the poem, and searching the pocket where he had seen him place it, he drew it forth, and forwarded it to General Lytle's friends with his other effects. We give the poem in its entirety, feeling sure all will renew their admiration of it when they read under what tragic circumstances it was written.

I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows,
 Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me;
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hearken to the great heart secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore:
Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
 Die, the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him;
'Twas his own that dealt the blow—
His, who, pillow'd on thy bosom
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame in Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home.
Seek her! Say the gods have told me—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendor of thy smile.
Give to Cæsar crown and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming! Quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Orsiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell.

—W. H. LYCLE.

GENERAL W. H. LYCLE.

William H. Lytle was born in Cincinnati, O., November 2, 1826. His great-grandfather, William, fought in the French war. His grandfather, of the same name, was an early pioneer in Ohio, and active in Indian warfare. His father, Robert T. Lytle, was a member of Congress, 1833-'35, and afterwards surveyor of public lands. The subject of this sketch graduated at Cincinnati College, studied law, began the practice, but at the beginning of our war with Mexico he volunteered, and served as captain in the Second Ohio Regiment.

At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law, was elected to the Legislature of Ohio, and in 1857 was an unsuccessful candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the Democratic ticket. Soon afterwards he became major-general of the Ohio militia, and at the beginning of the civil war was commissioned colonel of the Tenth Ohio Regiment, which he led in West Virginia in 1861. At Carnifax Ferry, on September 10, 1861, he commanded a brigade, and was severely wounded. He was again wounded and taken prisoner at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, and, when exchanged, was promoted to brigadier-general, November 29th. Thereafter he served actively under Rosecrans till he was killed while leading a charge of his brigade at the battle of Chickamauga. General Lytle had much literary taste and genuine poetic talent, and was the author of many poems of merit. His best-known poem is the one we copy above, written in 1857. No book collection of his verses has ever been made.

On the death of this brilliant poet-soldier, General W. S. Rosecrans issued the following :

HEADQUARTERS,
CINCINNATI, O., January 8, 1864.

As Brigadier-General Wm. H. Lytle fell leading a gallant charge against the foe advancing on our retreating troops, I may be excused from departing from the strict rule of mentioning those officers whose good conduct could be properly officially noticed by the general commanding only. This brave and generous young officer, whose first wounds were received while fighting under my command at Carnifax Ferry, where he fell desperately wounded at the head of his regiment, was also badly wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Perryville, where he repelled a desperate onslaught of the enemy.

On rejoining the Army of the Cumberland with his well-earned rank of brigadier, he was assigned second in command to General Sheridan. When he fell gloriously on the field of Chickamauga, Ohio lost one of her jewels, and the service one of its most patriotic and promising general officers.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

[A paragraph in the preceding very interesting account, to which attention is called, is corrected in the issue of the New Orleans *Picayune* of December 1, 1895, as follows.—ED.]

The publication of the picture and story of Barney McDermott, the stalwart veteran in the employ of the charity hospital, had an interesting sequel. Daniel O'C. Murphy is another Mississippi veteran, who has been living in New Orleans for many years. During the war he and McDermott were camp cronies, but they had not seen each other for thirty years and did not know that they were so near each other until Mr. Murphy read the interview in the *Picayune*. He lost no time in calling at the hospital and renewing old friendships. Mr. Murphy's memory agreed with Mr. McDermott's with reference to the killing of General Lytle, but, knowing memory to be sometimes unreliable, he decided to write to Judge S. S. Calhoon, of Jackson, Miss., in whom Mr. Murphy has the greatest confidence. Yesterday he received a reply, and, although it is a private letter, Mr. Murphy is willing to have it published:

JACKSON, MISS., November 29, 1895.

MR. DAN. O'C. MURPHY,

1353 Magazine Street, New Orleans, La. :

MY DEAR DAN:

I have yours of the 27th instant, and cannot express to you the pleasure I felt on hearing directly from an old friend and army comrade. We are thinning out almost daily, and I feel of kin to the survivors of our old brigade.

When I saw the statement of Barney McDermott, I could not at first recall him, but I now remember him very well as a tall, soldierly-looking Irish sergeant, brave in action and attentive to all his duties in camp and on the march.

I have the greatest horror of entering into controversies in reference to what transpired in the battles of the war in which I was engaged. There can be no doubt about the fact, however, that Major West is, unintentionally of course, incorrect in saying that General Lytle was killed by a regiment of Deas' Brigade. I think there is abundant proof that he fell in front of Patton Anderson's Brigade, and I think in front of the Tenth Mississippi Regiment. I was "too busy" when he was killed to take note of the particular regiments or their location in reference to the body of General Lytle. You will recall that we supported General Deas' Brigade. You will recall, also, that upon the exhaustion of the brigade, we passed through it, and took the lead in front. Just about the time we reached the ground-telegraph wire of the Federal army in the

woods and passed over it, the horse of Colonel Tucker, of the Forty-first Mississippi Regiment, was killed, and he cut the harness which attached a mule to a Federal battery, which had been abandoned, and mounted the mule. The Forty-first Mississippi Regiment was then a part of General Patton Anderson's Brigade. Colonel Tucker was soon after promoted to be brigadier-general. I am sure it was a few minutes after Colonel Tucker mounted this mule when General Lytle was killed, and while we were charging the enemy. My attention was called by some one to his body, and I remember feeling a pang of regret at the fall of so gallant an officer, although an enemy. A great length of time has elapsed, but I think there can be no doubt of the correctness of the foregoing; but of course I lay no claim to an infallible memory of events, particularly when they transpired during the progress of a great battle, and while on a tiresome charge, with all the attendant excitement.

I think Major West must have fallen into the error by reason of the fact that Deas' Brigade commenced the charge, supported by us, overlooking the fact that when General Lytle was killed we had taken the lead as charging brigade, and General Deas' Brigade had become our support.

I observe another unintentional oversight in Major West's statement. In the battle of Chickamauga, Brigadier-General Patton Anderson commanded his own brigade, in Hindman's Division, and did not command General Deas' Brigade.

Very truly yours,

S. S. CALHOON.

[From the Farmville (Va.) *Journal* November 29, 1895.]

RANDOLPH GUARD.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE COMPANY.

Muster-Roll of the Company as it left Farmville, June 11, 1861.

The following is a list of the officers and men of the Randolph Guard, commanded by Captain N. Cobb, Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment. The company was mustered into service at Richmond, Va., June 12, 1861, and numbered seventy-three men rank and file.

Norvell Cobb, first captain of company from June 11, 1861, to May 1, 1862. At the reorganization promoted major Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment, and then afterwards, in 1863, made colonel of said Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment. Wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and died since the war. He was truly a good man and an excellent soldier.

W. P. Walker, second captain. Killed in the battle of Chancellorsville. The Confederacy never had a better soldier.

H. G. Richardson, third and last captain. Wounded at Gaines' Mill, 1862, and served to the end of the war.

W. T. Lee, first lieutenant. A good soldier, and at the reorganization failed to be re-elected; died since the war.

Robert L. Brightwell, second lieutenant. Accidentally killed on the retreat from Rich Mountain by a wagon turning over on him.

T. L. Gibson, third lieutenant. Failed to be re-elected at the reorganization in May, 1862, and left the company.

C. L. Carr, second lieutenant. Elected at the reorganization, and afterwards cashiered for violating fifty-second article of war.

W. H. Wilkerson, first lieutenant. Lost his right leg in battle, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, and never missed a battle till wounded; was truly a good soldier.

L. Amos, second lieutenant. Fought gallantly in every battle in which he was engaged; was all the Confederacy could ask of an officer; retired February 28, 1865, for six months, on account of bad health.

B. F. Farrar, first sergeant. Killed in battle at McDowell, May, 1862.

R. V. Jenkins, second sergeant. Served to end of war.

H. W. K. Davis, third sergeant (one of the Confederacy's bravest boys). Killed in battle at Port Republic.

John J. Cobb, fourth sergeant. A good soldier, and was severely wounded at battle of Chancellorsville, and died since the war.

S. Branch Hunt, first corporal. No truer or better man belonged to Jackson's Corps. His health failed him and he was retired; died since the war.

R. H. Amos, second corporal. Discharged May, 1862, on account of defective vision.

A. W. Cade, third corporal. A good man—an excellent soldier.

Robert Harvey, fourth corporal. No truer or better soldier belonged to this old company.

PRIVATES.

Adams, A. B. A most excellent soldier; was wounded at the battle of Port Republic, and served to end of war.

Armistead, Robert H. Wounded at McDowell, Chancellorsville, and at Richmond.

Allen, Willie. Died in hospital, 1862.

Amos, W. S. Discharged; over age.

Allen, Wesley. Put in a substitute in 1862, and afterwards served through the war in the Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

Armistead, W. A. Good soldier; wounded in the leg at battle of Gettysburg.

Atkins, A. S. A substitute.

Bell, T. P. Detailed on government work.

Baker, A. V. A good soldier; never wounded, and served through the war.

Bennett, A. B. Detailed in government shop.

Coleman, J. T. Taken prisoner, and died in prison, 1864.

Cobb, E. H. A most excellent soldier and a gallant fighter; was under sixteen years old when he joined the army.

Cousins, M. C. A better soldier never carried a musket; was killed at Gettysburg.

Cobb, Henry. Killed October, 1862.

Cox, Henry C. Served through the war.

Deshazor, A. W. No better soldier than our brave Abner. Killed climbing the Federal breastworks at Gettysburg.

Ellett, W. P. First sergeant for a short while. Sent home sick, and never returned to the company.

Evans, James. Transferred from a Texas regiment; was regimental flag-bearer, and was a brave soldier; accidentally shot and killed himself.

Griggs, E. R. A good soldier; detailed as regimental medical surgeon, and served through the war.

Grigg, Norman. Discharged in June, 1861.

Garnett, N. C. Deserted.

Hayes, John. Died in hospital at Greenbrier river, August, 1861.

Hollman, C. A. A good soldier; never wounded; served through the war.

Hubbard, Robert H. One of the best soldiers in the army; served to the end of the war.

Hubbard, Thomas. Died in the hospital at Staunton early in the war.

Huddleston, L. B. Wounded at Gettysburg; a good soldier, and served through the war.

Huddleston, S. H. Lost his left leg in battle at Petersburg in 1865.

Hurt, F. O.

Holman, W. A. No better man belonged to the army; never wounded.

Kidd, J. S. Served through the war.

Murdock, J. T. Served through the war, and died since.

Moore, Thomas A. A good soldier, and served through the war.

Morton, John A. Discharged; over age.

North, C. C. A good soldier; killed at battle Port Republic.

North, Thomas. Wounded at battle Port Republic, and died in prison at Fort Delaware, 1864.

Perkins, Henry. Killed in battle at the Wilderness.

Phaup, John J. Discharged; over age.

Phaup, W. R. Discharged; over age.

Pollard, P. B. A gallant soldier; wounded at McDowell and killed at Chancellorsville.

Pollard, John. Discharged June, 1861.

Pollard, William. Discharged; over age.

Perkinson, N. C. Discharged; over age.

Perkinson, J. R. Discharged early in the war.

Patton, Henry. Promoted sergeant-major Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment; killed at Gettysburg.

Robertson, W. S. Discharged; over age; died since the war.

Randlett, A. J. Served through the war.

Ransom, John J. A good and faithful soldier; served through the war.

Tuggle, Sam T. Discharged 1862.

Taylor, F. W. Died in hospital at Greenbrier river, with typhoid fever, 1862.

Simpson, G. Discharged 1862.

Thackston, Peter. Left company October, 1862.

Winston, Charles. Detailed on government works.

Woodson, B. H. A faithful, good soldier, but slow; served diligently to the end of the war.

Wheeler, V. Died in hospital at Greenbrier river, September, 1861.

Womack, John W. Detailed as teamster in quartermaster's department, Second Brigade, Early's Division, and served to the end of the war.

Wiley, T. W. Served to end of war.

HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF THE
ROCKBRIDGE ARTILLERY, C. S. ARMY,
BY A
Member of the Famous Battery.

Many of the survivors of the Rockbridge Artillery met several years ago in Lexington, Va., and appointed a committee to gather materials for a brief history of that battery. One of the members has set down such facts as he could recall, and such as were furnished him by others, and presents them in the following paper. He has also examined such of the original pay-rolls of the company as have been preserved and are stored in the War Department in Washington, and has used these so far as he could. Many of these old rolls are illegible, and some are entirely missing. The writer was not serving with the battery after about the 12th of May, 1862, but was frequently near it afterwards, and ever deeply interested in its movements. Whilst he cannot give as many details in regard to its men and their marches and battles after his connection with it ceased, he hopes to be able to add a brief sketch of it, based on such material as he can get from members who continued with it till the surrender at Appomattox.

Members of the company are requested to supply any omissions, and to correct any errors which they may discern in the following pages, and to notify Sergeant David E. Moore, of Lexington, Va., who is chairman of the committee above referred to.

C. D. F.

Charlottesville, Va., December, 1895.

Early in the spring of 1861, after the old "volunteer companies" of the State had been called into service by Governor Letcher, many of the young men of Lexington and the county of Rockbridge, in answer to the Governor's call for more troops, determined to organize another company. They selected John McCausland, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, as their captain, and were sworn into service on the 29th of April, 1861. About this time Captain McCausland received from the Governor a commission as colonel of cavalry, and was sent to West Virginia, where he served with distinction, and became a brigadier-general.

To fill the vacancy thus caused, on May 1, 1861, the new company of artillery chose Rev. William N. Pendleton, D. D., as their captain. Dr. Pendleton was at the time rector of the Episcopal church in Lexington, and was well-known in the State as prominent in ecclesiastical matters, and also to have graduated in 1830 at West Point, where he was a contemporary of many men who were already prominent in one or other of the two armies which were then organizing. He had been a fellow-student of Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee, and of the newly-elected President of the Confederacy, Mr. Davis.

Some time after this company was organized another company formed near Fairfield, and attached to the Fifty-second Virginia regiment of infantry, under Colonel John B. Baldwin, was equipped as an artillery company under Rev. John Miller, a Presbyterian minister, as captain, and this was known as the Second Rockbridge Artillery, and did good service in the war.

The material of which the First Rockbridge Artillery was composed, and the military antecedents and ecclesiastical prominence of Captain Pendleton, created great enthusiasm in the company, and afterwards brought into it many young men whose engagements at the University of Virginia and other seminaries of learning in the State had kept them from enlisting earlier in the service. The other commissioned officers, whilst not at that time well-known outside their county, were there known to be educated gentlemen of high standing, socially and personally, and all of them afterwards attained to prominence in the army.

Captain Pendleton was the only man, excepting Sergeant Graham, in the company, who had any scientific knowledge of military matters. His course at West Point Academy, and his subsequent service in the army, had fitted him well to organize this company, and

to make quickly out of the raw material in it, efficient soldiers. His patience, energy, and kindness were in constant requisition for many months, and contributed largely to the reputation gained by the Rockbridge Artillery. He was made a Colonel of Artillery before the company had seen much service in battle, and eventually became a General in command of the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. His subsequent career in that army, and his connection with the military family of our great commander, General Lee, are well known. After the war closed he returned to his labors as a clergyman in Lexington, and died a few years ago, lamented by hosts of friends and honored by his surviving comrades-in-arms.

His successors in command of the company, McLaughlin, Poague, and Graham, all had the benefit of his instruction, and perhaps no company in the army was better officered. They were thorough in their knowledge of the needs of men and horses in camp and on the march, always kind and considerate; and, in battle, active, intelligent, and heedless of personal danger. It would be difficult for any of the men who served under them to give any satisfactory reason for preferring any one of them above the others. The battery did efficient service under the command of each of them.

The following seems to have been the first company-roll; at least this is the roll showing the organization as of 30th June, 1861.

Captain, W. N. Pendleton.

First Lieutenant, John Bowyer Brockenbrough.

Second Lieutenant, William McLaughlin.

Second Lieutenant, William T. Poague.

First Sergeant, John McD. Alexander.

Second Sergeant, James Cole Davis.

Third Sergeant, Archibald Graham, Jr.

Fourth Sergeant, James L. Paxton.

Fifth Sergeant, Frank Preston.

Sixth Sergeant, Norborne S. Henry.

First Corporal, William M. Brown.

Second Corporal, William L. Strickler.

Third Corporal, John W. Jordan, Jr.

Fourth Corporal, Samuel C. Smith.

Fifth Corporal, John F. Tompkins.

Sixth Corporal, John B. McCorkle.

Privates.

Agner, Joseph S.	Ayers, Napoleon B.
Beard, William B.	Bane, Samuel R.
Brockenbrough, Willoughby N.	Bumpus, William N., Jr.
Coffee, Whitfield A.	Conner, James A.
Conner, John	Conner, Ro. P.
Craig, John B.	Curran, Daniel
Davis, Mark	Doran, John
Dudley, Ro. M.	Ford, Henry F.
Ford, James A.	Gibbs, John T., Jr.
Gold, John M.	Gordon, William C.
Harris, Alexander	Harris, Bolin
Hostetter, George W.	Johnson, William F.
Lepard, James N.	Lewis, Henry
Lewis, Ro. P.	Leyburn, John (acting surgeon.)
McCormick, David A.	McCormick, William A.
McCluer, John G.	Montgomery, William G.
Moore, John D.	Moore, Samuel R., Jr.
Morgan, George W.	O'Rourke, Frank
Phillips, James H.	Rader, Daniel P.
Raines, Archibald G.	Rhodes, Jacob N.
Silvey, James A.	Smith, Adam
Smith, Joseph S.	Strickler, James A.
Thompson, John A.	Thompson, Samuel G.
Trevy, Daniel J.	Wallace, John
	Wilson, Samuel A.

All the men and officers, except the captain, were enlisted in Lexington by Captain McCausland, on April 29, 1861, excepting, also, William M. Brown, who seems to have enlisted at Harper's Ferry on 22d May.

The company remained in Lexington about ten days, drilling assiduously with muskets, or with the field-guns belonging to the Virginia Military Institute.

Some of the survivors may recall amusing incidents of those early days—such as Hostetter's bringing down his musket, at the command “order arms,” on the toes of little Henry Ford, and the latter's unsoldierly and profane exclamation, which shocked his comrades, the more as their captain was a clergyman. The captain had a sense of the ludicrous, as well as convictions in regard to pro-

priety in ranks, so that Ford escaped punishment, except what Hostetter's musket had inflicted.

On the 1st of May, David E. Moore, Jr., joined the battery; on the 3d, Lawson W. Johnson; on the 5th, Richard G. Davis; on 6th, Samuel B. Anderson, Ferdinand Hetterich, Thomas Martin, and Benjamin F. Thatp; on 7th, John R. Beard; and on the 11th, George W. Conner.

On the 11th of May the company was on the march to Staunton, and on that day William G. Cosen joined it at Steel's Tavern. The same day it was mustered into the Confederate States service at Staunton, Va., by Major M. G. Harman.

The first members of the company may remember, and be able to tell, the route taken from Staunton. I can find only this authenticated account of their movements from Staunton till they were again mustered at Camp Stevens, north of Martinsburg, Va. From Staunton, the place of the last mustering, the company travelled mainly by the railroad, some 230 miles. It has since marched many miles as part of the Army of the Shenandoah. Their route was probably this: By railroads—From Staunton by what was then the Virginia Central, to Gordonsville; thence by the Orange and Alexandria, to Manassas Junction; thence by the Manassas Gap road to Strasburg, in the northern edge of Shenandoah county; thence, leaving the railroad, by the Valley pike to Winchester, Va.; thence by railroad again from Winchester to Harper's Ferry. After two or three weeks spent in and about Harper's Ferry, June 15th it marched back towards Winchester, but turned off to Bunker Hill, where the army was reorganized, and was assigned to the First Brigade, General T. J. Jackson's, and returned to Winchester; thence down the Valley pike, northward till they reached Camp Stevens, a beautiful camp in the corner of an oak forest, on the east side of the Valley pike, which extended from Staunton, Va., to the Potomac river opposite Williamsport, Md. This camp was about four miles north of Martinsburg, and was reached 21st June.

Whilst the battery was at Harper's Ferry, one section of it, commanded by Captain Pendleton and Lieutenant McLaughlin, was sent to the Potomac, opposite Williamsport, Md., where the Federals were expected to cross the river. This section after a few days returned to Harper's Ferry and rejoined the rest of the company.

During the time from the mustering at Staunton (say 11th May) to that of the mustering at Camp Stevens, the following members joined the company: May 15th, John Livingston Massie; on 17th,

Francis K. Nelson; the 22d, William M. Brown; 27th, Daniel Blain; and on 3d June, William F. Singleton, all of whom joined it at Harper's Ferry. On the 14th June, at Winchester, Va., John M. Goul; on the 15th, Michael J. Emmet; on 17th, Nicholas H. Lewis, and 19th, Dudley S. Pendleton joined the company. On the 21st June, on the march between Winchester and Martinsburg, C. D. Fishburne, and on the 27th, David R. Barton and Lyt. S. Macon, after it arrived at Camp Stevens, where, also, on the 28th June, E. Holmes Boyd joined it.

The "history" of the company, recorded on the muster-roll, which was made out as of June 30, 1861, has the following which may be of interest: "The plain grey cloth uniforms and outfit of blankets, knapsacks, cooking utensils, &c., furnished mainly by Rockbridge county, have been as well preserved as could be expected. The uniform is, however, in many cases, considerably worn."

"Discipline and drill both excellent. Public property in possession of the company consists of three six-pounder brass field pieces, and one twelve-pounder brass Howitzer, with equipments and ammunition; four wagons, prepared as caissons, with horses and harness for same (of which two teams are 'impressed'), one forge, in parts, and three wagons and teams for forage, ammunition, and baggage, and ten other horses. In moral and material condition the company is exemplary."

The "plain grey cloth uniforms" were made up by the ladies of Lexington, who used to assemble for this work in the old Masonic Hall, where, no doubt, many maidens took their first lessons in constructing men's garments.

The old fellows who read this may observe what is said about the caissons, and remember that there were bought or "impressed" at Winchester, the running parts of four farm-wagons, and on these were put some rough boxes (or caissons), made under the supervision of our captain by carpenters of that town. The tops were covered with tin and the boxes were painted, but altogether, whilst they served a good purpose for carrying ammunition dry, they must have been, to the experienced eyes of army officers, a ludicrous substitute for the neat, compact caissons with which "Uncle Sam" usually supplied his own artillery, and with which he afterwards, for so many years, kept our battery supplied. The height of the boxes on the hind axles was a serious objection to them. A man of ordinary stature could not, from the ground, get out the ammunition,

but had to climb up and sit on the edge of the boxes in order to get at their contents. In time of battle this inconvenience was emphasized in the mind of the caisson corporal, who "felt" that it was more dangerous to be perched up so high than to be standing on the ground with the whole box in front of him. The increase in the danger of the lofty position may not have been real, but imaginary dangers oftentimes give as much discomfort as real ones.

The three six-pounder brass field-pieces consisted of one six-pounder of the weight used in the old army (sent from Richmond) and two pieces, similar in calibre, but much lighter guns, being two of the guns which were furnished by the State of Virginia for the use of the cadets at the Virginia Military Institute. Their efficiency within a certain range was probably equal to that of the regulation six-pounder used at that time and before the war by the United States army, but on account of their lightness the "recoil" was very great, and the labor of the men at the piece was increased.

We were at Camp Stevens about ten days. The weather was dry and warm. The men had no tents. The officers had some small tent-flies, which were stretched across poles and made a sort of shelter. We did no end, as it seemed to us then, of drilling. First at the guns an hour, beginning about sun-rise. Then came breakfast, for which we had some appetite. About 10 o'clock came two hours' of battery drill, in which we were forbidden to take short cuts across the field in order to fall in with our detachment at the point where we supposed it would soon be. No hypotenuses were allowed to be described by the men on foot, while the mounted officers and horses were describing two sides of a right-angled triangle. After our dinners we had scant time in which to have *siestas*, for we were again called on to drill with the horses, or at the guns, and earn more appetite for supper and for sleep. These ten days were days of work which was very hard to many of us, but on the whole there was little to fret about and nothing to regret now. The greatest discomfort grew out of our inexperience as cooks, and our fear of getting bugs in our ears! We had the best flour the Valley afforded, good beef and some vegetables, plenty of good coffee, too, and sugar.

The pay of the men was only \$13. per month, but the money was sufficient to supply us with extra rations when we wanted a variety, as our money had not depreciated—taking gold as a standard—and we could buy eggs at about "nine pence" (12½ cents) per dozen, and butter at not much higher price per pound, and milk and butter-milk were also cheap.

When we were obliged to make bread for ourselves there was inconvenience in getting good water at that camp. The only spring was far off and not good, but, had the water been abundant and of the best quality, we could make very poor bread with it. At nearly every "mess," some inventive fellow would devise some way of his own for mixing his ingredients (flour, water, salt, and soda), but the result of each experiment seemed to be identical. The men like mountains groaned, the result was always a ridiculous mass, which, when baked, resulted in what was familiarly known then and long afterwards as a "flap-jack." At each camp we left nailed to trees, or laid up among the boughs, some specimens of our bread, hoping that "our friends, the enemy," might come along hungry and eat, and die of indigestion to save us the pain of killing them. Before many weeks we got over our dread of the ear-bugs, and discarded our bunches of cotton with which we at first stopped our ears at bed-time.

At this camp we were brought nearer than we had been to the enemy, except when the battery was at Harper's Ferry. We had the First Virginia cavalry, under Colonel (afterwards General) J. E. B. Stuart, not far off in our front, guarding the fords of the Potomac and watching the enemy under General Patterson; and we had frequent communication with Augusta and Rockbridge companies which were in this regiment.

We had now and then alarms sounded in the evening and morning "devotions," conducted by our clerical captain. Many a fellow went from prayers to his leafy bed with a vague uncertainty whether or not he would wake up a dead man, like the Assyrians of old.

At last, on July 2, 1861 (Tuesday), the alarm was materialized, so to speak, and we were ordered to take up the line of march towards the enemy. The cavalry reported Patterson on the south of the Potomac, and moving southward towards us, and not so far off as we wished him to be. Our baggage-wagons were sent to the rear, and we were supposed to have three days' rations in our haversacks. The infantry had defiled from their camps, and taken up their line of march northward several hours before the order was given for us to set out. We followed the pike about two miles when we were halted, and the heavy six-pounder brass gun was ordered forward. The rest waited more or less impatiently, on rising ground, in full hearing of brisk skirmishing with small arms in front of us, but out of sight of the combatants. No one person could describe the sensations of either those who were chosen to go, or of

those who were bidden to wait for further orders. The captain accompanied the detachment which went to the front. The firing in our front seemed to be drawing nearer to us as our boys got out of sight beyond a piece of woods, and we waited in breathless uncertainty to learn what was next to be done. Pretty soon the musketry-firing indicated to us inexperienced soldiers that a fierce conflict was going on between the infantry forces of the two armies; and presently the artillery was heard. We could conjecture only that it was our gun, and we exulted in the hope that our boys would get glory, but I suspect that the uppermost hope with most of us was that they would not be hurt. Our hopes were realized, as the gun did good service and none of the men who served it were hurt. It turned out that only one regiment (the Fifth, Colonel Harpers,) lost any men, and that regiment and part of another were all of Jackson's brigade who were engaged that day, besides the one detachment of our company.

On the return of this detachment to the company, the boys reported that our captain mixed his commands and his prayers somewhat thus: "Aim low, corporal, and the Lord have mercy on their souls."

This was the battle or skirmish of "Hainesville," or "Falling Waters," on the east side of the horse-shoe made by the Potomac river, the toe of the shoe being at Williamsport. Company E of Stuart's cavalry captured at this skirmish about forty prisoners, and lost one man, Zack Johnson, mortally wounded.

As a part of the history of the battery, it ought to have been mentioned that soon after the 18th June, the First brigade in the Army of the Shenandoah was formed by General J. E. Johnston, and that Brigadier-General Jackson was placed in command of it. The first regiments composing it were the Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Twenty-seventh Virginia infantry, and afterwards the Thirty-third, and the Rockbridge Artillery was a part of that brigade. At this time one battery was usually assigned as a part of each brigade.

The detachment, with the heavy six-pounder, rejoined the rest of the company, and we fell back before the advancing enemy, occasionally leaving the turnpike and taking a position as if awaiting an attack. These movements were probably designed to retard General Patterson's advance—at any rate his advance was slow and cautious. The rest of the brigade and cavalry fell back in like manner, the cavalry occasionally skirmishing with the cavalry of the Federals till we passed Martinsburg some two or three miles, when

we went into camp for the night near a large spring, and around our camp-fires discussed the events of the day. The next day, the 3d of July, we fell back several miles southward to Darkesville, where we first saw, many of us, our general-in-chief, Joseph E. Johnston, the gamest-looking soldier we had ever seen. If we had had more experience than we then had in the ways of Confederate soldiers, we would have made the welkin ring with shouts at seeing this typical soldier who "witched us" all with his "noble horsemanship."

This "Darkesville" was not a village—only a farm-house near a fine spring. In front of the house, on the east side of the turnpike, stretched a beautiful meadow, and in this meadow we encamped. The infantry was east and west of us, and their camp-fires were beautiful at night. The weather was clear, and besides the light of all the visible stars, we enjoyed one of the most brilliant comets which had appeared for many years. It appeared about midnight to be just above us, and many hearts were half-way cheered by interpretations which were put on its appearance. The tail extended northward, or southward, I don't remember which, but it meant that we were to be victorious in the battle which we then thought was imminent. For four days we were drawn up in line of battle and awaited the enemy's attack, which never came. We one day were marched to a quartermaster's wagon and were provided with strips of white cotton cloth, to be tied around the arms of the men to distinguish us from the Federals, for at that time many of the uniforms worn by our men were of the same color with that worn by the enemy. We had not worn out the old garments used by the volunteer militia, many of which were of dark blue. The Confederate Government had probably adopted the grey as the proper color for our troops, but it had not furnished the material for our use.

At this camp, too, Captain Pendleton and the lieutenants drilled the men, or the gunners, in estimating distances. We knew the point blank ranges of our guns, but we had had no opportunity to practice with them, and would have been at a disadvantage in firing them. The success of our corporals in aiming the guns at the very beginning of the first action (First Manassas) in which we were engaged, was probably due to some extent to the lessons learned by us there.

After three or four days we took up the line of march towards Winchester with the rest of the army. It was a hot, dry march over that macadamized road, and never was a fine country so devoid of water as that part of the Valley. There was an occasional fine

spring, but they were rare, and very few streams crossed the pike. Canteens, which were in camp voted a nuisance, were in demand on that march.

Whilst at Darkesville on 3d July, William Hughes joined the company, also Beverley R. Jones; and on the 5th, William G. Williamson joined us; and on the 6th, Robert B. McKim, a student of the University of Virginia, on his way to his home in Baltimore.

We went into camp in the woods several miles north of Winchester, east of the Valley pike, and the camp was named Camp Johnston. Here, on the 7th, we were joined by Joseph Packard, and on the 9th by James P. Smith.

In a few days, about the 13th July, we marched to Winchester, and encamped northeast of the town, our battery in an apple orchard and the rest of our brigade near. Here, on the 14th, there joined us Richard C. M. Page; on the 15th, John J. Williams; on the 16th, James Gregory Clark; on the 17th, James M. Garnett, and George R. Bedinger, transferred from Second Virginia infantry, which he had joined the 15th of May at Harper's Ferry.

We had now several young men from Winchester in the battery, and this fact led to the forming of a pleasant acquaintance with many of the good citizens of that delightful old town.

When the order came about the 17th of July to prepare rations for three days, we went to work compounding our "flap-jacks," but many of us were fortunate enough to get our flour baked in the town, or to get baker's bread in exchange for flour, so that we were relieved of a great burden.

MARCH TO MANASSAS.

On the 18th, about noon, we got orders to march, and to our amazement and to the consternation of many of the citizens of Winchester, we marched southward through a part of the town, and then took a road eastward in the direction of Millwood, on the road toward Ashby's gap, in the Blue Ridge. How distinctly some of us remember that after marching several miles from Winchester we were halted in the road, and heard an officer, who had been sent there for the purpose of giving us General Johnston's order, read it in a loud voice, which order has been given by some of the historians of the times as follows: "Our gallant army, under General Beauregard, has been attacked by the enemy in overwhelming numbers; the commanding-general hopes that his troops will step out

like men and make a forced march to save our country." This was certainly the substance of it, and we responded with a cheer and with quickening footsteps.

We forded the Shenandoah that night at Berry's Ferry, and reached the eastern side of the Blue Ridge Mountain at a small place called Paris, about 2 or 3 o'clock next morning. Here the company rested till sun-rise, then marched a few miles down the eastern slope of the mountain to a good, old-fashioned country place occupied by a maiden lady. She, and her neighbors who lived further from the road than she did, and who had come over to cheer, or to see, the soldiers as they passed, prepared abundant supplies of food. It was of a sort known as "chicken-fixings" at first, but as the day wore on and the soldiers, not of our battery alone, but from the rest of the Army of the Shenandoah, kept falling in to get a taste of the savory edibles, the patriotic enthusiasm of these good people is said to have become nearly exhausted. It is safe to say that not one of the boys in grey had been compelled by hunger to ask for rations so far during his army life, but they all quickly learned that safe rule for a soldier—never to omit to eat when you get a chance, especially if you can get something better than you have in your haversack.

Our company rested that day under the trees in a pretty yard, or strolled about the neighborhood till about dusk, when it again set out on the march, allowed, however, to ride on the caissons when weary of walking. We marched all night, with the exception of an hour or two after midnight in a little village called The Plains, where we halted, without unharnessing the teams, however, and rested on porches or at the roadside for an hour. We halted next morning somewhere to water and feed the horses, and kept on with our weary, hot march all day, arriving at Manassas Junction about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, June 20th. We were hot and dusty and thirsty, and found the few wells of water at the place guarded by sentinels, who refused at first to let us get any water to drink. After a hot and unrefreshing halt in the sunshine for several hours, during which our captain was seeking some orders as to our future movements, we set out across what had been fields, northward, and about dusk arrived at the south bank of Bull Run west, some distance from the railroad and just above Mitchell's ford. Here we went into camp, and the captain was so considerate as to omit the evening roll-call and prayers, and to let us sleep just as we were and where we had fallen. No sounder sleeping was ever done than we

did that night. It is recalled now by some of us who have grown older and more sleepless, as one of the most delightful and refreshing nights ever spent in the army or out of it. We did not take time to consider who had invented sleep or to thank the inventor, but we slept without any consciousness that we did it.

“ If ignorance be indeed a bliss,
As some wise poet says it is,
Sure no ignorance equals this,
To sleep and not to know it.”

The first sound that greeted us next morning (Sunday, 21st July,) about daybreak, was the booming of a heavy gun fired from some point north of Bull Run towards Centreville by the Federals, with no such harmless purpose, however, as of waking us to breakfast, for the shells sent out of “ Long Tom ” seemed to be aimed with a more deadly purpose. They were bad on our appetites. None of us had ever heard anything so loud except thunder, and we had got used to that. The shells had a horrible, uncanny way of passing through the air, so that a fellow could not guess whether it was half a mile above him or near enough to cut off his ears. He generally estimated that his ears were the target, and gesticulated with his head accordingly. That morning, however, the disagreeable performance of Long Tom did not last long. We got our breakfast and limbered up ready to march and awaited orders. Some of us went to a high hill in our rear, from which Centreville could be seen, in order to see what was going on over there. The Federals, seeing the crowd, turned their big gun on us, and we speedily rejoined the guns at the foot of the hill, curiosity allayed if not satisfied. One of the enemy’s shells having fallen very near our battery as it stood in column ready to march, the captain moved us about a mile southward out of the range, and we halted on the side of a well-trodden road nearly parallel with Bull Run, and there awaited orders. We had not been there long when General Johnston and staff and couriers passed along the road going westward. Seeing our battery, he stopped and asked whose it was, and what it was doing there, seemed to be implied. The captain, or nearest officer, answered his questions; whereupon we were ordered to mount, and we set out on a trot, following the General, who said he would send back orders as to the position we should take. The men all mounted the carriages and we went at a trot, following this road westward several miles, and for the most part through timber. Finally, as we

began to get into open land, we met men wounded, who were falling back from the direction of the place where we had heard firing for several hours, but we could get very little information from them about the fight, as we had to ask our questions "on the trot," and could not wait for the reply.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS, JULY 21ST.

At last we were halted a few minutes on the hill near what we heard was the "Lewis House." Here we were introduced to some of the horrors of war. Men were carried back to field-hospitals and to this "Lewis House," which had been converted into a hospital; and here we met a part of the Staunton Artillery, Captain Imboden's, which had been engaged with the enemy and had been roughly handled, and which took up a new position soon afterwards near that which we presently occupied.

We heard from acquaintances in that company some of the damage which it had sustained, but before we had time to get all the news we were ordered forward. We left the road which we had been following and went by a "blind road," turning to the left nearly at right angles with the direction in which we had just been marching. We went down a short hill and up another, probably a quarter of a mile in all, partly through pine thickets, and came to the summit of a ridge whose general direction was parallel with Bull run, and from which could be seen what that day became famous as the "Henry House," lying southward in open land, surrounded by an orchard. As we went up the hill to this ridge we passed a group of young men from the "Liberty Hall Volunteers," students of Washington College, who were carrying off the field a comrade, or comrades, who had been wounded by the explosion of shell which had fallen among them while lying in position with the Fourth regiment, awaiting orders to advance. Near the summit of this ridge we turned to the right through a gap in the fence, and followed the ridge, passing along not far from the crest of it. The infantry of our brigade was lying down in ranks to our right, and we passed on between their ranks and the crest of this ridge. Some artillery was already in position and firing from this ridge towards the "Henry House." Our guns were at once unlimbered, and we took position in line with the other guns and commenced firing.

My impression is that one of our guns on the left was separated from the next two guns by guns of other batteries which were there

before us; that two of our guns, the heavy six-pounder and the Howitzer were together, and that at an interval of fifty or a hundred yards, our fourth gun, under Sergeant Davis, was put into position on the extreme right of all the artillery.

The men and officers of the infantry were lying down in lines in rear of us, in speaking distance from us—at least, that was the position of most of them. Some of the officers were sitting on stumps, or standing up by way of giving encouragement to their men, perhaps. General Jackson was riding along the space in rear of the guns, back and forth, and when we got there his horse (a small bay) had been shot in the hip and was limping somewhat, and the General himself had been wounded in his finger and was holding up his hand, wrapped in a handkerchief. He occupied this position whilst our battery was engaged, occasionally exchanging remarks with our captain, or with his field officers.

The newspaper correspondents pleased the devout people of the Confederacy by stating that during this time, preceding the splendid charge of his infantry, he was riding along in front of them with his hand raised in prayer. That he prayed during that time, no one who knew him would deny, but that his hand was held up for no other reason than to relieve his pain and to prevent the discharge of blood, was the belief of most of us who were nearest to him, and saw him as often as we had an opportunity of looking in that direction. He was not a man who would make a parade of his religious exercises, even in such circumstances as these.

In this connection it is proper to allude to the circumstances in which General Jackson first got the *soubriquet* of "Stonewall," a term which was also applied to the brigade which he here commanded. General D. H. Hill, a brother-in-law of General Jackson, and a man well-informed in the history of the war, wrote at some time an article which has been recently (in the February, 1894, number of the *Century Magazine*) published, and which purports to give the real "Stonewall Jackson," especially his private life. In this he summarily dismisses as untrue many stories which have been for years repeated and believed in regard to this unique soldier. He thus dismisses the fact that General Bee ever said anything about a "stonewall" in connection with General Jackson. He gives no satisfactory reason for discarding the story, except that Jackson "was ever in motion, swooping like an eagle on his prey." In this he does injustice to the great soldier, who knew when to wait as well as when to strike. He certainly remained several hours during

this battle inactive and waiting, as many hundreds of his old brigade still living can testify. The whole civilized world, so far as it could read the English language, knew the story soon after the battle of Manassas, in one form or another. Publicity was given to it, no doubt, by the newspapers published in Richmond, Va. Having recently heard, incidentally, from Colonel Thomas L. Preston, a gentleman who lives near Charlottesville, Va., that he was with General Bee for a while at this battle, when Bee was rallying some of his troops, the writer asked him about this incident, and called attention to what was said in this article of General Hill's, and asked that he would give, in writing, a statement of what occurred. Colonel Preston was a relative of General Joseph E. Johnston, and was at the time a member of his staff, with the rank of captain. He writes on the 15th of February, 1894, and after describing General Bee's approach to General Johnston, and relating the fact that General Bee was greatly distressed at the recent repulse of his command, he says:

"General Johnston, then pointing to some soldiers lying along a fence, now asked, 'What are these?' General Bee turned to look, and replied, 'They are South Carolinians.' 'Rally them and lead them back to the fight,' said General Johnston. To the same duty I was assigned, and, with General Bee, I rode forward and heard him appeal to the men, as South Carolinians, to sustain the reputation of their State; and pointing toward General Jackson's Brigade (a part of which could be seen), exclaimed, 'Look, there is Jackson, with his Virginians, standing like a stonewall against the enemy.' I turned toward the direction indicated, and saw what, for a moment, I supposed was a stonewall. It was a part of the company on the extreme right, which was in grey uniforms, and was lying on the slope of the opposite ridge. * * * These were the circumstances under which the gallant South Carolinian characterized and named the First brigade at the First Battle of Manassas, on the 21st of July, 1861; and this brigade and its commander will, on the pages of history, go down to posterity as the 'Stonewall Brigade' of 'Stonewall Jackson.' You will not fail to observe that my version of this historic incident differs from all others which have been published in some of its details. I adhere to my version, however, because I gave a written account of it a few days after the battle, in my semi-official report to General Johnston, and have since had frequent occasion to repeat it, orally and in writing."

Colonel Preston is a gentleman of intelligence and veracity, as is known to very many of the survivors of that brigade, as well as to many gentlemen in Virginia and South Carolina. He was with General Bee, and heard what was said. It is safer to believe the story on his testimony alone, though he is not the only one who heard General Bee's remark, than to disbelieve it simply because some "army correspondent" of a newspaper helped to give currency to it.

Our battery did great execution during this battle. The guns were short-range guns, and Rickett's Battery, of the United States army, which we were firing at, was nearly at point-blank range from us. Our gunners soon showed their skill, and nearly every one of our shots took effect either on the guns and horses of the enemy, or on such masses of infantry as could be seen. The enemy's guns were rifled guns, known as ten-pounder parrot guns, which threw elongated shells. These passed over our heads, for the most part, giving our nervous system great discomfort at first, and occasionally they fell among our infantry in rear of us. The enemy's gunners had probably very little more experience than our gunners had in actual firing. Ours were men of intelligence and coolness, who estimated the distance of the target at which they were firing, who knew the point-blank range of their own guns, and quickly learned to give such slight elevation as was necessary to be given; whereas the rifled guns opposed to us had a very long range, and, without some depression, carried their charges far over our heads. Their gunners seemed never to have discovered their error.

We were surprised, no doubt many of us, at several experiences of that day. In the first place, we may have been surprised that we were not so badly scared as to anticipate the command to limber up and get away; at any rate, we were surprised at the conduct of our horses. We had anxiously arranged what persons should help the drivers to hold them, but we soon discovered that they did not need holding, except to keep them from getting tangled in their harness in their efforts to eat the bunches of poor grass which were near them. The battle was raging as we went into position—musketry and artillery of the enemy making fearful noises above and around us, but the horses seemed as calm as if they had been used to it all their lives. Their calmness reassured some of us, probably. We began to find out that there was a vast deal of space through which a hostile missile could find its way without having to pass through those places which our bodies occupied. No horse in the battery was killed, and very few were wounded, and they but slightly, although

no pains were taken to protect them, as were taken in subsequent battles, when horses became scarcer. The guns and caissons were placed in the position taken during a drill. The guns were unlimbered, and the lead-horses of the limber-chest were stationed about fourteen feet to the rear (horses heading toward the gun), and the lead-horses of the caissons were placed fourteen feet in rear of their respective limber-chests, horses toward the foot, of course. That day, whether by order of General Jackson or not, the guns were served with ammunition from the rear chests of the caissons, and not from the limber-chests of their respective guns. (Mine was not. I carried all the ammunition in my piece-field.)

During this battle a shell of the enemy dropped into a caisson of the "Thomas Artillery," near us on our left, about fifty yards off, and the ammunition was exploded and the tops of the chests were blown off. Several men were burnt slightly, but no one was seriously injured. (It was not half that distance from my piece, and two horses were killed, I think.)

After a deal of noise and hard work, the order was given to limber up and to move out by our right flank. We lost no time in obeying the order, and whilst we were doing so, the infantry in rear of us rose and advanced between our guns, and, with a wild yell, commenced the charge which resulted in the capture of the artillery of the enemy, and the taking of many prisoners at and near the Henry house. Our company left our position about the time our infantry dashed down the hill on that splendid charge. We returned by a route nearly parallel with that which we had taken to reach the hill along which we had been in position in line of battle, and soon got back to the road which had led us by the Lewis house. We then went into a field on a hill which overlooked, at nearly a mile's distance, what was known as the Stone bridge, and here reported to General Johnston, who ordered us to a position from which we could guard one of the fords of Bull Run (Beattie's, perhaps,) opposite which General Miles had a Federal division. Whilst resting and talking over the events of the day, some one raised the question as to how long our battery had been engaged. Some guessed fifteen minutes and some an hour; very few exceeded that limit. Lieutenant McLaughlin settled it by reference to the fact that we had gone into position by his watch at 2 o'clock P. M., and were ordered to "limber up" at half-past 4 P. M.

Several officers and men were slightly wounded, among them Lieutenant Brockenbrough, Sergeant Jordan, and James P. Smith,

whose arm was bruised by a spent minnie-ball. Whilst we were here resting we saw the enemy at a distance, crowding toward the Stone bridge on their retreat toward Centreville, and soon heard the good news that they were defeated and in full retreat, and that the repulse was effected by the charge of our brigade of infantry, and other brigades to the left of it. We were allowed, some of us, to go to the Henry house, and many a haversack, well filled with army crackers ("hard-tack"), many a good blanket, such as we had never seen, and many a splendid canteen, was brought back from the field of battle and dedicated by our men to uses for which it had not been intended when it left Washington city. We then discovered the extent of the damage which was done by our guns—not by the guns of our battery alone, however, for one or two other batteries were working with ours. At one gun of the enemy every horse had been killed or disabled, and at all the guns many horses were disabled, and the bodies of many men showed that they had stood bravely to their work under a most destructive fire.

During this afternoon, whilst we were on this hill watching the retreating enemy, President Davis rode near us, having just come from the station at Manassas. None of us, or few of us, had ever seen him. He was dressed in citizen's clothes, with a "beaver" on—not such as "young Harry" wore, but the last "beaver" of its kind that some of us ever saw again till more than four years afterwards.

A gun from another battery which was near ours, was moved forward several hundred yards, and opened on the mass of men which was crowding toward the bridge. A reply was drawn from a gun of the enemy stationed out of our sight, beyond Bull Run. The shot fired by this gun passed near a battery in which a young gentleman from Richmond, known to some of our men, was a lieutenant. He was on horseback, and at the sound of the ball he lowered his head, following an impulse which is almost universal in such circumstances, and his head was shot off. This was a greater shock to us than if it had occurred in the heat of battle. He, like us, was only looking on, and we were not prepared for such bloody work at that time, on that calm and beautiful afternoon.

The day had been intensely hot, with very little, if any, wind, and was clear till after sunset. We moved several hundred yards eastward from our resting-place, and bivoucked for the night within a few hundred feet of the Lewis house. We had had no tents up to this time, but a few hours before some of our men had got "caisson

"covers" from the captured batteries, and these we spread out, not over the "caissons," but on the ground, and were using them for beds. We slept like logs, but before morning these logs were enlivened by rain, which began falling pretty rapidly before daylight. We then got *under* our caisson covers and slept till morning, and found ourselves when we rose in most disconsolate surroundings. "Water, water, everywhere, *but* not a drop to drink." The ground was saturated, the fragments of wood which we gathered for fuel were soaked; the nearest running water, several hundred yards distant, was muddy, and, alas, in some places was colored with blood. The water which we hoped to get from the roof of the Lewis house had been stained by blood which oozed from the several limbs which the surgeons had thrown out on a part of the roof. Our commissary stores were difficult to get, for great confusion necessarily prevailed in this and all departments of the army. The captured "hard-tack" was the greatest god-send to us then. In the midst of our physical discomforts, we were hearing sad news from time to time—of the death of this or that friend and acquaintance in other commands; and in every available room and out-house near us were suffering or dying soldiers. In the pouring rain many of us assisted to bury, in a rude, primitive way, a young man well known to many of our Rockbridge boys. This brought the horrors of battle sadly near to many of us.

The condition of the roads kept us there a day or two, but when the weather permitted it, about the 27th, we moved from this place several miles, and, to avoid the sickening odors of the battle-field, a place for temporary encampment was selected in an open field, where our captured caisson covers again served us a good turn, as we made props for them and used them as shelter from the sun.

About this time we were allowed to make a complete change in our equipment. We gave up the two light six-pounder brass guns which had belonged to the Virginia Military Institute, retaining only the United States six-pounder and the twelve-pounder Howitzer, and got in addition two other United States brass six-pounders, and two of the ten-pounder parrot guns which had been used against us on the 21st. We got also, of course, ammunition for all these, and proper ammunition-chests supplied with caps, lanyards, thumb-stalls, &c. We got, also, six United States army caissons, a new forge with all needed supplies for the blacksmith, additional horses, and full sets of new harness, made expressly for the United States batteries, but which we found admirably adapted for use in the Confede-

rate States army. We got, also, a full supply of good tents, such as we would never have got but for the result of our recent conflict-in-arms.

Major John A. Harman, the efficient quartermaster of the brigade, selected for us a camping-place a few miles northward from Centreville, which was named after that officer, "Camp Harman," to which we went about the 1st of August. Our company was given ample space in the edge of a natural grove of large oaks, near a beautiful and abundant spring. The horses and guns were on dry ground near the woods. General Jackson's headquarters were on a hill less than a half mile from us, in a yard which lay around the house of a Mr. Utterbach.

Colonel Pendleton, who was in command of this company and other companies near it on the 21st July, had been commissioned colonel in the Provisional army of the Confederate States army on the 15th, but was not relieved of command of this battery till the 23d. Lieutenant Brockenbrough being absent by reason of his wound, the company was in command of Lieutenant McLaughlin till the 10th August, when Lieutenant Brockenbrough returned and took command, but resigned to take effect on the 26th August. On the 14th August the company was reorganized as a six-gun battery, with the following officers:

Captain, William McLaughlin.
 First Lieutenant, William T. Poague.
 First Lieutenant, Archibald Graham.
 Second Lieutenant, John McD. Alexander.
 Acting Surgeon, Dr. John Leyburn.

Sergeants.

James C. Davis,
 William M. Brown,
 James L. Paxton,
 Samuel C. Smith.

J. Baxter McCorkle,
 J. Livingston Massie,
 C. D. Fishburne,
 John D. Moore, Q. M. Serg't.

Corporals.

William L. Strickler,
 John W. Jordan, Jr.,
 James M. Garnett,

John M. Goul,
 Henry R. Paine,
 Willoughby N. Brockenbrough,
 David E. Moore, Jr.

Artificers.

John B. Craig,

Mark Davis.

Whilst here, we indulged in "roasting-ears" and fresh potatoes, purchased from neighboring farmers, and one of the boys, who was said to have eaten a dozen ears of corn for his dinner one day, had a spell of typhoid fever. We had our "bunks" in the woods at first, but the surgeon required us to pitch our tents in the cleared land, and to sleep in them. This was, in many respects, a delightful camping-place, though we had to march about a mile every day—sometimes twice a day—to find level ground suitable for the battery-drills. Many friends from our homes called on us at this camp, and here we received frequent boxes and barrels of "provisions," and even supplies of books!

We had the following additions to our company after the First Battle of Manassas:

July 23d—John M. Brown, John L. Brown, Alexander Conner, William H. Cox, Henry T. Darnall, William H. H. Dixon, William Carson, E. Boyd Faulkner, John Fuller, Alfred Gold, John F. Hall, James Rutherford Houston, John H. Leckey, James P. Lewis, John E. McCauley, William A. McCorkle, John L. Moore, John F. Nicely, Henry R. Paine, George W. Reintzell, John Saville, Joseph F. Shaner, James W. Tomlinson, Robert Van Pelt, Andrew J. Vest, John Wilson, George A. Walker, James S. Walker, John W. Walker.

July 25th—Robert K. Compton.

July 27th—C. N. B. Minor, Kinloch Nelson (transferred from the Albemarle Light Horse, which he had joined May 11, 1861,) and Phil Nelson.

July 29th—Jonathan Agner and John T. Agner.

August 8th—Algernon S. Whitt.

August 10th—Randolph Fairfax, William W. Houston.

August 12th—William M. Wilson.

August 14—John T. Gibson.

August 15th—William H. Byrd, Lucas P. Thompson.

23d—G. Newton Byers.

25th—Robert B. Winston.

September 1st—Abner E. Arnold.

September 2d—Edgar G. Alexandria (transferred from Captain Sheetz' company), L. M. Blackford, J. Howard Smith, Summerfield Smith.

7th—John M. Gregory, Jr.

10th—Charles O. Veers.

The following joined us about this time, but the exact date when each did so does not appear. The dates of their original enlistment in other branches of the services appear, however, and the names of the officers by whom each one was mustered into the service: J. Gibson Clark, enlisted May 15, 1861, at Winchester, by Captain Turner; William C. Kean, enlisted May 31, 1861, at Camp Pickens, by Captain Anderson; Thompson B. Maury, enlisted May 11, 1861, at Harper's Ferry, by Lieutenant Moore; Magruder Maury, enlisted May 15, 1861, at Harper's Ferry, by Lieutenant Moore; John H. Moore, enlisted April 18, 1861, at Lexington, Va., by Captain Letcher.

We left Camp Harman about the 16th of September, and were marched northward and encamped near Fairfax Courthouse, where we got a fresh supply of horses, and where we did a good deal of dirty work, making neat's-foot oil, greasing harness, &c. We also here had additions to the company:

September 21st—P. Lewis Burwell.

September 24th—Mouina G. Porter (son of Admiral Porter, of the United States army).

October 4th—William S. McClintic, near Centreville.

October 7th—Williamson Luke.

October 10th—Henry Boteler.

A good many South Carolina troops were near us at this camp. General D. R. Jones's Brigade was in the meadow lands below us, and gave pleasant variety to our camp life. On 1st of October a part of the battery, under Captain McLaughlin and Lieutenant Alexander, was sent from this camp to the picket-line on the Accotink, across from Ravensworth, where, on the 10th of September, or thereabouts, they got the full benefit of a terrific thunder-storm, as they were on picket duty, and had left their tents at the camp.

REMOVAL TO CENTREVILLE.

On the 16th of October, the company was ordered to march at a very early hour, with the usual three-days' rations. After unusual delay in starting we set out southward, and after frequent delays during the day, waiting for other troops to get into their places (as we supposed), about sunset we began marching in earnest, and about 1 or 2 o'clock next morning bivouacked in an open field near (as we found out when daylight came) the hamlet called Centreville. Too tired and sleepy to care for the luxuries of life, most of us lay down

on our tents and slept under the starlight. Our first slumbers were pleasantly broken by the sweet strains of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird," played by the band of the First Virginia infantry, which had taken its place near us soon after our arrival.

That day the camp was laid off regularly, and the tents, guns, and horses separated and systematically arranged. Here we were required, for the first time, to keep a line of sentinels around our camp. Hitherto we had only kept sentinels over the guns and the horses, and all the outside sentinel duty was done by the infantry. General Joseph E. Johnston's headquarters were a few hundred yards from us, and we saw him and other distinguished officers of his army frequently during our stay here. He held a review of his whole army one beautiful day, and we had our first opportunity of seeing a display of this kind. It awakened suspicions that we were invincible—but we had not seen a review of the Federal army.

Four regiments of infantry and our battery were selected to drill, when Governor Letcher made a visit here to the army for the purpose of presenting flags to the Virginia regiments. We drilled splendidly, as we thought, and General Jackson took great interest in it. As we marched out he rode up to the captain, and said, "Put them through the fast motions," which we did most effectually.

At this camp we had an intimation that on a certain night we would be visited by a brigade officer and men on "grand rounds." Lieutenant Graham was the commissioned officer in charge of the sentinels that night, and he and the sergeant of the guard visited all the posts and gave minute instructions to each sentinel as to what he must say and do. During the early part of the night the lieutenant and sergeant went around to test the sentinels' knowledge of their lesson. They approached the beat of Tom M., a humorous Irishman, who was on duty that night. He promptly halted the visitors, and demanded, "Who comes there?" The answer was given, "Grand rounds." Instead of halting the grand rounds and directing the approach of one man only, and demanding the countersign (which that night was "Austria"), he allowed both the visitors to approach together, and on the lieutenant's giving the word "Africa," our sentinel responded "All right, come along in." The visitors passed in, and then the lieutenant undertook to reprimand him and point out his blunders. When his attention was called to the fact that the wrong countersign was given, the gay sentinel, in the broadest Irish accents, exclaimed, "Indade! ah, well, I knew it was one of them demn'd foreign countries."

Whilst we were here, General Jackson was made a major-general, and ordered to Winchester to take charge of the troops in the upper Valley of Virginia. At his request, his old brigade was afterwards transferred to his division, but on the 4th of November we were called out to give him an opportunity of taking formal leave of us, which he did in a few well-chosen words and in a most tender and hearty manner. He referred to us as the First brigade in the Army of the Shenandoah, and assured us that we were the first brigade of the army in his affections. He spoke from horseback, very rapidly, and at the end of his short address wheeled his horse and rode so rapidly away that his men had scarcely time to choke back their tears and greet him with a Confederate yell before he was out of hearing. We were prepared to hear that he wanted us to join him, and the whole brigade was pleased at the prospect of being again under his immediate and chief command.

At Centreville the following members joined the battery: Oct. 23, Chas. P. Boteler; Oct. 28, Pendleton Brooke; Nov. 3, Charles A. Rutledge.

The original muster-roll, prepared October 31, 1861, at this camp at Centreville, notes the following changes since the last mustering, August 31, 1861, to-wit: P. Lewis Burwell, discharged October 3d, having received a commission in the Confederate States army; Lawson W. Johnson, discharged October 26th, appointed in quartermaster department; Francis K. Nelson, Jr., transferred September 3d to "Albemarle Light Horse"; Richard C. M. Page, transferred October 20th to Morris' Artillery (and afterwards became a major of artillery); Dudley S. Pendleton, transferred September 24th to Company D, First Virginia cavalry; Robert P. Conner, discharged September 5th, disabled by lung-disease.

The following additional note is made: The company last mustered at Camp Harman, August 31, 1861 (which muster-roll, by the way, is missing), since which time it has been pretty much inactive except in drilling. The company is generally well-uniformed with plain grey domestic cloth, and has an adequate supply of tents. Discipline and drill excellent. Public property in possession of the company consists of three six-pounder brass field pieces, one twelve-pounder Howitzer and two ten-pounder parrot rifled guns, one travelling forge, two baggage-wagons and a wagon used as a battery-wagon, with proper harness; also ninety-one horses, most of which are in good condition.

RETURN TO THE VALLEY.

Four days after General Jackson's transfer to the Valley of Virginia, the infantry of his old brigade also returned, travelling by the Manassas Gap railroad; and on the 9th November the Rockbridge Artillery, without any escort, commenced its march across Loudoun county, passing several villages and crossing the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, and the Shenandoah river by a rope-ferry at Snicker's Ford. On our first night out on this march, we went into camp, unfortunately, near a distillery. Some of the men had got very thirsty while they had been cooped up for the last several months, surrounded by so many strangers, and here was a chance to quench their thirst, which very many of them could not resist. The intensity of the thirst and the extent of quenching were not known till the next morning when the roll was called, and preparations made for resuming the march. It was hard to get enough sober men to harness and drive the horses. Some of the boys were put to driving that day who knew no more about it than they knew about steering a balloon. The situation was disgusting; so much so that it grew to be ludicrous. All the liquor which could be found was confiscated and destroyed, but enough had been stowed away past finding, to keep them drunk all day. Whilst we were delayed in crossing the Shenandoah at the ferry, the belligerent stage of drunkenness was reached, and there was a free fight in which one good soldier had his leg broken, and had to be left there till he recovered the use of it. He rejoined the battery soon, and lost his life the next year in battle.

We encamped that night at Berryville, and next day, Sunday, November 10th, reached the neighborhood of Winchester, and camped near Kernstown. After a few days spent there, we were moved nearer to Winchester, and went into camp about half a mile west of it near the Romney road, at a place known as "Billy Wood's Thicket," a pleasant camp, well-sheltered by cedars, and at a convenient distance from town. Here the whole battery remained till Wednesday, January 1, 1862, excepting two guns, which were called out along with the infantry to assist in destroying Dam No. 5, or some other dam on the canal near the Potomac. The two detachments thus employed were absent about a week, and the weather being bad, they had unpleasant experience, though no lives were lost.

A pay-roll was made out at this camp, as of December 31, 1861, but no copy of it has been found, so far, but Robert S. Bell and Jesse T. Bealle joined us here, November 19th and November 21st.

In November, 1861, James M. Garnett was commissioned lieutenant in the regular Army of the Confederate States of America, and assigned to ordnance duty; afterwards (June, 1862,) commissioned first lieutenant in Provisional Army, Confederate States of America, and later (December, 1862,) captain of artillery in that department.

BATH AND ROMNEY TRIP.

Wednesday, January 1, 1862, was at Winchester, Va., a beautiful and balmy day—so warm that it was oppressive to men marching with their winter clothes on and the inevitable haversacks and canteens. The battery set out that morning accompanied by the rest of General Jackson's little army, not knowing, of course, whether we were bound, but found afterwards that this was the beginning of what became well (and painfully to many) known as the "Bath and Romney trip." We went sixteen miles in a northwestward direction, by the Pugh Town road. The weather continued pleasant till afternoon, when it began to grow cold, and it grew cold so rapidly that by sunset all the wraps available were in use. The wind rose to increase our discomfort. We were allowed to go into a sodded field surrounded by a woods to bivouac for the night, but the wind blew so hard as to spread to an alarming extent among the dead grass and leaves the fires which we had kindled. We had to change our position, and went into a plowed field which was near us, but less protected by timbers. We slept, or pretended to do so, the best way we could without tents, on the frozen ground.

The next day we resumed our march, going seven miles in the same direction, and the roads were by this time hard frozen, and the cold wind was in our faces. We passed that night at Unger's store, at the place where the road we were following in the direction of Bath, crossed the road leading from Martinsburg to Romney. The hill-side was so steep it was hard to keep from rolling out of bed and taking beds with us. On the 3d of January we resumed the march; weather intensely cold. We were halted about four miles before we reached the town of Bath, with expectation of having a brush with the enemy. Were in hearing of a slight skirmish which took place ahead of us between "F." Company (which was the van of the regiment and of the advancing column), of the Twenty-first Virginia in-

fantry and the Federals. Private William Exall and Lieutenant James B. Payne of that company, were wounded, the former fatally, dying the same day, and the latter so as to incapacitate him for further service in the field.*

We fell back a few hundred yards to a branch near a saw-mill, and about night a slight snow, two or three inches deep, fell. We used the planks lying about the saw-mill to shelter us, as we had no tents, and spent a most uncomfortable night. The next day (the 4th of January) the ground was covered with snow, and the cold was intense. We resumed our march on the road toward Bath, and crept along, freezing as we crept, pretty nearly all day. When we got to within half a mile of Bath, it was nearly sunset, when there were indications of a stir in our front. Presently we heard rapid firing (but not in volleys), and then shouts, and soon came the order to advance quickly. The men mounted the carriages, and we dashed forward at a trot into the village. In the centre of the street leading toward Hancock, lay a horse, smoking-hot and bleeding, which had just been shot by some of the cavalry, who, with General Jackson and his staff, had just preceded us. We had to make a slight deflection to pass the dead horse, at sight of which some of our animals were greatly excited. Our battery pressed on some three miles at a trot till about dark, when it reached the hill south of the Potomac, overlooking the village of Hancock, which lay near the river, in Maryland. The enemy, after passing through Bath, had divided, some going westward by the road to "Sir John's Run," and some toward Hancock, and were pursued by our troops on both roads. The battery engaged the artillery of the enemy that night and renewed the fight next day, but experienced no loss of men or horses; and we did not discover that we did much damage, if any, to the enemy. The only casualty so far had been caused by the falling of the horse ridden by one of our sergeants as we passed the dead horse on the street in Bath. The sergeant's horse became frightened, and reared and fell as a caisson was passing. The rider's head was struck against the wheel, and he was rendered half-conscious. An ugly cut above the eyebrow had to be dressed by the surgeon, but he rejoined the battery next morning.

*The Federals were in ambush, to the right of the road. Their fire was unexpected, but it was warmly returned, when they broke cover, and scattering, were pursued desultorily by the advance of the column, and a number of them killed.—ED.

In the afternoon of the 6th it snowed again, and the company was withdrawn again a short distance so as to get the shelter of a piece of woods. On the morning of the 7th we were put in motion again, and we hoped that we could be allowed to march, but the whole wagon-train of the army was with it and had to be cared for and sent back ahead of the troops. The shoes of the horses had worn smooth, and the snow had been beaten along the road, so that they were almost as smooth as ice. This caused the delay in our movements, and it was not till noon that we got back as far as Bath. All the army except our brigade, and the whole of the wagon-train, had passed over the road, beating down the snow and increasing our troubles, as every horse in our battery was smooth-shod. The infantry of our brigade remained in our rear till we passed Bath, when they filed by us on their way to Unger's store, where they and we expected to encamp that night. Our march was very wearisome to men and horses. The men of each detachment were compelled to assist the horses to drag their guns and caissons up every hill, and were also required to assist in holding back the carriages and to prevent them from sliding sideways in going down hills. There were many times when all the horses would fall as they began to descend a hill, and the weight of the gun, or caisson, would push them in a heap to the foot. Then came the necessity of raising the poor horses to their feet again, and of assisting them to pull their loads up the next hill. Several of the men were thoroughly exhausted, and finally the captain wisely determined to halt the command and wait till morning, though we were still about two miles from the place of our destined camp.* We were halted at a place called Michael's, near a stable full of hay, and where we got some corn for the horses. The orders which we had observed up to this time in regard to burning fences were ignored, and the fences were freely used for camp-fires. We were on an exposed hill, and went into camp about 2 o'clock in the morning. We had no thermometers, but the cold was variously estimated at from twenty to forty degrees below zero. Sleep was impossible, but men sat about the fires nodding, faces begrimed with smoke, and with freezing backs. Many shoes were

* The infantry had similar duty in leading wagon horses and assisting them to their feet, and in holding in check wagons by the aid of ropes attached behind. Men suffered severely on picket duty from the intense cold, and their hardships on this particular expedition are claimed to have at least equalled the historic experience of the patriots of the First Revolution at Valley Forge.—ED.

burnt out and many toes were frosted before daylight. We were up and stirring early, for our haversacks had been emptied the night before, and our wagons, with tents and commissary stores and bedding, had all gone ahead to Unger's cross-roads, where we had expected to spend the night. Many of us will not forget the sad plight of our horses which daylight revealed. Our blacksmith, Hetterich, was said to have shed tears at the condition of some of the horses. They had fallen during the night march so often, and had been shoved by the carriages so, that many of them were badly scarred, and the blood had frozen over their wounds. One poor horse had both knees cut, and icicles of blood extended from the wound to the ground. The blacksmith and every man who could help went to work with a will and roughened the shoes, and we then set out again on our march, and with comparatively little suffering reached our wagon-camp in less than an hour. This was on the 8th of January. Here we found provisions in abundance, and went to cooking breakfast with great energy and appetite.

We remained here and at a camp two miles east of this place several days, and spent a good deal of time in relieving our personal discomfort, which had been increasing in the case of most of us ever since the morning we had left our camp near Winchester, on the 1st instant, and which was due to the want of water, or to a repugnance to the use of it, cold as it was. Many of the men had not washed even their hands and faces. There were probably not more than one or two who had extended their washing further than this. Huge fires were built, and camp-kettles full of water were prepared, and though the thermometer still would have indicated a cold which was below the freezing point, a thorough cleansing was begun. Some discoveries were made which make us shudder now. Those parasites which the Confederate soldiers had dignified with the name of "grey-backs," had taken up lodgings and reared families where they had never before been. The more provident and prudent of us scalded the offensive intruders and saved their garments for future use, but some, imprudently yielding to disgust, threw garments and intruders into the fire, trusting to the supremacy of luck for another supply of flannels.

Here we stayed till the 13th, when we set out toward Romney. The first night we bivouacked without tents, and the weather becoming warmer in the night, we waked next morning to see piles of snow which covered the men, and made the camp look like a burying-ground.

Instead of frozen ground now over which to slide, we had soft and slushy soil through which to drag our guns. We reached Romney on the 15th, and went into temporary quarters in a church.

The cold weather and the exposure through which we had been for a fortnight caused a good deal of sickness and a good deal of disgust. We could hear that the men of Loring's command, which was a part of General Jackson's army, and which had joined it a short time before we left Winchester, were so disgusted that many, both officers and men, thought our General was deranged. They revived and circulated the well-known stories about his hydropathic theories and practices, and they would venture occasionally, in hearing of members of his old brigade, to express their belief, and to intimate that the brigade was as crazy as he was, since whenever we caught sight of him on the march we greeted him with loud huzzas. We could only reply by a denial of the grave charge against our leader, and an assurance that they would understand our infatuation after a while. Not many months passed before the rest of his army greeted him as enthusiastically as any of us did. If a loud shout was heard passing down the line, it was well known that the boys had started a hare or that "Old Jack" was riding by. It was a shout not unlike the famous Confederate yell which accompanied every charge against the ranks of the enemy in after years.

The men of our company who were most exposed were the drivers, and very many of them were relieved of duty by the surgeon, and some were sent to the hospital in Winchester. There was some difficulty in supplying their places at Romney. Some of the boys will recall the efforts of the newly-constituted drivers to curry their horses in that burying-ground at the church at Romney—a conscientious effort to clean the horses and at the same time an earnest effort to keep themselves out of the mud and not get kicked. Never were horses more kindly and respectfully addressed and more gently scratched with a curry-comb.

We remained at Romney till the 24th, when this company and the rest of the brigade set out for Winchester, the neighborhood of which we reached on the 25th January.

We encamped temporarily two miles west of Wood's thicket, at Lupton's. About this time two eight-pounder iron guns, made at Tredegar works, were added to the battery, and Dr. John Leyburn was made a lieutenant. On the 29th we moved to Camp Zollicoffer, the name given a camp in the woods four miles northwest from Winchester, where we put up winter quarters. Here we remained till

the 3d of March. This was a lonely camp, the only redeeming feature of which was an abundant supply of wood. On the 28th February we had here a mustering, and made out a pay-roll on which is recorded the fact that between December 31, 1861, and that day, the company had marched about one hundred and thirty miles. The public property then (28th February) consisted of two ten-pounder parrot guns (rifled), one twelve-pounder Howitzer, three six-pounder brass field pieces, and two eight-pounder Tredegar iron rifles, a travelling-forge, wagons, &c., and one hundred and six horses.

Whilst we were at this camp the following additional men joined the company:

February 9th—J. Campbell Heiskell.

March 1st—Alexander R. Boteler, Jr., and Davenport D. Magruder.

The pay-roll made there notes the following changes, to-wit: Nicholas H. Lewis, discharged November 16th, by order of General Winder, and Samuel A. Wilson, discharged February 10, 1862, by order of General Garnett.

On March 3, 1862, the company left their winter quarters at Zollicoffer, and encamped about a mile north of Winchester, near the Fair-grounds. Here we were joined by the following new men:

March 3d—Calvin M. Dold, Joseph McAlpine, Thomas E. McCorkle, Ed. A. Moore, Robert A. Pleasants, Benjamin R. Swisher, George W. Swisher, Thomas H. Tidball, Samuel A. Wilson.

March 6th—George A. Ginger, William L. Ginger, Oscar M. Marshall, George W. Fugh.

March 7th—Robert T. Barton, J. Harvey Gilmore, George H. Nicely, Samuel W. Paxton, Thomas M. Wade.

March 10th—William H. Bolling, Hugh H. McGuire, Jr., William Wiseman.

On the 10th, the battery left this camp and retired in the direction of New Market, in Shenandoah county, and on the 11th, while on the march, it was joined by John M. Brown (a cousin of Sergeant Brown) and John A. Holmes.

We went into a camp which was called Camp Buchanan, near New Market, about the 13th of March, and here we were joined on the 17th by James K. Hitner, Charles S. Phillips, Charles Gay, Charles E. Young, and M. Erskine Gay; and on the 21st by Francis J. Crocker and — Gray, who was killed a few days afterwards at Kernstown.

As the company did a good deal of marching along this Valley pike, the following statement of places and distances is given: From Winchester to Newtown, eight miles; Newtown to Strasburg, ten miles; Strasburg to Edinburgh, eighteen miles; Edinburgh to Mount Jackson, six and a half miles; Mount Jackson to New Market, seven miles; New Market to Rude's Hill, four miles; Rude's Hill to Harrisonburg, fourteen miles. Cedar creek is three miles north of Strasburg.

BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN.

On Saturday, March 22, 1862, the company left Camp Buchanan, and marched along the Valley pike northward about twenty-six miles, and spent the night at Cedar creek. The next morning the march was resumed, and we left the pike about four miles north of Winchester and turned westward. We were halted near a piece of woods, and there waited probably an hour for orders, hearing in front of us a pretty brisk firing from a few guns which were with General Ashby's cavalry, and from a battery of the enemy which seemed to be about a mile from us. It being evident that we would soon be engaged, we could see some of the tricks which the men's consciences were playing. Several well-worn packs of cards were thrown away, and men who had not been credited with a scrupulous knowledge of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, where cooking utensils, &c., were involved, were seen to draw out their pocket-“Testaments,” and go to reading diligently.

At last we moved along the east side of this tract of woodland northward, thence through it westward, and came out into a meadow, in full view of some of the enemy's guns. Our battery was marched deliberately in column across this meadow, under fire from several guns most of the way—at least a quarter of a mile, though it seemed to be longer. The guns which were playing at us were considerably above us, and they failed to get the range. Only one shot took effect, and this struck one of our Tredegar iron guns and broke a trunnion, though the damage was not discovered till it was put into position afterwards and was unlimbered.

Just before we left the meadow a hill on our right hid us from view from the enemy, and we crossed what was known as the old Valley road, and went up a steep hill through the woods. When we passed the summit of the hill we turned again northward, parallel with the main road to Winchester, and kept below the crest of the hill so as to be protected from the enemy's guns till we were ready to run all

the guns at once into position. In passing through a gateway in a stone fence, the caisson of the third piece hung on the gate-post and a trace was broken, causing a few minutes' delay. About this time the enemy, guessing at our position, fired several shells at us, one of which struck the off wheel-horse of Gun No. 4, passed through that horse, took off the leg of the driver, William H. Byrd, exploded in the horse he was riding, and a fragment of the shell took off the foot of Mr. Gray, who was standing near, and who had been with the company a few days only.* Fresh horses were attached, a new driver was detailed, and the gun took its place a few minutes afterwards. When we got into this field a stone fence was to our right, parallel with and just below the crest of the ridge along which we were purposing to take position. Each detachment made a gap in this fence

* A section of the Rockbridge Artillery was posted to the left of the advance of the 21st Virginia Infantry ("F" Company lying prone on the crest of a hill, with fixed bayonets, ready for an ordered charge upon the enemy) at one time during the experience detailed.

There were no fences on the crest of the hill, but it is believed that there was one, probably two, in the valley between this crest and one of equal altitude to the south of it.

Behind these fences were Federal sharpshooters, and on the hill were several batteries. Sharpshooters and artillery had got in accurate range the prominent salient of the Confederates. Several of the infantry, lying down, were wounded by minie-balls and exploding shells, among them Colonel John A. Campbell, of the 48th Virginia Regiment, commanding the brigade. The combined fire to those exposed was terrific.

Many of the severely marched and hungry infantry, awaiting the order to charge, despite the din and awful fatality present, could scarce keep their eyes open and their forms from sinking into torpid slumber. About the climax of the concentrated and combined Federal fire, there was witnessed a notable exhibition of daring and loving regard. Whilst the fire of the Federals upon the section of the Rockbridge Artillery was fiercest, and when its gun had been blown from position, and all serving it lay about it writhing in the rigors of death struggles, an officer of the staff of General Stonewall Jackson (who was stated to be Major A. S. Pendleton, subsequently promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, son of General William N. Pendleton, former commandant of the battery, and known familiarly to many of its membership as "Sandy"), rode at full tilt to the fated point, and throwing himself from his horse, called and secured the aid of a recumbent infantryman, drew the displaced gun into position, and with astonishing dispatch, charged and discharged it with deadly aim upon the enemy. It is not recollected how often the signal feat was repeated. The facts are photographed indelibly on the memory as stated.—ED.

for its guns, and they all simultaneously were run up to the top in full view of the enemy's battery, which was on a hill north of east from us, and less than a mile distant. All our guns, except the Tredegar iron gun on our extreme left, which had been disabled as we were crossing the meadow, commenced firing at 2 o'clock P. M., and continued till about half-past 6 o'clock. The greater part of the time we carried on a duel with the artillery of the enemy, whilst our infantry was engaged with the enemy's infantry to the left of us and out of our sight by reason of an intervening piece of woodland, and of the formation of the ground. During the battle the first section, under Lieutenant Poage, was withdrawn from its position on the extreme right to a point on the same ridge northward, perhaps half a mile, and was there engaged half an hour, or more. It was then brought back to its first position (near the straw-stacks), and resumed its firing with the rest of the guns at the artillery of the enemy.

About 6 o'clock, when it was getting near sunset, we saw that our infantry was retreating along the hill in rear of us, and soon we saw the enemy's infantry advancing on the hill on which we were. Our guns, beginning at our left, were turned to the left one at a time, discharged and withdraw from the field. This continued till No. 3, the Howitzer, was withdrawn, when the first section was wheeled to the left and ordered to hold the position as long as possible against the enemy, who had got by that time within a hundred yards of us. It was then nearly dark, and these guns were withdrawn together. In going down through the woods, the same route which we had taken in going to the field, one of the wheel-horses which had been wounded before leaving the field fell across the pole. The men were trying to substitute another horse for him, and to bring off the gun, when the Federal line of battle appeared in the woods, and opened on them a hot fire. The men were ordered to save themselves and the horses and to leave the gun, which orders they very reluctantly obeyed.

Sergeant Paxton lost his leg just before the gun was abandoned. Besides losing that gun, a brass six-pounder, a caisson was also lost. As the caisson of No. 3 was retreating down the steep hill in the woods, one of the horses, struck by a spent-ball, became unmanageable, and the caisson was run over a big stump and upset. The enemy were pressing so closely that we had not time to set up the caisson, but the horses were detached and taken off safely.

At the foot of the hill, and again in the meadow, we were safe

from the enemy's artillery, because it was nearly dark and the enemy, like ourselves, did not know where their friends were.

Some of our men went back by the same route by which we had gone to our position, and two of our men, William F. Singleton and Robert S. Bell, were captured, with a member of General Jackson's staff. Most of our men, following the guidance of some of our Winchester comrades, retired by a different route, passing west of Barton's mill-pond, and thus got back into the Valley pike, where we found enough of our infantry to protect us against any attack from the enemy's cavalry. Here, about two miles from the battle-field, we halted for the night, and troops were sent back to attempt to recover the lost gun and caissons, but the enemy had possession of all the approaches to the ground, and the attempt was abandoned. We lost four men severely wounded, who soon afterwards died, viz.: William H. Byrd, —— Gray, John Wallace, driver of No. 3, —— Anderson.

This, like most nights after a severe battle which had been lost, was a very uncomfortable night. We were not more uncomfortable, however, than our General, who occupied a fence-corner not far from us, and who had all the responsibility of determining what next was to be done.

Because of the small force which General Jackson had in this battle compared with the number of the enemy, he had to guard against an attack on his right as well as on his left, and his men formed a very thin line extending over several miles. When the battle was fairly begun on his left, he hurried reinforcements from his right, but the ammunition of his troops on the left having run short, General Garnett, who commanded the Stonewall Brigade, was forced to order a retreat before these reinforcements reached him. Our infantry lost heavily, but from estimates made by members of our company, founded on information gained by our Winchester boys from their friends in that town, the number of men lost by the enemy that day, killed and wounded, was about equal to the whole number of men engaged in the battle on our side.

The next day, the 24th, we fell back up the Valley, General Ashby's cavalry protecting our rear, crossed Cedar creek, and prepared to go into camp on the high ground south of that stream. We had got out our cooking utensils and were preparing our dinner, when our cavalry was driven from the heights north of the creek, and the artillery of the enemy opened fire on us. We hastily repacked our wagons, whilst one of the guns was drawn a few hundred

yards from our halting-place and unlimbered, so as to withdraw the attention of the enemy for a while. Several shots were fired at them by our one gun, and they saved us, no doubt, from some loss. As it was, our guns and wagons were got into line of march without damage, but just as the gun which had been firing was limbered up in order to join the rest of the battery, and as Corporal Macon (who had charge of the detachment, which had been Sergeant Paxton's,) had mounted his horse, a solid shot from the enemy's gun struck the horse just behind the saddle, causing the gallant Corporal to dismount in a speedy and disorderly manner, but he halted the driver of the gun till he could secure the saddle and bridle of the dead horse.

The battery fell back a few miles and went into camp, and remained near Strasburg several days. About the 27th it fell back as far as Rude's Hill, where it remained for the most part till about the middle of April, occasionally marching northward, and engaged in picket duty. While at Rude's Hill, we were joined, on March 28th, by John R. Hummerickhouse, Ed. H. Hyde, Robert E. Lee, Jr., Arthur Robinson, and March 31st, by Francis T. Herndon.

About April 20th, the battery arrived at the western entrance to Swift Run gap, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, having left the pike near Harrisonburg, and passed by McGaheysville road around the southern end of Massanutton mountain.

The weather was typical spring weather, except the sunshine. Instead of sunshine and showers, we had snow-storms and showers, and spent several nights, without tents, sleeping on rail-piles to keep out of the mud and water. This stopping-place, or camp, near Swift's Run gap, was between the Shenandoah river and the Blue Ridge. We were in a plowed field and near an old barn, the roof of which let water through like a sieve. An old tan-house, some hundred yards from our barn, offered some shelter, but unpleasant odors.

Whilst here, the time expired for which the company had enlisted, and as the law then stood, the men supposed they could go home if so disposed. The Confederate Government had, however, taken all the State troops in hand, and whilst it would not let the men go, ordered that they should reorganize and hold elections of their commissioned officers. On April 22d, therefore, pursuant to orders from General Jackson, the company was reorganized under conduct of Captain McLaughlin, and the number of men in the company was reduced to one hundred and fifty. The surplus of men were trans-

ferred, some of them, to other commands, and some were detailed to guard prisoners under the provost marshal, and afterwards assigned to other companies and regiments—the preference of the men generally being consulted, however. The original pay-roll made off at this encampment was lost, but it noted the fact that the company had marched since March 3d, when it left Camp Zollicoffer, about two hundred and fifty miles. The number of guns in the company when it went into the Kernstown fight had been eight. One gun was there disabled and one captured by the enemy, so that there were only six guns left, viz., two ten-pounder parrot rifled guns, two brass six-pounder guns, one brass twelve-pounder Howitzer, and one Tredegar iron gun.

Captain McLaughlin declined a renomination for the captaincy, and soon afterwards re-entered the service as a major of artillery; and Lieutenants John McD. Alexander and Dr. John Leyburn, each declined renomination. The latter having stood a satisfactory examination, was commissioned as assistant surgeon in the navy. He remained in service till the close of the war, though the latter part of the time he was at his home near Lexington, on sick furlough. He died soon after the close of the war from effects of malarial disease contracted in the service.

First Lieutenant William T. Poague was elected captain, Lieutenant Archibald Graham was made first lieutenant, and William M. Brown, John C. Davis, and John B. McCorkle, were the other lieutenants then elected.

The following non-commissioned officers were appointed:

Sergeants: Samuel C. Smith, C. D. Fishburne, John W. Jordan, John M. Goul, William L. Strickler, Henry R. Paine, David E. Moore, Jr.; and John D. Moore, quartermaster sergeant.

Corporals: L. S. Macon, N. S. Henry, James P. Smith, John M. Gregory, Jr., John E. McCauley, and Joseph Packard.

Artificers: John B. Craig, blacksmith, and Mark Davis, saddler and harness-maker.

The number of privates was one hundred and thirty-four.

MARCH TO MC'DOWELL.

Soon after the reorganization, about April 30th, we left the camp at Swift Run gap, and keeping west of the Blue Ridge, we went up to Port Republic. The land was stony and swampy, flat, and thoroughly soaked by the recent rains, so that our labors in the mud were considerable. The guns and caissons and wagons were

requently stuck in the mud, so that the horses had to be helped by the men. Sergeant Jordan's services were in frequent demand. When a team seemed to be hopelessly balked, and drivers and men were disposed to kill the brutes, Sergeant Jordan would come to the rescue, and after quietly passing around and seeing that the harness was all right, the horses seemed to be charmed by him. He had only to take them in hand, and in his quiet tones order them to "get up," and up they got and pulled without a protest.

We reached the neighborhood of Port Republic, near the Lewis house, May 1st—the weather still showery. On the 3d the skies brightened, and we crossed the Blue Riege over a well-beaten road through Brown's gap, into Albemarle county.

On this march one of the headquarter wagons, in which the company's copies of the pay-rolls, made out up to that time, were carried, broke down, and the contents were left at a farm-house near the road. We did not know that they were lost till some months afterwards, when it was time to get our pay. No one supposed that it was a matter of much moment, but a couple of months afterwards a muster-roll was prepared containing all the names of men and officers, and the dates when they were paid last, and was sent to Richmond. It was soon returned, however, from the pay department, where it seems that there was at least an abundant supply of "red tape," and with it the announcement that no pay could be given unless the roll contained a full history of all the changes, additions, and subtractions, which had been made since the organization of the company. In this emergency, the sergeant who had assisted, theretofore, in making off these rolls was detailed, by order of General Jackson, and sent to Lexington, Va., to invoke the aid of the wonderful memory of our late Captain McLaughlin. A new and satisfactory roll was thus made out, and it was said that a year afterwards the lost rolls were found, and that the new one thus made out nearly corresponded with the lost history.

On May 4th, the company reached Cocke's Tavern, on the old turnpike leading from Charlottesville to Staunton. On the 5th, it re-crossed the Blue Ridge at Rockfish gap, passed through Waynesboro, and bivouacked a few miles east of Staunton. On the 6th, it passed through Staunton to neighborhood of West View, and on the 7th and 8th continued its march toward Monterey, the county-seat of Highland county, reaching, on the 8th, the foot of the mountain east of the village of McDowell, which was then occupied by Federal troops under General Milroy. The infantry advanced to

the top of the mountain and became hotly engaged with the enemy, who were in a strong position. Our battery was ordered forward and got within half a mile of the top, following the old Parkersburg turnpike. Here we were halted, and after some delay, it being found that it was impracticable to reach a position where artillery could be used, we retraced our steps and bivouacked on the eastern side, in full hearing of the battle and in sight of the smoke. Our infantry drove the enemy from their position and held the top of the mountain, but the loss in several of the regiments was very heavy. The next morning we resumed our march and crossed the mountain, finding the traces of a bloody fight at the summit, and pressing on, found that the enemy had destroyed their supplies at McDowell, and had begun a hasty retreat down a valley northward, toward the village of Franklin. On the 9th and 10th we followed, and overtook them near Franklin on the 11th, when our two parrot guns were engaged in a skirmish. This being Sunday, the following day was observed by order of our General, as a substitute for Sunday, and we rested. On the 13th we commenced our march back toward Staunton, and on that march we were all formally called up, and *nolens volens* were mustered into the Confederate service "for the war."

When we reached the foot of that range of the Shenandoah Mountains known there as "North Mountain," we turned northward, taking the road which leads toward Harrisonburg, and on the 17th camped near Stribling Springs, where Henry B. Gibson and George W. Stuart joined the company,

Crossing the north fork of the Shenandoah river at Bridgewater, the battery passed through Harrisonburg on the 19th, and thence through Luray into Page county, and down the Shenandoah through Page and Warren counties, and reached Front Royal on May 23d, where the enemy was routed, though the battery was not engaged. On the 24th the two parrot guns were ordered forward under Captain Poague, with General Ashby, and fought and pursued the enemy from Middletown to Newtown, in Frederick county, where three men were wounded (two of them badly) and two horses killed.

From Newtown they continued in front till the 25th, when the whole battery engaged the enemy at Winchester, losing two men killed, Jonathan Agner and Robert B. McKim, and fifteen wounded. Some of the guns were ordered during this battle to take a position in a field, and had to pass through a gateway which was found to be too narrow. A. S. Whitt volunteered to cut down

a large white oak gate-post which obstructed our movements and in full view of the enemy. Under a severe infantry-fire he wielded his axe as lustily and effectually as if no danger was near him. Corporal William L. Strickler, thinking that Whitt had chopped long enough, volunteered, and took the axe and finished the job. Both men covered themselves with glory, and escaped without a wound.

The battery encamped five miles below (north of) Winchester. It turned into the ordnance department its one Tredegar iron eight-pounder rifle, and received instead of it one ten-pounder parrot rifle. On the 28th, went with the First, the "Stonewall Brigade," to Charlestown, in Jefferson county, where the enemy was encountered; and thence down to Harper's Ferry. On the 31st returned up the Valley—passing Winchester that day. The battery was engaged on the 2d of June in a skirmish with the enemy near Woodstock. It reached Port Republic the 6th of June. On the 8th, from the western bank of the Shenandoah river, it engaged General Shields' forces, which were on the east of it. On the 9th, crossed North river near its mouth, on a bridge, and within a few hundred yards of this bridge crossed South river, just above where these two rivers meet and form the Shenandoah. Here the battery was hotly engaged in the battle, in which General Shields' troops were defeated. The loss in the whole brigade was considerable. Here Lieutenant Davis and three men were wounded, and one six-pounder brass field-gun was lost. On the 12th, by order of the chief of artillery, two of its parrot guns were sent to Richmond to be "bushed." On the 16th, the battery was ordered by General Jackson to Staunton, to refit and recruit. On the 19th it set out for Richmond, and reached the vicinity of Cold Harbor on the 27th, but was not engaged in the battle at that place; on the 28th and 29th it bivouacked on the battle-field. Here it received one of the ten-pounder parrots which had been sent off on the 12th for repairs, and it exchanged its twelve-pounder Howitzer for a Napoleon gun. It removed to the vicinity of White Oak, and was there on June 30th, when the pay-roll was made off, which reports four guns only as belonging then to the battery.

Dr. Douglass was acting surgeon in the battery in June, but his name does not appear on the roll.

The roll made off as of June 30th, notes the following changes since the last preceding muster, to-wit:

Sergeant John L. Massie, commissioned lieutenant in Confederate States army, March 10, 1862.

Corporal John G. McCluer, transferred to Ashby's cavalry, April 28th.

Robert S. Bull, captured March 23d, and in prison in Fort Delaware.

William F. Singleton, captured March 23d, and in prison in Fort Warren.

Daniel Blain, detailed on duty in ordnance department, by order of Secretary of War, September 1, 1861.

John T. Gibson, relieved November 12, 1861, by order of General Jackson, to take command of Fifty-fifth Virginia militia.

William W. Houston, discharged April 14th, by order of General Winder.

James H. Phillips, dropped from roll, and afterwards discharged for disability.

Summerfield Smith, detailed April 10th for engineering duty, by order of Secretary of War, and since commissioned lieutenant.

John F. Tompkins, detailed as medical steward by order General Johnston.

Robert B. Winston, discharged March 12th, by order Secretary of War, No. 57.

Napoleon B. Ayers, transferred April 28th, to Ashby's cavalry.

Samuel R. Bane, transferred April 28th, to Ashby's cavalry.

George R. Bedinger, transferred April 28th, to Ashby's cavalry (afterwards made captain in Thirty-third Virginia infantry, and killed at Gettysburg).

Jesse T. Bealle, transferred to Ashby's cavalry, April 28th.

Charles P. Boteler, transferred to Ashby's cavalry, April 28th.

William G. Crosen, transferred to Ashby's cavalry, April 28th.

Robert M. Dudley, transferred to Captain Hamilton's company, Fourth Virginia volunteers.

J. Campbell Heiskell, transferred to Wooding's Battery.

John H. Leckey, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

James N. Lepard, transferred to Carpenter's Battery.

Robert P. Lewis, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

Williamson Luke, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

Magruder Maury, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

John Saville, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

Joseph S. Smith, transferred to Ashby's cavalry, April 28th.

Benjamin F. Tharp, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

Charles O. Veers, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

George A. Walker, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

James S. Walker, transferred to Carpenter's Battery.

John W. Walker, transferred to Ashby's cavalry.

William H. Byrd, died from wound at Kernstown.

John Wallace, died from wound at Kernstown.

Samuel D. Anderson, died from wound at Kernstown.

Charles A. Wilson, deserted from Camp Buchanan, April 1st.

John A. Wilson, deserted from Camp Buchanan, April 1st.

Pendleton Brooke, discharged May 2, 1862, by order General Winder.

Edmund Bryan, discharged June 14th, by order General Winder.

Mouina G. Porter, discharged May 16th, by order General Jackson.

Charles A. Rutledge, discharged June 10th, by order General Winder.

Willoughby N. Brockenbrough, transferred May 26th to Baltimore artillery, by order General Jackson.

William C. Kean, transferred May 21st to Eubank's artillery, by order General Jackson.

Jonathan Agner, killed at Winchester, May 25th.

Robert B. McKim, killed at Winchester, May 25th.

Other notes, opposite names of the members indicating cause of absence, which are not here given.

On a pay-roll dated October 31, 1862, is entered the following brief history of the movements of the battery during the preceding two months, into which are interspersed brief additions furnished by one of the company who was through all the hardships of the period, and knew whereof he spoke:

"Last muster was at White Oak swamp, on the 30th June, 1862. [There the battery had been engaged.] On the 1st of July, engaged [again] at Malvern Hill, where [John M. Brown] was killed [a projectile from the enemy's gun passed through a tree and took off his head; one man, Francis T. Herndon, was mortally wounded], John Doran and two others severely, and five slightly wounded. [This battery, and Carpenter's, were selected by General Jackson for this serious work, under General D. H. Hill, and commended to him as batteries 'which he could depend on,' and proved themselves worthy of the commendation of their great leader.] July 3d, went into Charles City county, remained several days, and returned to the vicinity of Richmond. On the 15th, set out for Louisa Courthouse;

got there the 17th July, and joined its brigade on the 19th. Went to neighborhood of Gordonsville, and was there till 7th of August, when it went toward Culpeper Courthouse. On 9th August, engaged in the battle of Cedar Mountain. [General Winder, commanding the brigade, was killed near one of the guns, which held their position amid some confusion and semi-panic among some of the infantry at the crisis of the battle.] Returned to vicinity of Gordonsville on the 13th. On the 16th, started to Rappahannock river. On 21st and 22d, engaged the enemy's batteries across the river. On 25th, commenced its march through Salem and Thoroughfare gap, and reached Manassas Junction the 27th. Engaged in attack of and rout of two brigades and a battery of the enemy. On 29th and 30th, in the battle at Groveton. Sergeant Henry R. Paine was killed, and one man wounded. [This battery, with General Jackson, pursued fugitives to Bull Run; General J. waving his handkerchief and calling on them to surrender. Alexander was wounded here.] Crossed the Potomac 5th September, near Leesburg. [Captain Poague and other battery commanders, put under arrest for allowing men to ride across on the carriages.] On 6th September, encamped near Frederick City, Md. [where Henry Font joined the company], and remained till about the 10th; then passing through Boonsboro, and Williamsport, crossed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at North Mountain depot, about seven miles west of Martinsburg; thence through Hedgesville to Martinsburg. As they were moving from Martinsburg *en route* to Harper's Ferry, Sergeant Moore's detachment and gun, under Lieutenant McCorkle, and one hundred and fifty men of the Tenth Virginia infantry, were ordered back to North Mountain depot to drive out some of the enemy's troops who had closed in on our rear and captured a few of our soldiers. After this gun returned to Martinsburg, it was ordered to remain there for further orders. The remainder of the battery reached Harper's Ferry the 13th. The 14th and 15th, engaged in the attack on and capture of Harper's Ferry, and on September 16th reached Sharpsburg and engaged the enemy's batteries. On 17th again engaged, losing one man [Samuel R. Moore] mortally wounded, and one lieutenant [William M. Brown] and four privates [W. H. Eppes, J. K. Hitner, Ed. A. Moore, and William H. Effinger] severely wounded. On 9th, engaged at Opequon. On 26th, went to Bunker Hill. Turned in to the Ordnance Department one brass six-pounder; exchanged Napoleon gun for a ten-pounder par-

rat, and received two twenty-pounder parrot guns. On 16th, by order of General Jackson, reported to Colonel J. Thompson Brown."

On 28th, changed camp to the vicinity of Berryville, the camp where the roll was made. Whole distance marched since last muster, two months before, three hundred and seventy miles.

The detachment under Lieutenant McCorkle, which was left at Martinsburg, took part in an independent movement which mystified the participants in it, and is briefly alluded to in one of General J. E. B. Stuart's reports, though he erroneously describes the artillery which took part in the movement. Soon after the battle of Sharpsburg, according to one of the men who was there, but just before that battle, according to the memory of another of the participants, this detachment, which was encamped in the northern part of the town, received orders to be ready with three days' rations, and early one morning marched into a designated part of the turnpike leading toward Williamsport. It found itself in company with one of the Richmond Howitzer batteries, which was under the command of Lieutenant Jones, and found soon that they were under the command of Colonel J. Thompson Brown, who, with his staff, soon made his appearance. Soon the Second Virginia regiment of infantry, under Colonel Colston, and probably a part of another infantry regiment, but not a part of the Stonewall Brigade, fell into line of march. After marching a few miles a halt was called, and from a by-road there appeared a body of cavalry, and it soon became known that this small army was under the command of General Jeb. Stuart. We supposed, naturally, that he was after some of his fun, which meant damage to the enemy somewhere. Before reaching the Potomac, the artillery was halted on a high hill from which was an extended view, embracing the village of Williamsport, Md., and the level lands east of it. The cavalry crossed the river at the ford, under the immediate command of General Stuart, and was seen moving eastward till it was concealed by a body of timber. The infantry also crossed, and remained near the river till the artillery crossed and passed through Williamsport, when it marched eastward parallel with the route taken by the cavalry, but nearer to the river. The artillery, after a brief delay, was marched about a mile eastward from the village, and was placed in position in open ground about a quarter of a mile from the large body of woodland into which the cavalry had disappeared. The four guns of the Howitzers and our one gun formed the artillery of this small army, and

were separated widely. One of the Howitzers was at the extreme left, and the silence was, about the middle of the afternoon, broken by the discharge of this gun, which, as well as those who were at a distance could make out, was discharged by order of General Stuart in person, for the amusement of some ladies who were near the gun with him. The gun was pointed in the direction of the woods, but there was no response to it, and none seemed to have been expected. With this exception, the whole afternoon was spent in a listless uncertainty which was not pleasant. The infantry were not in sight, and however great our admiration for General Stuart and his cavalry was, artillerymen felt much more comfortable when infantry were known to be in supporting distance. About dusk, the guns were hastily brought near to each other, and took position for fighting somebody who was expected to come out of that body of woodland. Presently we were greeted with solid shot or shell, which came dangerously near us. We lost no time in responding, and a vigorous exchange of shots was kept up till it was so dark that we could see nothing. We made the last shots, however, and after a delay of a few minutes we were ordered to limber up and fell back toward Williamsport very leisurely. There we found our infantry was near us, and we all crossed back into old Virginia, wondering what it all meant, anyhow. It was certainly intended to engage the attention of the enemy, if not to hurt him. Our little army did not march back by the pike from Williamsport to Martinsburg, but took the back road in the western part of the horse-shoe which the Potomac forms here. It encamped about 10 or 11 o'clock P. M., and next day returned to Martinsburg. Soon afterwards it rejoined the rest of the battery near Winchester.

After the surrender of General Miles, at Harper's Ferry, all the captured property was brought to Winchester. So many guns of every sort, and so many equipments were here brought and stored, that Colonel Briscoe G. Baldwin was sent from Richmond to take charge of the ordnance, with a view to distributing it where it was needed in the army, and of sending the surplus to Staunton for safety.

About this time several changes were noted on the pay-rolls:

Sergeant Fishburne was detailed October 31, 1862, for duty in the Ordnance Department, and his place filled by Sergeant ——. He remained on the roll as a private till March, 1864. Subsequent rolls show that he was detailed for duty in Quartermaster's Department December 24, 1862; appointed clerk of the Military court of Jackson's corps April 15, 1863, and commissioned first lieutenant of

artillery and assigned to duty in Ordnance Department March 26, 1864, in Colonel H. C. Cabell's Battalion, First corps.

Robert S. Bell, who had been captured at Kernstown, rejoined the company October 15, 1862, and subsequent roll shows that he was killed at Rapidan November 17, 1863.

W. S. Lacy, joined Aug. 4, 1862, transferred from Woody's Battery.

David R. Barton, appointed lieutenant in Cutshaw's Battery, August 19, 1862.

James P. Smith, appointed lieutenant of infantry, September 17, 1862, and assigned to duty on General Jackson's staff.

John J. Williams, transferred to Chew's Battery October 24, 1862, by order of General Lee.

William G. Williamson, appointed lieutenant of engineers, July 9, 1862.

A. R. Boteler, Jr., appointed cadet Confederate States Army, September 30, 1862.

Beverly R. Jones, appointed hospital steward, October 11, 1862.

The following members of the company were discharged at the dates opposite their names for ill-health or for other causes, by orders of the generals in command:

J. Gibson Clark, October 5th; J. Gregory Clark, July 13th; George W. Conner, July 11th; John M. Goul, July 13th; Ferd. Hetterick, August 13th; James Rutherford Houston, July 25th; William Hughes, July 22d; L. S. Macon, July 31 (elected sheriff); O. M. Marshall, August 1st; Thompson B. Maury, July 19th; John H. Moore, July 20th; Phil Nelson, August 11th; W. F. Singleton, August 20th; Josiah Smith, October 13th; Walter J. Packard, died in Hanover county, August 13, 1862; Daniel Conner and Charles Grosch, joined July 27, 1862, at Gordonsville, and left August 2d.

The next pay-roll was made out near Port Royal as of December 31, 1862, and the record of the movements of the battery since its last preceding muster of October 31, 1862, near Berryville, is very brief, and as follows:

November 1st, marched to Berry's Ferry; 4th, to White Post; 10th, to Winchester; 21st, started to East Virginia [no route indicated], and after fourteen successive days' marching, camped near Rappahannock Academy in Caroline county, reaching it on December 4th; 10th, went six miles below Port Royal, and was engaged with the enemy's gunboats; on the night of December 12th, went to Fredericksburg [starting last and from furthest point down the river, and getting ahead of all the intervening artillery by impress-

ing a guide and taking a back road]; engaged in battle the 13th, losing one lieutenant [John Baxter McCorkle] killed, five privates [Joseph S. Agner, John R. Beard, Randolph Fairfax, John Fuller, William G. Montgomery] killed, and ten privates wounded [names not given in that sketch, and only three of their names can be gathered from subsequent rolls, to-wit: James A. Ford, Robert Frazer, Jos. McCalpine]. Nine horses were killed and five wounded. On the 20th, the battery was sent to the vicinity of Port Royal, where that roll was made out. Marched since leaving Berryville, two hundred and thirty miles.

That was one of the saddest experiences of the soldiers of that battery—burying their comrades at night, and so worn down by fatigue and loss of sleep that they could scarcely keep awake.

The following memorandum notes changes which occurred about this time:

John C. Patterson, who joined the company August 11, 1862, was discharged September 28, 1862.

Frank Preston, who lost an arm at Winchester May 25, 1862, was discharged. He was appointed instructor at the Virginia Military Institute; commanded a company of cadets at New Market May 15, 1864; at close of war, studied at University of Virginia, and was professor of ancient languages at William and Mary College, where he died.

John P. Hummerickhouse, appointed hospital steward.

Robert E. Lee, Jr., appointed lieutenant of cavalry, November 13, 1862.

William M. Otey, appointed lieutenant signal corps, October 10, 1862.

J. Howard Smith, transferred to engineer regiment, December 24, 1862.

The usual "history" is omitted from the pay-roll of February 28, 1863, but it indicates that the battery was still near Port Royal, which is below Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock river. There is a memorandum showing absentees and noting changes since the last preceding muster. From this memorandum and subsequent rolls the following facts are given:

John M. Gregory, detailed on ordnance duty, January 16, 1863; subsequently (February 11, 1863) appointed first lieutenant of artillery, and assigned to duty as an ordnance officer.

L. M. Blackford, detailed for hospital duty, September 24, 1862,

and afterwards (March 20, 1863) appointed clerk of the Military court of Longstreet's corps.

Henry C. Brown, transferred to signal corps, November 14, 1862.

William H. Cox, detailed to hospital duty, September 6, 1862.

Calvin M. Dold, detailed to same, September 20, 1862.

E. Holmes Boyd, appointed first lieutenant of artillery in ordnance, January 29, 1863.

John Doran, discharged January 7, 1863, and Jacob N. Rhodes, February 20, 1863.

E. Boyd Faulkner, appointed captain quartermaster department, January 31, 1863.

J. Harvey Gilmore, appointed chaplain, December 11, 1862.

C. W. Trueheart, appointed hospital steward, February 18, 1863.

Hugh H. McGuire, transferred to Seventeenth battalion Virginia cavalry, February 18, 1863; became captain, and killed a few days before General Lee's surrender.

The next muster-roll was dated Hamilton's Crossing, April 30, 1863, and the sketch of movements is very brief, as follows: Last mustered, February 28, 1863, near Port Royal, Va. March 2d and 3d, marched sixteen miles to [this place]; April 29th, skirmished with the enemy, and therefore not mustered. The following changes are noted:

Captain William T. Poague, promoted to be major, April 18, 1863, to rank from March 2, 1863.

Corporal Abner E. Arnold, appointed assistant surgeon, April 9, 1863.

John T. Agner, discharged for ill-health, April 25, 1863.

Henry Ford and Andrew J. Vest, discharged April 11, 1863, both being over military age.

Kinloch Nelson, transferred to Sixth Virginia cavalry, February 27, 1863.

William B. Beard, died March 4, 1863, and John F. Hall on March 12, 1863. Joseph McCalpine died March 1, 1863, of wound received at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862.

The next regular time for mustering and preparing pay-roll was June 30, 1863, but it appears that at that time the battery was on the march into Pennsylvania, and this ceremony was omitted till August 18, 1863. Near Liberty Mills in Orange county, Va., a brief epitome of its movements from April 30 to June 30, 1863, was given, viz: Last mustered at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg, April 30th; May 2d, skirmished; May 3d, in the battle of Fredericksburg

(commonly known as battle of Chancellorsville); May 4th, from Salem Church to Hamilton's Crossing, where it remained till 4th June, when it marched fourteen miles and rejoined the regiment near Guinea's station (on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad); June 5th, marched ten miles and camped near Po. river; 6th, marched two miles; 7th, twenty miles and camped near Raccoon ford; 8th, crossed the Rapidan, and after a march of fourteen miles camped near Culpeper Courthouse; 11th, marched twenty-five miles to near Little Washington; 12th, eighteen miles and camped near Front Royal, west of the Blue Ridge; 13th, fifteen miles and camped near Kernstown; 14th, engaged in battle at Winchester; 15th, moved five miles north of Winchester; 17th, sixteen miles to Martinsburg; on 18th, back ten miles to Bunker's Hill; 19th, to Shepherdstown, nineteen miles; Monday, 22d, crossed, and after marching five miles camped near Sharpsburg; 23d, eighteen miles through Hagerstown, Md., and camped near Pennsylvania line; 24th, fifteen miles and camped near Chambersburg, Pa.; 26th, eleven miles to near Shippensburg; 27th, twenty miles and camped near Carlisle, Pa., where it remained till 28th; 29th, ten miles toward Shippensburg; 30th, nine miles to the Baltimore pike leading to Gettysburg.

[At a camp near "Blue Run Church," on the 31st August, the sketch of movements is resumed as follows:] July 1st, marched twenty miles to Gettysburg; 2d and 3d, engaged in battle—lost fourteen men wounded and seven horses killed; 4th, fell back three miles with rest of the army; 5th, eight miles to Fairfield; 6th, crossed the mountain and marched twenty miles to Waynesboro, Pa.; 7th, twelve miles to Hagerstown, Md.; 8th, 9th, and 10th, remained in camp; 11th, five miles, and took position in line of battle west of Hagerstown, and remained in position till the 12th; 13th, crossed the Potomac and marched eleven miles and camped near Martinsburg, Va., remaining here till 15th, when it marched ten miles to Darkesville, where it staid till evening of 20th, when it marched and camped one mile from Darkesville on the Winchester pike; 21st, marched below Martinsburg and back to Bunker's Hill, twenty-three miles; 22d, twenty miles and camped near Newtown; 23d, twenty-two miles, through Front Royal, and camped; 24th, nine miles to near Luray; 25th, eight miles to top of Blue Ridge and camped; 27th, twelve miles and camped near Culpeper Courthouse, where it remained three days; 31st, through and beyond Culpeper four miles; August 1st, sixteen miles and camped near Orange; 2d,

seven miles and camped near Liberty Mills ; 3d, two miles and camped near Blue Run church; 6th, six and a half miles and camped on a public road leading to Orange; 7th, returned to last camp, where it remained till 31st August, when the pay-roll was made out.

Thornton R. Caruthers, who joined the company December 21, 1862, in Caroline county, Va., died in Charlottesville June 20, 1863.

Henry Font died May 27, 1863, from wound received at Chancellorsville May 3d, at which time George W. Stewart was killed.

Mark Davis left battery at Chambersburg, Pa.

Charles E. Young, appointed lieutenant in engineer regiment, June 24, 1863, but did not leave the battery till after Gettysburg.

Robert Frazer, discharged for wound, August 31, 1863.

R. W. Swann, who joined August 15, 1863, was discharged August 28, 1863, and Minor W. Swann substituted for him.

Joseph and William Lawson, who joined July 20, 1863, were transferred August 21, 1863, to Thirty-fourth battalion, Virginia volunteers.

Lieutenant Brown, Privates Emmett, James A. Ford, and William L. Ginger, were wounded and captured at Gettysburg. Sergeant John D. Moore, Alexander Harris, Bolin Harris, J. K. Hitner, and Samuel L. Mateer, were also captured there.

Alfred Gold, wounded May 2, 1863, and captured.

William C. Gordon, wounded December 14, 1862.

Thomas T. Adams, exchanged by order of General Lee, with Benjamin T. Montgomery, and transferred to Company E, Fifth battalion, Virginia volunteers.

William Nick, joined August 11, 1862; died September 5, 1862, of wounds at Fredericksburg.

Samuel A. Paxton joined May 7, 1863; died at Fort Delaware.

Benjamin F. Michaels joined August 3, 1862, and left in 1863.

The next mustering was October 31, 1863, at Stephensburg in Culpeper county, Va., when the following entry was made: Last muster was 31st August at Blue Run church, where it remained till 13th September. On 14th, marched through Orange Courthouse twelve miles and camped, where it remained till 18th, when it marched sixteen miles to Morton's ford. It there went into position and remained till 22d, when it marched twelve miles to Pisgah church; there till 8th October, when it marched seven miles to Orange Courthouse; 9th, marched fourteen miles toward Madison Courthouse; 10th, through Madison eighteen miles toward Culpeper; 11th, five miles to Hazel river; 12th, fourteen miles and

camped near Jeffersontown; 13th, six miles to near Warrenton; 14th, twelve miles through Warrenton to Bristow station; 16th, nine miles to Warrenton Junction; 19th, eleven miles, crossed Rappahannock and camped near Culpeper; 21st, five miles to present camp [which is referred to in the next roll as Brandy station].

Corporal William M. Willson detailed for special duty, and in October, 1863, William F. Johnston and W. N. Bumpass, Jr., were promoted as corporals, and Privates Henry T. Darnall and William Careen appointed corporals.

Battery remained there (Brandy station, or Stephensburg,) till 3d November, when it marched seven miles, and was on picket duty at Rapidan station, and so remained till 7th of November, when it engaged the enemy and lost one man killed [Robert S. Bell]. The 8th, marched through Culpeper Courthouse twenty-one miles; 9th, five miles to Pisgah church; 10th, went seven miles on picket duty at Morton's ford; remained there in camp till 14th, when it returned to Pisgah church; remained there in camp till 18th, when it returned to Morton's; remained till 27th, when it marched twelve miles to Vidiersville; 28th, moved two miles and camped two days; December 1st, went into position at Mine run; 2d, marched toward Germanna ford and returned (sixteen miles); 3d, to Morton's ford, and thence to Pisgah church fifteen miles, and remained there in camp till 21st; that day and 22d, marched to Frederick Hall, thirty miles, where it is now, December 31, 1863.

NOTES.

Arthur Robinson died December 23d, from wound received at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862.

J. P. Heiskell, discharged November 2, 1863.

Edgar S. Alexander, discharged November 16, 1863.

Henry B. Gibson, transferred November 3d, to Company D, Maryland battalion.

Charles Minor, who joined November 16, 1861, transferred November 3d to Company A, First engineer regiment.

NEAR BARBOURSVILLE, VA., April 30, 1864.

Battery remained at Frederick Hall from December 31, 1863, till February 6, 1864; marched that night and the 7th February fifteen miles; 8th, went fourteen miles toward Orange Courthouse; 9th, back again toward Frederick Hall seven miles and camped near

Vidiersville; 10th, eighteen miles to Jones' Store; 11th, reached old camp at Frederick Hall (six miles), and there remained till Monday, 29th February, at 12 M., when there was an alarm that the enemy's cavalry was at the camp; battery ordered out, and went into position for a fight on right of the railroad; remained there the rest o the day and night, and returned to camp the morning of 1st March [the record has it 30th February—a natural slip, considering the circumstances], where it remained till 1st April. It then left camp and marched fourteen miles to Louisa Courthouse; 9th, marched sixteen miles to a place two miles west of Gordonsville, on the Stanardsville road; and on 20th, marched four miles and encamped where it is at date.

NOTES.

Eugene S. Alexander, discharged February 5, 1864, by order General Lee.

William H. Effinger, transferred December 9, 1863, to First regiment engineers. C. N. B. Minor to same, April 16, 1864, and Launcelot Minor.

Joseph E. Craig, who joined March 2, 1863, died March 30, 1864.

John M. Gold, who joined April 1, 1863, died January 14, 1864, at Fort Lookout.

J. T. Gooch joined the battery, transferred from First regiment of engineers.

The next original record found, which seems to have been made while the battery was in Hardaway's Battalion at New Market Heights, June 30, 1864, is very indistinct. The paper is a very poor specimen of the Confederate make; the ink has faded, and the handwriting not as eligible as Horace Greeley's. We purport it about as follows:

It remained near Barboursville from 30th April till 4th May, when it left camp at 4 P. M., and marched fourteen miles to a place three miles beyond Orange Courthouse; 5th, to Mine run; 6th, to Locust Grove, and that night rejoined the regiment, distance seven miles; 8th, took — road, marched thirteen miles to Shady Grove church; 9th, — miles to Spotsylvania Courthouse and went into camp; 13th, at daylight ordered into position on left of court-house; in position all day under heavy fire, but not engaged, and so remained four days; on 18th, ordered to open fire; two men wounded; 19th and 20th, still in position but not engaged; 21st, at 3 P. M. ordered to hitch up and move with the corps; at daylight took telegraph

road and went twenty-two miles in direction of Richmond; 22d, ten miles, crossing North Anna, and into camp near Hanover Junction; 23d, one mile south of Hanover Junction * * * Atlees station * * *; 28th, took Cold Harbor road, * * * Drewry's Bluff, * * * Dutch Gap, * * * pontoon bridge, * * * [remainder not guessable.]

NOTES.

George W. Hostetter, transferred to [probably Fifty-eighth Virginia volunteers].

The following died:

Alexander Harris, at Fort Delaware, between September 9 and October 4, 1863; James A. Nicely and John E. Davis, at Chimborazo, both in 1864—the latter on June 30th; and Ambrose Thompson [or Tomlinson] died July —, 1864.

From this point onward the records are few and unsatisfactory. The next muster seems to have been August 31, 1864, at New Market Heights, where it was June 30th. July 15th, the battery went into position in the pits before day, and after daylight fired a few rounds, then came back to its former position on New Market Heights; remained quiet in camp till 26th at 9 P. M., when the guns were again sent down to take position in the pits; 27th, at daylight opened fire on the enemy, when the battery was immediately flanked, charged, and captured, its infantry support having given back; loss, four twenty-pounder parrot guns, one man wounded, and one missing. Ordered back toward Richmond on the "Enroughty," commonly pronounced the "Darby" town road,* a distance of five miles. Thursday, the 28th July, received new guns; 29th, marched back to New Market Heights and into position; 31st, went back to Laurel Hill church six miles, and there remained in camp till 10th August, when it was ordered to Signal Hill station, seven miles distant, and there constructed pits; on 13th, after daylight, opened fire on the enemy's working party at Dutch Gap, and fired all day; 14th, moved up the Varina road two and a half miles to the fortifications; 16th, reported to General Hampton at White Tavern on Charles City road, and remained there in park till ordered to New Market Heights again, three miles off; on 18th, ordered into position, and

* Darby-town road is the accepted designation. It derived its name from the fact that it was the highway to a settlement of persons, whose name was originally Enroughty but was interchangeably pronounced Enroughty and Darby and written in both forms by those of the same blood.—Ed.

there remained till the 24th, when it was ordered back six miles to the fortifications, and there remained till 30th, when it was ordered on picket duty at New Market Heights, and is there 31st August.

The first half of the roll as of this date is missing down to private 64—John J. Marshall, who joined March 24, 1864. Others on this part of the roll are R. Powell Page, who joined May 1, 1864, and James G. Pollard, July 22d.

Frank O'Rourke and Henry Woody are both reported as having left the company February 22, 1864.

The whole number of privates on that roll was one hundred and twenty-two. The roll of October, 1864, is the last full roll before the end of the war. It notes: Andrew M. Darnall joined May 10, 1864; Edward Gerard, absent since June 13, 1864; Otho G. Kean, sent to hospital September 2, 1864.

The next mustering of the company, and probably the last one, was on December 31, 1864. The record of transactions in the interval between October 31st and December 31st is very brief, and as follows: “From 1st November to 31st December battery remained in position between Fort Gilmer and New Market road, not having been engaged, or changing position during this time.” The first half of this roll also is missing. What remains corresponds with that of October 31st, beginning with the name of George W. Pugh, except that John Wilson’s name is omitted, and a note says that he, James A. Conner, and Bolin Harris, were captured at Gettysburg, &c.

The constant marching and fighting during the spring of 1865 prevented the regular mustering and the preparation of the pay-rolls. The value of the Confederate money made the formality of preparing pay-rolls somewhat farcical. A whole month’s pay would not buy a good tooth-brush.

An artillery captain, who was stationed south of Richmond on the lines during the winter of 1864–’65, had a superfluous old horse which he decided to sell. He got leave for himself and a friend to go to that city one day for the purpose of making the sale. It was a bleak wintry day. At the sale-stables he effected a sale at auction for about \$1,500. The two friends then went to a restaurant on Main street to get their dinner. They got the best the house could furnish, but the most expensive drink was apple-jack. The bill was between \$200 and \$300.

The value of the “currency,” as well as the humor of the “old vet,” is well illustrated by a story which General John B. Gordon

narrates in his lecture on the last days of the Confederacy. A rugged and ragged veteran was riding along the street on a horse which, in good times, would have been worth \$100 in good money, when a gentleman hailed him and offered him \$3,000 for his horse. The rider looked at the bidder rather severely, and replied, "Go to — (Halifax) with your \$3,000; I've just paid a fellow \$1,000 for currying him."

It is hard to exaggerate the worthlessness of the "currency" during the last six months of the war. But for the fact that the Government supplied "rations" (such as they were), neither patriotism nor pride, nor their love for General Lee, would have kept his handful of devoted followers, within his call from the beginning of 1865 till the surrender at Appomattox in April. As it was, however, this old company maintained its high character for discipline and fidelity and courage to the last, and ninety-six men and officers answered to the final roll-call of the orderly.

The number of survivors has diminished rapidly since the close of the war. Had they been blessed with the favor of the best government the world ever saw, and been encouraged by liberal pension laws, the number of survivors would, no doubt, have been much greater than it is.

ROSTER OF THE BATTERY FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE APRIL 9, 1865.

The following were the officers of the company present when it surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865:

Captain: Archibald Graham, Jr.

Lieutenants: J. Cole Davis, John W. Jordan.

Sergeants: Samuel C. Smith, William L. Strickler, David E. Moore, Norborne S. Henry, and John E. McCauley.

Corporals: A. S. Whitt, William M. Wilson, William F. Johnston, William N. Bumpass, Jr., Henry T. Darnall, William Careen, and Henry Boteler.

The following roster contains the names of *all* the men who ever served with this company, so far as their names could be ascertained. As explained in the foregoing pages, in March, 1862, a large number of men, perhaps seventy-five, enlisted and were enrolled, but before the next pay-roll was made, many of these, by order of the Secretary of War, were distributed among other commands, and the pay-

roll which contained all their names, and what distribution of them was made, was lost. The new pay-roll was made from memory, hence this roster is probably not complete. The asterisk (*) affixed to names, indicates those who were present at the surrender as members of this company.[†] Some of its members were absent, sick, or wounded; and many whose names appear were present, but belonged at the time to other commands:

The first captain, William N. Pendleton.

Adams, Thomas T.	Blackford, Launcelot M.
*Adkins, Blackburn	*Blain, Daniel
*Agner, Augustus W.	Bolling, William H.
Agner, John T. (or D.)	Boteler, Alexander R., Jr.
Agner, Jonathan	Boteler, Charles P.
Agner, Joseph S.	*Boteler, Henry
*Agner, McD.	Boyd, E. Holmes
Agner, Samuel S.	Brockenbrough, J. Bowyer
Alexander, Edgar S.	Brockenbrough, Willoughby N.
Alexander, Eugene	Brooke, Pendleton
Alexander, John McD.	Brown, Henry C.
Anderson, Samuel D.	Brown, John L.
*Armistead, Charles J.	Brown, John M.
Arnold, Abner E.	*Brown, John M., Jr.
Ayers, Napoleon B.	Brown, William M.
*Bacon, Edloe P.	Bryan, Edward
*Bacon, Edloe P., Jr.	*Bumpass, William N., Jr.
Bacon, Philip E., Jr.	Burwell, Lewis P.
*Baldwin, William Ludlow	*Byers, G. Newton
Bane, Samuel R.	Byrd, William H.
*Barger, William G.	Careen, William
Barton, David R.	*Carson, William
Barton, Robert T.	Caruthers, Thornton R.
Beard, John R.	Chapin, William T.
Beard, William B.	Clark, James Gibson
Bedinger, George R.	Clark, James Gregory
Bealle, Jesse T.	Coffee, Whitfield A.
Bell, Robert S.	*Cooke, Richard D.
*Black, Benjamin F.	*Compton, Robert K.

[†] There were also eighty-one privates present with the battery, who were paroled. For their names, see "PAROLES OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA," *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XV, pp. 33-34.—ED.

*Conner, Alexander	Fuller, John
Conner, Daniel	Garnett, James M.
Conner, Fitzhugh G.	Gay, Charles
*Conner, Henry C.	Gay, Erskine M.
Conner, George W.	Gerard, Edward
Conner, James A.	†Gibbs, John T., Jr.
*Conner, John C.	Gibson, Henry B.
Conner, Robert P.	Gibson, John T.
Cox, William H.	*Gibson, Robert A.
*Craig, John B.	Gilliam, William T.
Craig, Joseph E.	*Gilmer, James B.
Croeken, Francis J.	Gilmore, J. Harvey
Crosen, William G.	*Ginger, George A.
Curran, Daniel	Ginger, William L.
Dandridge, Stephen A.	Gold, Alfred
Darnall, Andrew M.	Gold, John M.
*Darnall, Henry T.	*Gooch, J. T.
*Davis, J. Cole	Gordon, William C.
*Davis, Charles W.	*Graham, Archibald, Jr.
*Davis, James M. M.	Goul, John M.
Davis, John E.	Gray, —
Davis, Mark	Gregory, John M., Jr.
Davis, Richard G.	Grosch, Charles
*Dixon, William H. H.	Hall, John F.
*Dold, Calvin M.	Harris, Alexander
Doran, John	Harris, Bolin
Dudley Robert M.	*Heiskell, J. Campbell
Effinger, William H.	Heiskell, J. P.
Emmett, Michael J.	*Henry, Norborne S.
Eppes, W. H.	Herndon, Francis T.
*Estill, William C.	Hetterick, Ferdinand
Fairfax, Randolph	Hitner, John K.
Faulkner, E. Boyd	Holmes, John A.
Fishburne, Clemt. D.	Hostetter, George W.
Font, Henry	Houston, James Rutherford
Ford, Henry F.	Houston, William W.
Ford, James A.	Hughes, William
Frazer, Robert	Hummerickhouse, John R.
*Friend, Benjamin C. M.	*Hyde, Edward H.

† Died at Chimborazo hospital, of diphtheria, on September 6, 1864.

- Johnson, Lawson W.
Johnson, Thomas E.
*Johnstone, William F.
Jones, Beverly R.
*Jordan, John W., Jr.
*Kean, Otho G.
Kean, William C.
Lacy, Richard B.
Lacy, William S.
Lawson, Joseph
Lawson, William
*Leathers, John P.
Lecky, John H.
Lee, Robert E., Jr.
*Leech, James M.
Lepard, James N.
*Letcher, Samuel H.
*Lewis, Henry P.
Lewis, Robert P.
*Lewis, James P.
Lewis, Nicholas H.
Leyburn, John
Link, David
Luke, Williamson
McAlpin, Joseph
McCormick, David A.
*McCormick, William H.
*McCauley, John E.
McCauley, William S.
*McClintic, William S.
McCluer, John G.
McCorkle, John B.
McCorkle, Tazewell E.
*McCorkle, Thomas E.
*McCorkle, William A.
*McCrum, R. Barton
McGuire, Hugh H., Jr.
McKim, Robert B.
McLaughlin, William
Macon, Lyt. S.
*Magruder, Davenport D.
*Magruder, Horatio E.
*Marshall, John J.
Marshall, Oscar M.
Martin, Thomas
Massie, J. Livingston
*Mateer, Samuel L.
Maury, Magruder
Maury, Thompson B.
*Meade, Francis A.
Merrick, Alfred D.
Michaels, Benjamin F.
Minor, Charles
Minor, Carter N. B.
Minor, Launcelot
*Moore, David E., Jr.
*Moore, Edward A.
Moore, John D.
Moore, John H.
*Moore, John L.
Moore, Samuel R.
*Mootespan, William
*Montgomery, Benjamin T.
Montgomery, William G.
Morgan, George W.
*Myers, John M.
Nelson, Francis K.
Nelson, Kinloch
Nelson, Philip
Nick, William
Nicely, George H.
Nicely, James W.
Nicely, John F.
O'Rourke, Frank
Otey, William M.
Packard, Joseph
Packard, Walter J.
Page, Richard C. M.
Page, R. Powell
Paine, Henry M.

- Paine, Henry R.
Paine, James A.
Paxton, James L.
Paxton, Samuel A.
Paxton, Samuel W.
Pendleton, Dudley S.
Phillips, Charles S.
Pleasants, Robert A.
Poague, William T.
*Pollard, James G., Jr.
Porter, Mouina G.
Preston, Frank
*Pugh, George W.
*Pugh, John A.
Rader, Daniel P.
Raines, Archibald G.
Rawlings, James M.
Reintzell, George W.
Rhodes, Jacob N.
*Robertson, John W.
Robinson, Arthur
*Root, Erastus C.
*Ruffin, Jefferson R.
Rutledge, Charles A.
*Sandford, James
Saville, John
*Shaner, Joseph F.
*Shaw, Campbell A.
*Shoulder, Jacob M.
*Silvey, James A.
Singleton, William F.
Schermerhorn, John G.
Smith, Adam
Smith, J. Howard
Smith, James P.
Smith, James Morrison
Smith, Josiah
Smith, Joseph S.
*Smith, Samuel C.
Smith, Summerfield
Stewart, George W.
Strickler, James A.
*Strickler, John, Jr.
*Strickler, William L.
*Stuart, William C.
*Swann, Minor W.
Swann, Robert W.
*Swisher, Benjamin R.
*Swisher, George W.
*Swisher, Samuel S.
*Tate, James F.
Taylor, Charles S.
*Taylor, Stevens M.
Tharp, Benjamin F.
Thompson, Ambrose
*Thompson, John A.
*Thompson, Lucas P.
Thompson, Samuel G.
*Tidball, Thomas H.
Timberlake, Francis H.
Tomlinson, James W.
Tompkins, John F.
*Trevey, Daniel J.
*Trice, Leroy F.
Trueheart, Charles W.
*Tyler, D. Gardner
*Tyler, John Alexander
Van Pelt, Robert
Veers, Charles O.
Vest, Andrew
*Wade, Thomas M.
Walker, George A.
Walker, James S.
Walker, John W.
Wallace, John
*Whitt, Algernon A.
*White, William H.
Williams, John J.

*Williamson, Thomas	*Wilson, William M.
Williamson, William G.	Winston, Robert B.
Wilson, Calvin	Wiseman, William
Wilson, Charles A.	*Withrow, John
Wilson, John A.	Woody, Henry
Wilson, John	Wright, John William
Wilson, Samuel A.	Young, Charles E.
Wilson, S. A.	

[From the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, December 22, 1895.]

SOUTHERN SOLDIERS IN NORTHERN PRISONS.

A VERY GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

Experience at Johnson's Island and Point Lookout—Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg—The Cavalry Fight at Boonesboro, Maryland.

The following graphic story of the life in Northern prisons during the war is from the pen of Mr. Albert Stacey Caison, a native of Fayetteville, but now of Jefferson City, Mo. It was written while he was a resident of Lenoir, from which place he went into the army:

In the *Century Magazine* for March, 1891, there is a touching account of prison life at Johnson's Island, and the writer, in speaking of his short stay at Point Lookout, after his release, says:

"Thinking we had exhausted the capacity of prison life for harm, we were little prepared for the sight which met our eyes as we entered this place; but seeing these unfortunates, we felt that we stood in the presence of men who had touched depths of suffering that we had not reached.

"All along the route we were fearful that some evil chance should turn us back again to the old life, but that fear became secondary to the dread lest we should call a permanent halt at this point, and we drew a long breath of relief when we marched out of this place."

I was one of "these unfortunates," and, strange to say, survived seventeen months of the horrors he witnessed there, and neither time nor circumstance can ever efface the recollection of what I suffered.

Like all Southern boys, I believed that the war would be brief but glorious, and when the call came for volunteers I was one of the first

to respond; and I cannot describe my feeling of disappointment and chagrin when my father—himself a volunteer—told me that I must not join the army, but must continue at school, my fear now being that the war would end before I could have any share in it. However, my enthusiasm did not cool in the least, and I found some consolation in drilling a company of my school-mates, and feeling that we were practicing to some purpose.

When I did go into the army I joined Company I, Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment, and was as proud and happy as possible when I put on soldier's clothes, shouldered my gun, and marched away to share the danger and the glory of this courageous band.

But as I am to tell of my prison life I must pass over other events in camp and field, and commence with the Battle of Gettysburg, where all active service for my beloved South came to a bitter end.

THE FIRST SHELL.

Well do I remember the first shell that burst in our ranks that first day. We were still in the road, and our boys wavered just a little, when our gallant colonel, H. K. Burgwyn, called out, "Steady, men!" which brought every man to his place, to waver no more, for we now fully realized what we must do.

We marched to the right of the road and formed in rear of our batteries, in order to support them, but in a short time we moved forward to a piece of timber at the foot of the hill, where we remained some time, watching the enemy masking their forces in another piece of timber in front of us, all impatient for the word "forward," well knowing that every moment's delay was giving them the advantage.

When the word "attention" was given, every man was on his feet and in position instantly. Then came the command "forward," and dauntlessly we charged across the open field, while three lines of the enemy in front of us poured a murderous fire into our ranks. Undaunted, we pressed on until we struck the timber, where we encountered the first line of the enemy and routed them, driving them and the other two lines out of the timber. But in doing this we lost many of our brave boys, and our dear, noble colonel, who was shot down with the colors in his hand, leading the charge. Fourteen of our brave men fell with the colors in their hands. Although they knew it was almost certain death to pick it up, the flag was never allowed to remain down, but as fast as it fell some one raised it again. I venture to say that our regiment suffered greater loss in

that charge than any regiment on either side during the war. We made the charge with 986 men and muskets, and could muster only 220 the next day, which shows a loss of over 700 killed and wounded. This was the Twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps.

The second day we were not engaged, but were exposed to the shells from the enemy's guns. I was detailed to look after the wounded, and a sad day's work it was.

In the evening we marched to the right and took our position for the third day's fight, and slept with our guns in our arms.

The morning of the 3d the chaplains held services in the regiments. When the artillery opened it was appalling, and all who heard it will agree with me that it surpassed any artillery fight during the war—I mean any field fight. I think our guns numbered 210, and it is safe to say the enemy's numbered more, for they never met us with fewer men or guns.

PICKETT'S CHARGE.

When the cannonading ceased, the noble, brave General Pickett was ordered forward with as brave men as ever fought under any flag, and inspired with as genuine patriotism as ever filled any heart. We could see the mouth of the gaping cannon, only waiting for us to get in range to pour bushels of grape and canister into our ranks and mow us down like wheat before the sickle, and in line with the artillery was the infantry, masked behind a stone wall. We had to advance on them through an open field, with nothing to shield us from the murderous fire.

I was within thirty yards of the stone wall when I received two wounds—one in my hand and one in my hip—which disabled me. Believing that our boys would rout them, I lay down to shield myself from the bullets that were flying like hail around me, and when I found, to my dismay, that we were retreating, I got up and attempted to get off the field; but found I was cut off, and when I saw twenty guns turned upon me, there was no alternative but to throw up my hands and surrender.

Neither brush nor pen can ever depict the awful grandeur of that battle—only those who were in it can ever realize what it was.

We prisoners were marched to the rear, and put in camp. I had picked up an oil-cloth and fly-tent, and rolled up in the oil-cloth was the roll-call of the Seventh New York volunteers. I had some letter-paper and stamps, also.

About midnight I was aroused by some hard kicks, and when I asked what it meant was told to "Get up and hurry, for Stonewall Jackson is in our rear." I said, "Stonewall Jackson is in his grave"; but the man laughed, and said: "You can't stuff that into me; we've heard that before, but don't believe it." We were started for Westminster right away, in the pouring rain, and marched all next day, and besides being wet, tired, and hungry, I was suffering acutely from my wounds, which had no attention until several days afterwards. On the 5th we were marched to Fort McHenry, and on the 6th we were given our first rations, only three hard-tack.

FORT DELAWARE.

After two days and nights in the pouring rain we were taken to Fort Delaware, and received our second rations. We were put into barracks, stripped, and searched, even to the seams of our clothing. My wounds received no attention until the 8th. Our rations consisted of three hard-tack, a cup of weak bean-soup, and a very small piece of salt pork for dinner, and only two hard-tack and a cup of coffee for breakfast, so the "gnawings of hunger" was a chronic complaint, one from which there was never any relief.

The officers of our regiment, especially Colonel Burgwyn, were so strict in enforcing cleanliness that there were neither filth nor vermin among us, and now, to my horror and disgust, I was covered with both. I had never seen body vermin until I reached this place, and it was perfectly awful to feel them crawling over one, and to be powerless to prevent it. The barracks swarmed with them, and every tuft of grass was covered with these loathsome objects. Bathing was out of the question here. The island was below tide-water, and I have seen the water recede and leave the soil as black as tar. I still shudder when I recall my suffering during the three and a half months' imprisonment there. We were exposed to every disease, and the mortality among the prisoners was thirty per day while I was there.

Our joy was unbounded when, on the 13th day of October, we saw the old Ashland anchor out in the bay, and heard the call for "Gettysburg prisoners." We were to go to Point Lookout; had never heard of the place, and knew nothing about it; but we knew it could not be any worse than the place we were in, and were glad of any change. At Point Lookout we had tents—seventeen men to a tent. Our rations were no better, but we could bathe, and that was a great luxury to us.

HE WAS KIND.

Captain Patterson, of the Third or Fifth New Hampshire regiment, had charge of our camp, and was as kind as he was allowed to be, so we became warmly attached to him. I have always believed that it was his kindness that caused him to be removed and sent to the front, and Major Brady to be put in his place. To us he was the impersonation of cruelty and meanness, and soon earned the title of "Brute Brady." I have seen this man have a guard at the gate, call for a detail, and when the men came crowding around the gate to get out, which all were eager to do—poor fellows, because they would get extra rations for their work—he would have the gate thrown open, put spurs to his horse, charge in upon them, calling them d—d rebels, and ride right over them before they could get out of the way. This is only one instance of our usual treatment while under this man. He had command of two negro regiments, and if I were to tell half of the suffering and indignities to which we were subjected they would fill a good-sized volume. We all suffered for any misdemeanor on the part of one, so glad were they of any excuse to deprive us of our morsel of meat and cup of soup and put us on hard-tack and water.

Ladies would visit the prison and call out so that we could hear them, "Major, how are Jeff Davis's cattle getting on?" How any woman could deride such abject misery, even in an enemy, has always been a mystery to me.

No blankets were given us and we had only two well-worn ones for three—two good friends beside myself, who kindly let me "sleep in the middle," and with one blanket under and one over us we shivered the long nights through.

We had been here fifteen months before we got any clothing. My jacket and trousers were in strings. I had had no shirt for months, and was barefooted. When we were called out to get some clothes I had to stand two hours on the frozen ground before my turn came, and I am sure I never felt so comfortable in my life as I did when I first put on the coarse blouse, pantaloons, shoes, and socks. I often wonder how we lived to tell of the cold and hunger of our prison life.

I had been in prison twenty months, three and a half at Fort Delaware, and seventeen at Point Lookout.

We were paroled in March, and a pitiful set of men we were. I weighed barely ninety pounds, was almost a skeleton, and so weak

I could hardly walk. But I was free, and going home, and that was the best tonic I could have.

AT CITY POINT.

At City Point our prison friend, Captain Patterson, came on board the vessel to see us, and there was a rush to shake hands with him. He said he was glad we were going home.

Notwithstanding all the searching, one man had succeeded in concealing his flag, and as soon as we were on the Confederate boat he unfurled it, and a deafening shout rent the air as the boys greeted it.

While in Richmond I met Colonel Lane, and was surprised to hear him say, "Why, how are you, Company I?" I told him how astonished I was that he knew me, and he said, "I never forgot a Twenty-sixth boy."

My faithful and unselfish friend, "Perk" Miller, another Caldwell county boy, who had joined the first company that was formed in Caldwell, had shared every morsel of comfort with me during our long imprisonment, and was my companion still as we joyfully wended our way to our mountain home. A part of this journey was on foot, and although we felt in our hearts that we had only to show our pitiful selves to any North Carolina woman to get the needful food, we both felt like it was begging, and shrank from doing it, so we shared this duty also, taking time about "to ask for something to eat," which was always cheerfully given.

I was at home one month when Stoneman made his raid through the county and came to Lenoir.

I was in the yard in my shirt-sleeves when I first saw the Yankees, and might have made my escape, but thinking they were our Home Guard, I deliberately walked around the house in full view of them, and saw my mistake when the guns were pointed at me, and I could only throw up my hands in token of surrender. I was carried right off, without a coat, and was all night without coat or blanket, and almost frozen.

They issued no rations, but my mother was allowed to supply me with food. My sister went with my parole to General Gilliam and begged him to release me, but he refused to do it. This was Easter-eve, 1865.

NO RATIONS.

On Monday we marched twenty miles up the Blue Ridge, and camped at Yadkin spring, where we received our first rations—a

half-eat of corn for each prisoner—for twenty-four hours. And this in a land not yet despoiled of provisions, where our captors had plenty and to spare. I had some remains of my lunch, and did not want the corn; but half a dozen famished men were eager for it. Next morning we were turned over to Kirk, and marched on to Boone.

At Estes's school-house Lieutenant Shotwell and two other men made their escape, and but for an open path to the school-house would have been safe. When discovered, two surrendered, and Shotwell was captured just as he gave a sign of surrender. Kirk, with characteristic cruelty, said: "D——n him; shoot him!" and his orders were obeyed; and this gallant young soldier was murdered right before our eyes and left lying as he had fallen. A friend of his begged to be allowed to go to him, and when permission was given he went and straightened his body and took \$50 in gold out of his boot, intending to send it to young Shotwell's father; but was soon relieved of it by an officer, and Mr. Shotwell never saw it. I was one who went with this broken-hearted man in search of his son's body many months afterwards, but must tell of this in a separate sketch.

Murder and robbery was the order of the day with Kirk's band.

At Boone, while gathered around the court-house, Kirk rode into our midst, called us "cowards, cut-throats, damned rebels," and every vile thing he could think of, and threatened the most horrible vengeance if we attempted to escape. My good old friend, Mr. Sidney Deal, came up to me and said: "Keep close to me, my boy, and if anybody must fight for you, I'll do it."

Mr. Deal had suffered every wrong from these men, and when one of them commenced to abuse him, he told him boldly how he, Ford, had robbed him of horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, and the man went off without another word.

Our next stop was at Cool creek, in Watague county, but we drew no rations until we arrived at Greenville, Tenn., when we had some hard-tack and bacon. We were hurried on to Knoxville, where we were turned over to regular United States soldiers, and fared a little better. At Nashville we were lodged in the pen, but we had better rations than before. We crossed the Ohio river at Louisville, and on the other side, at Jeffersonville, saw the first signs of mourning for Abraham Lincoln—an arch bearing this inscription: "Abraham Lincoln, the Saviour of His Country, Is In His Grave."

We took the train to Indianapolis, thence to Columbus, thence to Camp Chase, where we were kept for three months.

About the 1st of August we were given the alternative of taking the oath, or going to hard labor on the fort. We took the oath, but none the less loyal to that banner that has been forever furled, and the grand old leaders of the "Lost Cause."

On our homeward journey, at Wheeling, W. Va., where we arrived in the early morning, and spent the day, an elderly gentleman and two young ladies came to us and inquired if we were Confederate prisoners, and when told that we were, gave us nice refreshments.

At Baltimore we went to the Soldiers' Home, and had good food and every comfort. From there we went to Fortress Monroe, thence to Petersburg, and on to Danville. We switched off to B Junction, and there a kind old gentleman gave me my first greenback dollar, and I was glad to get it. Our next stop was at Greensboro, N. C., and then we were soon at home.

[From the *Raleigh (N. C.) State*, November 19, 1895.]

KIRKLAND'S BRIGADE, HOKE'S DIVISION, 1864-'65.

During the fall and winter of 1864, Longstreet's corps, composed of the divisions of Field, Kershaw, and Hoke, defended the lines on the north side of James river, confronted by General B. F. Butler's "Army of the James."

Late in December Butler's army was sent on its expedition against Fort Fisher, N. C., and Hoke's Division was ordered to proceed to Wilmington to meet Butler. Kirkland's Brigade, the Seventeenth, Forty-second, and Sixty-sixth North Carolina troops, was moved first to Richmond. Having been recruited in winter quarters, the command made a fine appearance marching through the streets of the capital, with three brass bands and three drum and fife corps, its steady step and fine bearing eliciting cheers from the people. Officers and men felt the thrill which comes to the young soldier's heart from "the pomp and circumstance of war" and the approving smiles of woman. The troops were very enthusiastic when told they were going to defend the soil of their native State.

As the railroad from Petersburg to Weldon was closed to us our only route was *via* Danville, Greensboro, and Raleigh.

Leaving Richmond by the Richmond and Danville railroad, Kirkland's Brigade reached Wilmington, N. C., after a long and fatiguing ride on the cars in extremely cold weather, and Kirkland marched at once with the two regiments which arrived first, viz., the Seventeenth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Sharpe, and Forty-second, under Colonel Brown, for Sugar Loaf, a point a few miles above Fort Fisher. Our horses and wagons had not come, so all of the mounted officers were *on foot* (as the Irishman would say). On the march at night we heard a loud explosion and saw a great light towards the ocean, which we thought was the bursting of a magazine on one of the Federal ships, and the men gave three cheers. But we afterwards learned it was the explosion of Butler's famous "Powder Boat," which he thought would scare the poor rebels away.

In the morning we halted at Sugar Loaf. The fleet had been bombarding Fort Fisher, but the enemy had not landed.

The Confederate forces under Bragg, outside of Fort Fisher, consisted of a small body of *Senior Reserves*, aged from forty-five to sixty, and some little cavalry. It was pitiful to see some of those gray-haired patriots dead in the woods, killed by shells from the fleet. Among those who carried a musket there was Mr. William Pettigrew, brother of the heroic General—now a venerable minister of the gospel.

Kirkland placed one company from the Forty-second, under Captain Koontz, in Battery Gatlin, a small fort on the sea-beach at the southern end of Masonboro Sound, and held the rest of his command on the road covered by the thick woods and dense undergrowth.

I had found a pony at an abandoned farm-house and mounted him, so as to convey orders, but he was new to the business and did not like my spurs. Kirkland ordered me to ride down to the beach to see if there were any signs of landing troops from the transports. I did so, and saw the ships extending as far as I could see down the beach, but no indication of landing. Returning, I reported this to the General, but in a few minutes a soldier came running up, almost breathless, and told us that the enemy had lowered his boats on the side opposite the shore, pulled rapidly to the land and captured Capt. Koontz and his company, but few escaping. We rode down through the woods and found a large force on the beach and more coming, while the woods around us were filled with shrieking shells. General Kirkland promptly ordered his small command forward to the edge of the woods which skirted the shore and deployed both regiments as *skirmishers*. By his direction I rode down the line and

told the men to keep up the fire upon the enemy and cheer as much as they could, but if they were hard pressed to fall back from pine to pine in the direction of Wilmington, and not let the enemy cut us off.

General Butler's forces, being thus very promptly checked, began at once to throw up breastworks on the sand shore. As they consisted of at least six times our number we could not have prevented their advance. But General Butler greatly exaggerated our force, and I have always believed that his examination of Captain Koontz had something to do with his false impression. As it was, these *two regiments* held his army at bay (or *at ocean*, perhaps I should say) the entire day, which was *Christmas*, 1864. By pushing our line close to his we escaped much injury from the ships' guns, their shells passing over our heads. We had the help of Sutherland's Battery of artillery and Lipscomb's South Carolina cavalry. During the night the troops began to come in from our division. But a *reconnoissance* the next morning showed that General Butler had taken advantage of the darkness, re-embarked his army, and abandoned his expedition.

The navy had bombarded Fort Fisher for two days, but inflicted slight loss. Kirkland's bold and spirited defense must have convinced Butler that we had a large force, as Koontz had told him that Longstreet was there with his three divisions—Hoke, Field, and Kershaw.

The *fact* is, that we did not have two thousand men of all arms to oppose him, and no infantry except the two regiments of Kirkland's Brigade. Why Butler was considered fit to be a *general* I don't know, unless his tyranny and oppression of non-combatants qualified him for "crushing out the rebellion."

Soon after this battle, General Bragg, the department commander, ordered Hoke's Division to Wilmington, not expecting a renewal of the attack on Fort Fisher. We marched, with colors flying and bands playing, into the city, and were enthusiastically received by the people as their victorious defenders. General Bragg reviewed the division and made preparations for a new campaign—for the capture of *Newbern, N. C.* This was kept a secret, but it came to my knowledge. Our brigade had orders to prepare three days' rations, and all got ready for a march—destination unknown. But during the very night previous to this intended movement we were suddenly ordered to move to the wharf and take *boats* down the river to Sugar Loaf, Kirkland's Brigade again in the advance, as the enemy had reappeared in front of Fort Fisher, the army this time being

commanded by an able Federal soldier, General Terry. When we reached Sugar Loaf we found that Terry had *landed* his forces without opposition, and we began skirmishing with them at once. But the enemy had intrenched his line from the ocean across the narrow peninsula to the Cape Fear river, between Sugar Loaf and Fort Fisher. We threw up a line in his front, Sugar Loaf being our base, but were enfiladed by the fire from the enemy's fleet.

Terry's command consisted of two divisions. One of our brigades (Hagood's South Carolina) was detached to the south side of the river to assist Fort Caswell. During the action Colquitt was sent too late to reinforce the garrison of Fort Fisher, leaving Hoke the two brigades of Kirkland and Clingman, with some artillery and Lipscomb's Cavalry regiment, which were confronted by Paine's Division of colored troops and Abbott's white brigade behind intrenchments and protected by the *great Federal fleet to rake the intervening space with shot and shell, grape and canister*, while Terry with the white forces stormed Fort Fisher. Bragg moved Hoke's two brigades forward to attack. We easily drove in the enemy's skirmish line, occupied their rifle-pits, and our skirmishers were making their main line keep their heads down behind the intrenchments. When we all expected the order to *charge*, a courier came to Hoke from Bragg, ordering him to withdraw to Sugar Loaf. My recollection is that we confidently expected to run over the troops in our front and drive them in confusion upon Terry's attacking column. But we obeyed orders and fell back to the line at Sugar Loaf, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and there we laid down, shelled by the ships, and heard the musketry fire at Fisher until its brave garrison was overcome at 11 o'clock that night. The rockets from the fort said, "Come and help us," but we were not moved; and sad was the sight when the rockets from the ships and display of colored lights and blowing of whistles announced the surrender of the fort. I felt that all had not been done to save it.

General Bragg has been severely censured in the official reports of Whiting and Lamb, and by their friends, for not moving Hoke forward. He said he did not think that Hoke's small force could succeed with the fleet on their flank; and General Hoke since the war has told me that he concurred with Bragg. The impartial reader of history must decide. A Federal colonel, after the surrender at Greensboro, told me he thought if Hoke had advanced Terry would have been beaten. I believe our *charge* would have been successful, because the troops in front were *blacks*.

In a few days Terry advanced, and we slowly fell back to Wilmington, Kirkland's Brigade fighting this time as the rear guard, skirmishing behind the pines. The retreat through the city was gloomy indeed, for we had many strong personal friends among its kind and hospitable people. Still forming the rear guard of the infantry column, our brigade crossed North East river on a pontoon bridge very near the railroad bridge, which was burned. I was directed with two companies of the Seventeenth North Carolina to prevent the enemy from crossing by the railroad bridge, to cover the withdrawal of all our cavalry over the pontoon. At this point we had a spirited affair with the enemy from opposite sides of the river, but he was not allowed to cross until our forces were all safely over on our side, when we quietly rejoined our column on the march to Goldsboro. I remember Lieutenant Wilson G. Lamb, with one of the companies of the Seventeenth, as displaying coolness and conspicuous bravery. Indeed, the entire command at the burning bridge was efficient and brave. Our campaign in the barren turpentine peninsula was very uncomfortable. Food was scarce, and we all got *smutted* by lightwood fires.

In fighting Terry's troops we encountered the first enemy armed with repeating rifles, one of his regiments (I believe the Tenth Connecticut) having *Spencer* seven-shooters.

Soon after reaching Goldsboro we moved to Kinston, and General Bragg was reinforced by troops from Hood's army, now commanded by General D. H. Hill.

The enemy came out from Newbern under General Cox, and Bragg advanced to meet him at or near Wise's Fork. Hoke's Division was put in motion in the night, Kirkland's Brigade this time leading, and by a long detour through woods and swamps, completely turned the enemy's right and advanced upon his rear.

About noon on the 8th of March, 1865, Hoke formed his division in line for attack, Kirkland's Brigade on the right, and there was no sign that the enemy knew we were in the dense swamp or pocoson behind him. Hoke summoned all his brigadiers to the extreme right for consultation, and these, with their staff officers, made a party of about twenty mounted officers. The General concluded to extend his line still further to the right, and, thinking we were not discovered by the enemy, moved by the right flank—all these horsemen in front, with no skirmish line out, but followed by Colonel John N. Whitford's Battalion of Rangers. Suddenly, while the men were knee-deep in water, a Federal regiment rose up out of the

bushes and fired into the head of our column. They had discovered us just in time to throw this one regiment forward. Some of our cavalry in search of *buttermilk*, had strayed off and aroused the foe. But it was too late. This sudden check to Hoke and his generals was startling, and here the Major-General displayed his genius. He did not order his division "Forward into line!" but raised his hat and shouted to those around him, "Make all the men cheer!" Shout and cheer they did like a tornado among the pines and rushed with great spirit upon the enemy. Hoke thus prevented either his own troops or the enemy from seeing that he was for the moment himself surprised. But this unexpected fire in the rear completely demoralized the forces of General Cox at this point. They fled before us in confusion, leaving several hundred prisoners and a battery of light artillery in our hands, besides their camp and many small arms. Our line was reformed after the pursuit and the division resumed its position on the right of Bragg's army, highly elated at the success of the day. Kirkland's Brigade was in front in this assault.

The next day, March 9th, Bragg attempted a flank movement around the enemy's right—D. H. Hill's command in advance—but found intrenchments and resumed his former position. Again, on the 10th, he moved Hoke around by our right flank to attack the enemy in rear, Kirkland's Brigade in front. After much marching through the swamps and pocosons and dense pine forests, Hoke decided to attack. The enemy showed a very strong skirmish line, which stubbornly resisted Kirkland's battalion of sharp-shooters, commanded by Major Robinson, of the Sixty-sixth, who fought them bravely. On my reporting to Kirkland that Robinson could not drive back the enemy's skirmishers, General Hoke ordered Kirkland to support them with his entire brigade, and we formed line with the Forty-second on the right, Sixty-sixth centre, and Seventeenth on the left, and moved forward. I rode with the Seventeenth, and Major L. J. Johnson, inspector, with the Forty-second, Kirkland with Lieutenant Stoddard in rear of the centre. As we advanced to the front the guide, named Wooten, passed me going to the rear, and said, "Captain, your brigade has not gone far enough to the right, and Hoke is doing wrong to attack here." Hoke says he told Kirkland to feel the enemy, but not to attack breastworks. But the brigade made a charge through the woods, which were very thick, with great spirit, and drove the skirmishers before them. We encountered a brisk fire of musketry and artillery. As I heard a battery to our right and rear I changed the

direction of the Seventeenth, and told them if they would push on they would turn and capture that battery. They sprang forward with a cheer. I was riding on their extreme left, and remember Captain Daniel and Lieutenant Wilson G. Lamb waving their swords and urging on the men. All the field officers of the regiment were on foot except Colonel Nethercutt. As soon as our line emerged from the woods we ran up against a very strongly-intrenched line of the enemy, obstructed by trees they had cut down, and supported by artillery. They poured a hot fire into us and we made our men lie down. I told the Seventeenth, Lieutenant-Colonel Sharpe, to hold their position and I would go to General Kirkland and get reinforcements from our division. I then rode to Kirkland and told him we had struck a strong line of works. He replied, "Go back and hold our line, and I will go to Hoke for help." During this time the Forty-second had broken its lines and rapidly fallen back, leaving Major L. J. Johnson, our inspector, a prisoner. Colonel Nethercutt tried to force his regiment over the works, and I learned that he rode his horse right up among the obstructions. But the Sixty-sixth followed the Forty-second; then Colonel Sharpe withdrew the Seventeenth, which fell back in good order, shouting defiance to the foe and daring them to come out of those works. The enemy meantime threw out a regiment on our left, which was unprotected. So when I returned to the front, instead of finding friends, I rode into the advance skirmish line of the enemy, as the woods were very thick. Four of them halted me and inquired who I was. The shells and bullets were still falling fast around us, and my captors were dodging and did not make me dismount. I took advantage of this, and told them to put down their guns and go with me or we would all be killed. They toolishly did this and we started towards the rear, or away from danger, as we thought. Suddenly we came upon a Federal regiment in line of battle. My captors made signals not to shoot, and seemed delighted to find friends. I turned my mare and ran off in the opposite direction, both spurs in her flanks. A volley from their skirmishers passed me without harm, and I made *excellent time* through briars and thickets and over a very wide ditch, and most happily emerged into an open field directly in front of Colquitt's Georgia Brigade. They met me with cheers and laughter, seeing how I was *running*, and I rejoined my brigade, which had been rallied and reformed into line. Our troops were withdrawn by Hoke and fell back to Kinston. Lieutenant Stoddard was captured, with some men from the Sixty-sixth, and some of our

wounded also became prisoners. Our loss was quite heavy, but the spirit of the brigade was not broken.

I have heard that Hoke censured Kirkland for making the disastrous charge on the 10th, but did not hear of it at the time. If Wooten spoke the truth, Hoke should have heeded his advice and moved further to the right. Then we should have *turned* the enemy and had a complete victory. Kirkland did not know of the existence of the strong breastworks when he charged his men through the woods. I am sure I did not until we came within a very short distance of them. It may be true that Kirkland should have moved slowly until he ascertained the true situation and then reported it to Hoke. I have never seen Lieutenant Stoddard nor Major Johnson since. Our courier was also captured riding my black horse, which I had loaned him that day—a brave and dashing fellow, George Tonnoffski, now living in Raleigh.

Major Johnson was taken North, grew worse and worse with consumption, and died soon after his release, at his home near Woodville, Perquimans county, N. C. His conduct in that fight of the 10th was most daring and knightly. Mounted on a large gray, he was last seen with hat in hand trying to lead the Forty-second over the works. Johnson was a fine lawyer, Christian gentlemen, thorough soldier, and unselfish patriot.

The day was rather a disastrous one for our brigade staff. A few days before our gallant and noble ordnance officer, Lieutenant Theodore Hassell, was killed in an artillery duel between the two armies on the 6th or 7th. First Lieutenant George W. Grimes, of Company G, Seventeenth North Carolina troops, one of the best officers in our command, was severely wounded and captured, and still carries the bullet in his body, suffering great pain therefrom.

The enemy moved up from Newbern, Terry's command came up from Wilmington, and Sherman's great army was coming *via* Fayetteville. Bragg, with all the odds and ends, and Hoke's and Hill's commands, joined General Joseph E. Johnston at Smithfield, under whom the remnants of our Southern armies were being concentrated. Soon after this followed the great Battle of Bentonville, in which General Johnston displayed his great ability and his soldiers unequaled valor, fortitude, and heroism. The history of this battle must always be interesting to the student of our war—showing how the Southerners fought when under the most adverse circumstances, and when the cause was almost entirely lost. General Johnston's Narrative, and an article published in the *Century* war papers by

General Wade Hampton, descriptive of this battle, will repay perusal. Kirkland's Brigade is especially mentioned with high praise.

The army *bivouacked* the night before the battle, March 18, 1865, without fires, on the wet ground, to prevent the enemy from learning the movement. The next morning Colquitt, Clingman, and Hagood were placed in the line under Bragg, with the brigade of North Carolina Junior Reserves on the extreme left and Kirkland's Brigade in reserve, a short distance behind the Juniors. Soon the battle began with the fierce onslaught under Hardee and D. H. Hill on the right, driving the enemy before them. But the Federals assailed our left with vigor, and General Johnston ordered Kirkland's Brigade to relieve the Juniors on the front line. Our entire division held its ground and repulsed the enemy, but unfortunately General Bragg became uneasy and called upon Johnston for help, and McLaw's command was withdrawn from Hardee's attacking column and sent to our assistance when not needed.

The next morning, while making a *reconnoisance*, I lost the faithful sorrel mare that saved me on March 10th, shot by the enemy's pickets, and I had to ride an "old plug" during the rest of the battle. This was one of the saddest incidents of my experience.

Major Hahr, an accomplished Swede, served as aid-de-camp to Gen'l Kirkland during this battle, and was cool and efficient under fire.

When Johnston found that Sherman's right wing was approaching in his rear he changed front to rear on his right wing to meet him. Kirkland's Brigade was directed to deploy and skirmish with the enemy, holding him in check while the army took its new line at right angle to the former. But an opening was left for us in the line of battle at the main road. We fought and slowly fell back until ordered to take our place in the line. Then we moved by the right flank quickly down the road. Coming to the line, the command was given by Kirkland, "Into line, faced to the rear!" The enemy was pressing us closely, but this well-drilled brigade filed into the line, the Seventeenth on the right, and filled the gap—just in time to meet a vigorous charge from Sherman's troops. There were no breastworks, but our men laid down and repulsed the enemy, who left their dead in our front. The right, Company A, of the Seventeenth, commanded by Captain William Biggs, rested on the road, and I was near them, riding the old plug. Biggs made his men stand up in two ranks and wait for the word, and then fired "BY RANKS," giving his commands, "Rear rank, ready, aim, fire! Load!" and then, "Front rank," etc. The volleys were very distinct amid the rattle of "*firing by file*" all along the line. This

fire by rank was very effective, as piles of dead were left in front of this company.

William Biggs was a daring and intelligent officer, distinguished on many occasions. As a journalist after the war, he became a fearless champion of the rights of his people.

General Kirkland says that General Johnston, in a speech in Savannah, discussing the discipline in our armies, referred to Biggs' "fire by rank" as the only exception to the irregular fusilade of fire by file which he heard during the war.

General Johnston paid a high compliment to the brigade while the fight was going on. Captain C. A. King, of Hardee's staff, rode up to headquarters with a report from the front, and General Johnston asked, "Who is responsible for this heavy firing?" King replied, "The enemy are attacking Kirkland's Brigade." Whereupon General Johnston turned to General Hardee, and said, "I am glad of it. I would rather they attack Kirkland than any one else."

On the same day the North Carolina Brigade of Junior Reserves on Kirkland's left and temporarily attached to his command—all boys under eighteen years old—fought heroically, with all the spirit and ardor of youth, and shouting with every volley. The conduct of these youths and their able commanders was greatly praised throughout the army.

Sherman failed to break the Confederate line, and Johnston, finding the immense host concentrated in his front, withdrew to Smithfield without being pursued, and Sherman turned towards Goldsboro for supplies and recuperation. Sherman in his report treats this as a *drawn battle*—equivalent to admitting a defeat, as his forces outnumbered Johnston's four to one.

Every State in the South and almost the entire North, was represented on the bloody field of Bentonsville. The gallant Kirkland and his surviving followers will always feel proud of the record they made there. With this engagement our conflicts in the field were ended. The retreat began which ended in Johnston's surrender, and the brigade was disbanded at Center Church, Randolph county, North Carolina.

May the blessings of Providence attend every survivor of this devoted band "unto his life's end!"

CHARLES G. ELLIOTT,
Late Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General.

Norfolk, Va., November, 1895.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, November 24, 1895.]

THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865,
AND THE
DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION INCIDENT THEREON.

Interesting Communications Regarding It.

RICHMOND, VA., November 13, 1895.

To the Editor of the *Dispatch*:

Some months ago, at your request, I made you a statement, which was published, as to the origin of the Richmond fire of the 3d of April, 1865, based upon judicial records in the great insurance litigation which ensued. I observed in your last Friday's issue an affidavit of the late Mr. James A. Scott, filed in Vial's Executor vs. The Mutual Assurance Society of Virginia, a part of that litigation, in which interesting facts were given respecting the occurrences of the memorable occasion.

[This appeared in the *Dispatch* of November 10th, and was in response to a query as stated in an issue of the paper November 3d. It is subjoined—ED.]

To-day, in looking over some old papers in my office for another purpose, I came across several letters that were written to me at the time I was making investigations, as counsel of the insured, for reliable information upon the subject, and which were intended to be used, if necessary, in the litigation (unless depositions should be required), but which I had no need to use. Since every fact touching the matter ought to be preserved, as part of the history of the great disaster and fall of the Confederate capital, and these letters seem to me to be of particular interest and value, I send them to you. The first is from Colonel John Wilder Atkinson, of the Confederate artillery, who was stationed near Chaffin's Bluff, and on the retreat approached Richmond early on the morning of the 3d of April, and saw the fire from a distance that lent sublimity to the view, without the terrors of the scene. As is well known, he was before the war a prominent citizen of Richmond, and since the war has resided in Wilmington, N. C. During the war a more gallant and, for a civilian, a more justly distinguished Confederate officer was scarcely known. If a pleasing reminiscence of his life in Rich-

mond may be recalled, the marriage last evening at St. Paul's church of his highly-esteemed son, John Wilder Atkinson, Jr., to one of Richmond's jewels, reminds me of the brilliant occasion of his own marriage, forty years ago, to the lovely and charming Miss E. A. Mayo, sister of Mr. Peter H. Mayo, and daughter of Mr. Robert A. Mayo, deceased, at which I remember that my lamented friend, Marmaduke Johnson, and myself, then young barristers, were groomsmen, and the fashion and beauty, from far and near, were assembled, amid flowers and sparkling jets d'eau de Cologne, in the famous old family mansion, Powhatan (below the city), radiantly illuminated for the event. By contrast, it was his destiny some ten years after, at no great distance from that historic place, and immediately across the James river, to witness a sad and awful but more splendid illumination. The description is equally graphic and touching of his silent midnight retreat from the Confederate lines, without the knowledge of the Federal commander, in direct front, and the forlorn approach, amid deafening explosions of wrecked war vessels, to the sublime spectacle of burning Richmond, that, like Milton's ascending sun,

“Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky.”

Here is the letter:

WILMINGTON, N. C., October 25, 1878.

To John Howard, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of the 23d instant this morning.

For several months prior to the retirement of General Lee's army from the defences around Petersburg, that portion of the command to which I was immediately attached, under General G. W. C. Lee, was stationed at Chaffin's Bluff, in front of and only a few hundred yards from Fort Harrison. I commanded at the time two of the Virginia battalions of artillery, being then lieutenant-colonel of artillery. On Sunday night, April 2d, 1865, under orders from General G. W. C. Lee, I drew in my first picket guard and sentinels as quietly as possible, and left our lines about midnight, and with the residue of Custis Lee's Division started on the memorable retreat.

Our movement had been so quietly effected that I am sure the enemy had no idea of what was going on, and certainly made no demonstration of pursuing; and I was afterwards informed by some of the Yankee officers stationed at Fort Harrison that the with-

drawal of my troops was not discovered by General Weitzel until reported at or about daylight Monday morning, April 3d. Our tents were all, by Custis Lee's order, left standing, and our guns were not removed from the embrasures.

For the convenience of transportation, a pontoon bridge had previously been thrown across the river at a point between Chaffin's Bluff and Richmond, but not far from our camp. Custis Lee's Division crossed upon this bridge, and was led by him on the south side of the James, several miles in the direction of Manchester. Just before daylight on Monday morning we got in sight of burning Richmond, and almost simultaneously with our discovery that Richmond was burning we began to hear the report of explosions on the river, which had been caused by the blowing up of the Confederate steamers Jamestown and Athens. These were not ironclads. I have no doubt that these explosions first announced to General Weitzel the withdrawal of the Confederate forces from his front, and the purposed surrender of Richmond.

A scene more awful, and at the same time sublime, I never witnessed certainly, or even conceived, than that presented by the burning of the Confederate capital in the distance, rendered, of course, the more impressive by the explosions on the river not far distant, which almost deafened us. It is a scene I shall never forget.

Of course these explosions were caused by our own officers, who in abandoning these vessels had them blown up to avoid the possibility of their being of service to the enemy.

I think I have answered above your several inquiries, which it gratifies me to do, and now remain,

Truly your friend,

JOHN WILDER ATKINSON,
Former Lieutenant-Colonel Confederate States Artillery.

It should not be omitted to state, what is too little known, that upon approaching the city, then in conflagration, General Weitzel reversed the negro brigade, then in advance, and placed it in the rear, in respect to the feelings of the citizens, and to avoid conflict; and that he promptly addressed his whole command to the arrest and extinguishment of the fire, which was thereby effected, and the whole city saved from immediate peril of destruction. Too much credit and gratitude cannot be accorded in honor of such wise, considerate, and noble conduct.

The following letter was from Colonel W. T. Robins, a gallant and meritorious officer of the Confederate cavalry, then of Gloucester, but now a citizen of Richmond :

GLOUCESTER COURTHOUSE, February 20, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 11th of February reached me in due course of mail. In reply to your inquiry as to the burning of Richmond in 1865, on the day of the evacuation, I can only give you the following statement :

My regiment crossed the river from Richmond to Manchester about 8 A. M., as well as I can remember, after the span of Mayo's bridge over the canal was fired. I remained in Manchester some time after crossing, but just how long I cannot now remember. However, I do remember seeing the fire on the Richmond side, and that quite a high wind was prevailing at the time, blowing from the river in the direction of the city. I remember having feared, in observing the fire with the effect of the high wind upon it, that the whole city would be consumed. The flames were spreading northward, fanned by the wind, up into the heart of the city. My position on the Manchester side was on elevated ground, which enabled me to observe perfectly that part of Richmond burning at that time.

I have the honor to remain

Very truly your obedient servant,

W. T. ROBINS.

John Howard, Esq.

Here the strong element of the intervening wind in the extension of the fire, so much insisted upon by me in all the litigation as the proximate and legal cause of the insured losses, again appears, and I am reminded of a quotation I made in my argument in the Graeme insurance case in the Supreme Court of the United States, from Virgil's vivid description of the entrance of the Greeks into "burning Troy," as the Federal troops into Richmond, and the extension of the fire by the same cause :

—*Irruant Danai, et tectum omne tenebant.
Ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento
Volvitur ; exsuperant flammea, fuit aestus ad auras.*

In rushed the Greeks and held the place : on high
Borne by the wind, in sheeted flakes of flame,
Rolled on the conflagration to the stars.

The last letter, to which I have above referred, was from the War Department of the United States, in response to inquiries made by me in a personal interview with the Adjutant-General :

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, *May 22, 1879.*

John Howard, Esq., Attorney at Law, Richmond, Va.:

SIR,—Referring to your inquiry of the 21st instant, I have respectfully to inform you that no record can be found in this office of any orders issued by the Government of the United States directing commanders in the field to seize tobacco belonging to adherents of the Confederacy.

It appears, however, of record that on the 4th of March, 1865, General Grant directed Colonel S. H. Roberts, commanding a brigade of the Twenty-fourth army corps, to proceed with his brigade to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, Va., for the purpose of seizing or destroying wherever found all property being used in barter for unauthorized articles of trade between the rebels and Northern cities, and to break up the contraband trade carried on between Fredericksburg and Richmond.

Under these instructions, Colonel Roberts captured and destroyed a large quantity of tobacco, including some 400 cases of that article, which were brought in and turned over to the quartermaster's department at Fort Monroe, Va.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Adjutant-General.

This communication is important, as showing that there never was, in point of fact, any necessity for the destruction of the Richmond tobacco, and it fully accords with the statement of Mr. James A. Scott, an excellent man and well-known tobacconist, above mentioned, which in effect was that no interference was made by the Federal Government at or after the capture of Richmond with the tobacco undestroyed, but that, on the contrary, it was permitted to remain in the hands of its owners, and to be disposed of by sale and shipment abroad, as before the war, and as if no war had existed.

The real and causative cause, *causa causans* of the destruction of

the tobacco in the Richmond warehouses by fire, for which combustible materials had beforehand been carefully prepared, was an unwise act of the Confederate Congress requiring commanders in the field to destroy such property upon the imminent danger of its falling into the hands of the enemy. As shown in my previous communication, above referred to, it was in obedience to that act that General Lee issued orders under which the tobacco was burned, and the Confederate Congress was alone responsible for the fatal mistake.

Yours truly,

JOHN HOWARD.

In answer to a query in last week's paper, we would say that we are informed that the only person now living who had any official connection with the surrender of Richmond to the Federal authorities is Mr E. A. J. Clopton. Mr. Clopton was at one time a member of the City Council, and, we think, was present at the meeting of the Council when the surrender was arranged for.

As an interesting reminiscence of the surrender, we publish the following from a mass of legal documents bearing on the subject :

Affidavit of James A. Scott, as given in the Majority Opinion of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, in the Case of Vial, Executor, and Graeme's Executor vs. the Mutual Assurance Society of Virginia.

STATE OF VIRGINIA—City of Richmond, to-wit :

This day personally appeared before the undersigned, a notary public in and for the city aforesaid, James A. Scott, and deposed as follows : That for many years prior to the late war he was engaged in the tobacco business in the city of Richmond ; that during and at the close of the war he was interested in the ownership and control of a large amount of leaf tobacco, and that he had for a long while been a member of the City Council of Richmond ; that when it was understood, on Sunday, the 2d of April, 1865, the city was to be evacuated by the Confederate Government, upon the approach of the United States forces, he was appointed by the Council of the city one of a committee to meet the enemy and surrender the city ; that sometime after midnight on the morning of the 3d of April, 1865, he, in company with other members of the committee, and with Judge John A. Meredith and Judge William H. Lyons, who had been requested by the Council to act with the committee, and

with Joseph Mayo, Esq., mayor of the city, went out to meet the enemy and surrender the city; that having taken a position and awaited their arrival, the party after awhile were met by the enemy, when a formal surrender of the city was made; that this was about two miles from the corporation line, on the Osborne turnpike, near the James river; that the Federal commander stated on the occasion to Mr. Mayo that he would at once send a party forward to destroy all the liquor in the city before the arrival of the main body of the troops, when he was informed by Mayor Mayo that his action had been anticipated by the City Council, who had already had everything of the kind destroyed. On returning toward the city, and when about a mile and a half distant, upon an elevated point of the road, he saw that the tobacco warehouses in the city were on fire, and among them two belonging to his mother, situated on Twenty-first street, in which a large amount of tobacco was stored.

This was about sunrise. That on taking possession of the city, the United States army did not seize any tobacco belonging to private persons, so far as this affiant ever knew or heard; he and his brother-in-law, Mr. Maxwell T. Clarke, were fortunate enough to save some \$10,000 worth of tobacco by having it stored in a house distant from the warehouse, although they gave a list of it, with their other tobacco, to the Confederate Government in due time for its destruction.

This tobacco, some two or three weeks after the capture of the city, with the full knowledge of the officers of the United States army, Mr. Clarke, and himself, was shipped at the dock in a schooner *via* New York for Liverpool and London, receiving astonishingly large prices therefor.

Other citizens of Richmond, owners of tobacco, sold it here and elsewhere, without molestation from the Federal Government, which, so far as this affiant ever heard, never troubled any tobacco in Richmond, except that which belonged to the Confederate Government.

(Signed)

JAMES A. SCOTT.

Sworn to before me this 10th day of May, 1887.

(Signed)

J. L. APPERSON, N. P.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, December 1, 1895.]

REMINISCENT OF WAR-TIMES.

Eventful Days in New Orleans in the Year 1862.

**Comprised in the Diary of a Youth at the Time, who Since Became
a Well-Known Clergyman—The Arrival of Butler's Army
and Farragut's Fleet.**

April 25, 1862.—With heart-sickening feelings I seat myself for the purpose of inditing what I have seen and heard on this memorable day. To give one a connected idea of transpiring events, it is necessary that I should take a start a few days back. About a week since the news came of the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. All was very cheering from our forces stationed in those forts until our city was suddenly startled by the disheartening yet too true news of the passage of some of the Yankee steamers by the forts at an early hour of yesterday morning. An extra *Delta* was soon issued, and, like an electric shock, the news spread all over the city. At once the stores commenced to shut up, and this gave full vent to the panic, which was soon at its full height. Before long, at about 10:30 A. M., the general alarm of twelve distinct taps was sounded by the fire-alarm telegraph all over town. As previously agreed upon by our military and civil authorities, it was understood by our citizen soldiery to be the signal for every soldier to report at his armory or headquarters immediately. I went to the armory of the Crescent Reserves and awaited orders. None were sent except to hold ourselves in readiness to answer another general alarm, should one be given in the course of the day or night. The French Legion were exerting themselves carrying on board our floating battery at the foot of Customhouse street large guns and other munitions of war. The regular steamboats, merchant-boats, got up steam at once, and, crowded with passengers, a great many of them left the city during the afternoon and ensuing night. All the draymen of the city were pressed into Government service from 2 P. M. until about 2 or 3 and later this morning, hauling cotton-bales to the respective places which our patriotic authorities had chosen to be the scenes of their conflagration. Away into the "wee

sma' hours" the darkness of the night was relieved by the lightness and redness of the clouds, caused by the burning of the cotton. Having been ordered to report this morning at my armory, I did so at 8 o'clock. After that, together with several of my comrades, I went onto the levee, which was the scene of great confusion.

I judged that the enemy's boats must be very near (although I had heard nothing official since the morning of yesterday), for our men were busily engaged setting fire to several of our gunboats lying at the wharf opposite Canal street. It was a beautiful, but a melancholy, sight to behold our boats burning. The floating battery was also on fire, but burning slowly, while our public-spirited little newsboys were throwing overboard from her deck the innumerable shells there collected. Most of those steamboats which had not left yet for up the river now backed out and shortly steamed off with their valuable cargoes of human beings and their riches in freight and baggage. About 10 o'clock this morning the people, with permission of the owners thereof, began to knock in the heads of sugar hogsheads and barrels and help themselves. Numbers were also engaged in rolling off barrels of molasses; and indeed, not only did the draymen carry home to their families full loads of these valuable articles, but even to a late hour in the evening the poor Dutch and Irish women, and even little boys and girls, were to be seen rolling through our streets both hogsheads and barrels of those and other articles. Thus were the poor provided for. The steamboat, or rather gunboat, ram, was set on fire about 1 o'clock and drifted from her moorings down past the city, a bright and glowing sight, but sad in the extreme. However, I should have first mentioned that about 12 or 12:30 o'clock the Yankee steamers, eight in number, hove in sight and were soon riding abreast of the Queen City of the South.

Two officers of the fleet came ashore under a flag of truce and proceeded under escort to the City Hall, where they met our city authorities. They demanded an unconditional surrender of the city and forts, under penalty of being immediately shelled out by them. It was indignantly refused, and I know nothing further. They returned to their fleet, and I do not know how things stand between us and them. We are still burning cotton, boats, etc., giving the sky an artificial lighting which outshines the brilliancy of the stars. The dusky, long, morose, demon-like Yankee steamers still lay like evil messengers of woe at our very front. As our invaders see the spirit shown by us in the flames of our cotton set on fire by

ourselves, they should read that we are unconquered and are determined to be free. The altars of prayer are thronged to-night, and may God be with us.

April 26, 1862.—The Yankees have not yet taken possession of our city. They sent several officers ashore to-day under a flag of truce. They came in two boats about 10:30 A. M. Their boats were well loaded with marines, who were armed with guns of the best and most approved description. Several of them stepped ashore, and it seemed to be the intention to come on land with all their men to escort and protect them on their way to the City Hall. It would have been a suicidal attempt on their part to pass through that excited crowd of enemies with thirty or more Lincoln marines at their back and around them. Lieutenant Birmingham, of the Crescent Reserves, who was standing on the wharf, said to them: "Gentlemen, you must not land without a flag of truce, and must not take any men as an escort either." One of them answered with an oath: "If we are not allowed we shall fire." Lieutenant Birmingham replied that he would "protect them to the City Hall, but they must take no hirelings with them." They cursed him and told him that they should fire. Said he: "Fire, then," baring his own breast to them. They, however, shortly repented, and the noble Birmingham escorted them safely through the infuriated crowd—three of them went—into the presence of the City Council. Although blamed by some hot-headed fools, still Lieutenant Birmingham did only his duty. They brought with them another demand from Commodore Farragut for "the immediate surrender of the city," and that we should pull down our State flag from the City Hall, whereon we should hoist an American flag, as well as hoist one on the mint, the custom-house, etc. Our mayor, Hon. John T. Monroe, sent the Commodore an answer, stating in substance that he deemed, and the city deemed, that he could not, being a civil officer, perform the military act of surrendering the city. Therefore he refused to surrender, adding that since our military under Lovell had all left the city, he had no army at the head of which he could put himself to resist them. Hence, if they wished that the American flag should float over our city, they must place it in position themselves, and that the miscreant citizen of New Orleans did not live who would dare to raise such a flag. So much for that interview.

It is stated by the knowing ones that the French, English, and all the consuls have entered a solemn protest against the shelling of this city by the Yankees. It is also said that word has been sent to the

French and English fleets below to come up and protect foreign property in our midst from destruction by the enemy. Several of the Yankee steamers have passed up by the city, probably to look after Memphis and other points above. At about 11 o'clock this morning I was startled, as were the crowd, by the rushing of some citizens through the crowd with an American flag wrapped around them. They took it into an empty room of the ground floor of the police-station, opposite the City Hall, on the corner of Lafayette and St. Charles streets. The crowd at once broke in the windows and soon the flag was in shreds. I was so fortunate as to secure a piece about an inch square. It seems that early in the morning an American boatload had landed by the mint and had raised their gridiron over the mint. About 10:30 A. M. a *posse* of our patriotic citizens assembled and pulled the flag down. While they were so doing the Yankees sent three shots at the brave man who had climbed the pole to get the flag. Fortunately he was unhurt, and the flag met with a fate that should attend all Yankee bunting. There are rumors in town that there has been a fight at Yorktown, on the Peninsula, and that we have been whipped, and that Richmond is laid in ashes. I don't believe that report. Again, there is circulating a report of a bloody fight at Monterey, in Tennessee, and that we have cut the enemy all to pieces. I pray to God that it may be true. However, rumors are so plentiful and frequently so untrue, that we should be slow to believe anything in times like these. The fall of New Orleans is probably a just punishment of her people, for we have been a proud and wicked people. Whom God would exalt he humbleth, and we are being humbled in the dust. May we, as a people, and as a city, come out in the end right side uppermost, and all the better for our present humiliation. God be with us and bless our absent dear ones, who are nobly battling for our rights and theirs. We know that thou wilt not desert a just and righteous cause, but will ever give strength to those who need it, whenever they acknowledge thee. We have not done enough for ourselves and God helps those who help themselves. Be glory and honor to his name forever, and may all the nations of the earth be subject to and serve him all the years of their existence.

April 29, 1862.—I shall have to commence with what took place on yesterday. There was very little of importance which happened, with the exception that there appeared to be a great deal more of excitement than on the day previous. At about 10 A. M. a party of officers came ashore, under a flag of truce, and brought a bar-

barous communication from Commodore Farragut, demanding that we should surrender and haul down our State flag and hoist the Yankee flag over our public buildings. It was the same demand as before renewed, but the ultimatum of the bombardment of the city, if we still refused and continued so to do for forty-eight hours, from 12 M. of yesterday. The mayor made them at the time only a verbal answer, reaffirming what he had before said, that the people would never consent to such an act of humiliation. They then returned to their ships. At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the crowds on the levee were startled by the approach of the Yankee boats and the landing by them of one of our citizens. He would have been torn to pieces by the mob had not a company of the European Brigade arrived promptly on the spot. They took him in charge, and carried him and locked him up in the police-station, just above the City Hall. His name is Nolan, I think, and it seems that when the Yanks had been ashore in the fore part of the day, just as they were pushing off, he jumped into their midst and went with them to Hartford. I cannot imagine their reason for so doing, but they set him ashore again. As they did so, they said to him: "Don't you be afraid. If they harm you, we will fix them." He is a barkeeper, I hear. It yet remains to be seen what is to be done. During the rest of the day and evening, the talk on the streets and at the homes was in relation to the threat of the Federal commodore to shell us on Wednesday (the 30th) at 12 M.) All agreed that it was better to be shelled and killed than to lower our honor by giving up to their cruel demand. The ladies of New Orleans signed a petition and handed it to the mayor, requesting him not to give up to the demands of the Yankees. Nothing further occurred on yesterday.

To-day, at about 11 or 12 o'clock, the Federals came on shore, and under a strong guard of two or three Howitzers well-manned, and three hundred or more marines armed cap-a-pie, hoisted their bunting on the mint and post-office. They then proceeded to the City Hall, where they brought their Howitzers into position in front of the Hall on St. Charles street. They stationed their three hundred men with loaded muskets just inside the square in two ranks, back to back and about two feet between each rank. Then an officer with a guard of four men ascended into the City Hall, and mounting to the top, lowered the flag of the independent State of Louisiana. It was an unwarrantable act, and the people hissed and groaned and showed that they were not overcome by the presence of soldiery. The above step was taken by Commodore Farragut, as he stated in

a note to Mayor Monroe, on account of the surrender of General Duncan and the forts. Duncan was put ashore by the enemy on his parole, and the cheers that rung from the lips of his fellow-citizens showed that he had secured a fast affection in their hearts by his gallant defense of the forts below. I have been told that the United States flag has been raised on the City Hall this afternoon, but not having been down town since 12:30 o'clock, I cannot tell. There is nothing further to note for the day.

May 2, 1862, 6:30 P. M.—There was very little of interest occurring yesterday, except that all the morning the Yankee boats were landing our soldiers and officers from below, having been released on parole. Everything throughout the day remained as before, only that the mayor earnestly called upon the citizens to help the European Brigade in the maintenance of order in town. General Paul Juge Fils deserves great credit for the manner in which he has kept the city from being a scene of riot and bloodshed. On yesterday, the 1st day of May, about 3:30 or 4 P. M., the Yankee transports hove in sight of the city and went up to the steamship landing and tackled alongside of the wharf. There were six or seven of their large ships and steamships loaded down, literally covered and crammed with their troops, looking for all the world like lumps of sugar covered with flies. The steamboat Diana, too, which they had captured, came up loaded with Yankees. She disgorged her crowd of them on the levee, as did the steamship Mississippi, of Boston. The former held a regiment of Wisconsin troops and the latter about fifteen hundred New England troops. Among them I noticed there were a great many foreigners—Irishmen and Germans, Hessians fighting for pay. Some of them went to the Jackson railroad to take possession of it, and some went to the custom-house. May God preserve us from these ravening wolves intruded upon us.

May 3, 1862, 9 P. M.—There were two or three thousand more of troops landed on yesterday from the Yankee transports. It seems that at 10 o'clock Thursday night (May 1), General Butler sent several of his officers to the *True Delta* office, with a request for that paper to publish a proclamation of his. None of the editors were in at the time, and the clerk informed them that "the editors not being in, he could give no definite answer." They left and did not return any more that night, but early next morning presented themselves, the editor being present, and requested that he publish the proclamation. He refused to do so, as he would thereby render

himself and his paper obnoxious to the citizens. They again left, but at 10 A. M. appeared with a platoon of soldiers and posted guards at the doors and detailed a squad of printers from their ranks to print said proclamation of said Butler. During yesterday morning the Yanks took possession of Lafayette square for a camp, and of the City Hall, posting guards inside and on the immediate outside of the latter. General Butler also ordered the occupation by his men of the St. Charles Hotel, which the proprietor had closed. Butler has there established his headquarters, and has it thoroughly guarded, and even has four field-pieces planted on the St. Charles street sidewalk. He means to be well protected himself. There are very many troops in the custom-house, and some are also quartered in Lytle's and Beard's warehouses, fronting the levee. Nothing of great moment happened to-day, except that the grand proclamation came out. I have read it and think nothing of it, though there is something in it to which to object. It is written in the regular Butler style of nonsensical bombast. The Ninth regiment of Connecticut volunteers arrived to-day, and they appeared to be a very rough set of fellows, being mostly foreigners. Rumors have been reaching us for several days of a great fight on the Peninsula, and that we have been successful and have cut the invaders to pieces. God be thanked for it, if true. I have two brothers under Magruder, and I pray God they may be safe. Good-night.

P. S.—I forgot to state that the telegraph offices were seized yesterday by the Yanks, and that they also look possession of the Evans House, on Poydras street, to use as a hospital. A couple of Federal officers entered the book-store of Thomas L. White, on Canal street, and asked if they had any copies of the maps of the Mississippi river. The proprietor answered, "Yes, sir." "Well," said they, "we want to buy one. How much is it?" Mr. White mentioned that he did not sell them. They then left, and shortly after appeared with a squad of soldiers and demanded that Mr. White sell them a copy. "Well," said he, "gentlemen, I should like to accommodate you, but there is nothing left of them but their ashes, and that would be of no use to you." Those Yankee officers left at once, feeling rather cheap, I should imagine. To my knowledge, there have been no Union flags displayed by any of our people, and it is to the everlasting honor of the Crescent City. Long live the glorious stars and bars of our beloved South.

[From the *Raleigh (N. C.) State*, November 6, 1895.]

MARTIN'S BRIGADE, OF HOKE'S DIVISION, 1863-64.

In the fall of 1863, Brigadier-General James G. Martin, commanding the district of North Carolina, with headquarters at Kingston, was, by the Secretary of War, directed to organize a brigade from the troops in his district and assume the command for service in the field. This was composed of the Seventeenth North Carolina troops, Colonel William T. Martin; the Forty-second North Carolina troops, Colonel John E. Brown; the Fiftieth North Carolina troops, Colonel George Wortham, and Sixty-sixth North Carolina troops, Colonel A. Duncan Moore.

The brigade staff consisted of Captain Charles G. Elliott, assistant adjutant-general; Major A. Gordon, quartermaster, succeeded by Captain John S. Dancy, assistant quartermaster; Major James DeMille, commissary, succeeded by Captain Lucien D. Starke, assistant commissary sergeant; Lieutenant Theodore Harrell, ordnance officer; Lieutenant William B. Shepard, Jr., aid-de-camp.

Soon afterwards ordered to Wilmington in the department commanded by Major-General W. H. C. Whiting, the brigade was placed in camp near the city, and for several months went through a rigid course of instruction and discipline from "squad drill" to "evolutions of the line," and became as well drilled as a corps of regulars, and as well clothed and equipped as a Confederate brigade could be. No enemy appeared in front of Wilmington, but when General George E. Pickett was sent with his division to Kinston and ordered to attack and recapture Newbern—on the 2d of February, 1864—General Martin was sent from Wilmington on an expedition to cut the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad and destroy the bridge at a village called Shepperdsville, now known as Newport, a few miles west of Morehead City. General Pickett's demonstration was feeble and completely failed, but Martin successfully accomplished the task assigned to him after a very long and fatiguing but energetic march, most skillfully concealed from the enemy, and a spirited battle with the forces protecting the railroad bridge. His force consisted of two regiments of his brigade, the Seventeenth and Forty-second, a squadron of cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Jef-fords, and a battery of artillery, Captain Paris. Finding White Oak river bridge destroyed, General Martin's commissary, Captain Starke,

acted as engineer and quickly constructed with pine trees a sort of dam over the stream, without nails, over which the command passed going and returning. The enemy was surprised, vigorously attacked, driven out of his forts and block houses, abandoned his quarters and lost cannon, arms, and a large quantity of supplies, and many prisoners. The bridge was burned. But as Pickett had failed, Martin was compelled to return to Wilmington.

When the Confederates from Lee's army under General Robert F. Hoke assaulted and captured Plymouth, N. C., after a bloody engagement (with the valuable aid of the iron-clad ram Albemarle, which was built at Edward's Ferry, on Roanoke river, under contract with the Confederate States Navy Department, by Lieutenant Gilbert Elliott, of the Seventeenth North Carolina troops, detached), Martin's Brigade was ordered to relieve Hoke's command, which made another demonstration against Newbern without material results. Soon after this all available forces in the Carolinas and at South Atlantic posts were concentrated at Petersburg and south of the James to resist Butler's army. Martin's Brigade reached Petersburg, and reported to Major-General W. H. C. Whiting, on the 14th of May, 1864. The commanding general, Beauregard, was then fighting Butler's army near Drewry's Bluff, having driven the enemy towards the river Beameg, and planned a great general battle to "bottle him up," and directed Whiting to co-operate. General Whiting's infantry consisted of the brigades of Martin and Wise. He had the valuable assistance of Major-General D. H. Hill, then without a command, and Brigadier-General Roger A. Pryor was serving with him as a mounted scout. As some of General Whiting's staff officers were left in Wilmington, and General Martin had a full staff, he directed me to offer my services to General Whiting, and I rode with him part of the day when his unfortunate failure occurred. Butler's army having seized the main road between Richmond and Petersburg, General Beauregard sent a staff officer by a long detour through Chesterfield county to ride with a battle order to Whiting. I saw General Whiting have the order, and heard him read it. It plainly ordered him to advance from his position, which was then across Swift Creek, on the morning of May 17th, and "move rapidly forward in the direction of the heaviest firing"—along the Petersburg and Richmond road and towards Port Walthall Junction—the point where a road crosses the former, and leads to James river. Had this junction been seized, Butler's army would have been cut off. But General Whiting would not advance

after forming his line of battle, because he did not hear *heavy firing*. There must have been a condition of the atmosphere to prevent it, for the sound of the firing was *not heavy*. From this General Whiting claimed that Beauregard had ceased to fight and feared that he would endanger Petersburg and expose his own right flank—if he moved forward. General Pryor told him he had been seven miles down the Appomattox and there was no enemy to flank him. General Hill, General Martin, and General Wise urged him to go forward, but he would not give the order. There was but a feeble skirmish line of cavalry in our front. The history of the great battle shows that Butler's army retreated by the very road that Whiting could easily have reached and held. General Whiting the next day admitted his blunder—was relieved of the command, and returned to his post at Wilmington. A few days afterwards this brigade and Wise's were placed under the command of General D. H. Hill, and on May 20th, anniversary of the day on our battle-flags, Martin's Brigade was formed on the right of Beauregard's line of battle, with Wise in reserve. After a heavy artillery duel of an hour the charge began from the left, and as the rebel yell came up the line like a tornado, under its inspiration Martin ordered his brigade to forward, guide center, charge!—the Seventeenth on the right, the Forty-second on the left, and the Sixty-sixth in the center.

The General, with Captain L. D. Starke and myself, moved immediately behind the Sixty-sixth, all on foot, the line with great enthusiasm charging through a field of small grain into a pine thicket, where the enemy were strongly entrenched and supported by his artillery. During the charge General Martin ordered me to tell Colonel Moore, of the Sixty-sixth, that his regiment was advancing too rapidly ahead of the right and left, and to preserve the alignment. When I gave the order to Colonel Moore he seized his color, planted the staff upon the ground, and lifted his sword in the air above his head—the well-known signal—and his command *halted*, *dressed on the colors* until the regiments on the right and left came upon the same line, then, with a start, all three sprang forward and rushed upon the enemy's ranks. The foe retreated, and our men held the line, subjected to a severe artillery fire. Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Lamb, of Williamston, N. C., of the Seventeenth North Carolina, sprang on the breastworks, cheering his men, and fell mortally wounded—a most gallant, able, and efficient officer cut off in the flower of his youth. He fell with shouts of victory from his beloved men resounding in his ears. Observing the enemy moving to

our right, General Martin directed me to go to General Hill and ask for troops upon our right flank. Going to the rear, on this errand, I met General Hill coming up with Wise's Brigade, delivered my message, and received his order to direct that brigade to the line at the point of junction with our own, which I did. Our men converted the enemy's works into our own defensive line, Butler being then bottled up at Bermuda Hundreds. We called this action of May 20th the battle of *Howlett's House*, as a Mrs. Howlett lived on the grounds.

In a few days a new division was organized under Major-General Robert F. Hoke, of North Carolina, promoted for his gallant capture of Plymouth and hard-fighting under Beauregard at Drewry's Bluff, and for his great merit, the division being Martin's North Carolina, Clingman's North Carolina, Colquitt's Georgia, and Haggard's South Carolina Brigades of infantry, with Reid's Battalion of artillery. General Hoke hesitated about commanding General Martin, an old soldier, who, as adjutant-general of North Carolina, had commissioned Hoke as a lieutenant, but Martin insisted that he should include his brigade in the new division, and it so remained until the close of the war.

The personal bravery of General Martin in the charge at Howlett's was so conspicuous, and his bearing so cool and inspiring, that his men after the battle carried him around on their shoulders, shouting, "Three cheers for old One Wing," he having left one arm on the field of Cherubusco, in Mexico. Although this disturbed his dignity, it was very gratifying to the General, for his strict and severe discipline had not made the men very affectionate towards him. From this time on he was the object of their admiration, and so was Captain Starke, who acted with great coolness and courage on the field, and also, as commissary, always fed them as well as he possibly could. Captain Starke, in addition to his duties as commissary, acted also as assistant inspector, and in every battle accompanied General Martin, and conveyed his orders with coolness and gallantry.

From this point Hoke's Division marched to Cold Harbor to reinforce Lee, arriving at Turkey Ridge, and taking position on the right of the line, under fire, on the evening of June 2d; Martin's Brigade on the extreme right, the Seventeenth on the left, Forty-second in the center, and Sixty-sixth on the right of the grand army, all digging for dear life, and by next morning completing a fair line of entrenchments.

Breckinridge's Division coming up, one of his brigades, *Echols'*, was put on the right of the Sixty-sixth, and Finnegan's in reserve. Artillery from A. P. Hill's Corps supported our line, firing over our heads. Among these was Major Charles R. Grandy's Battery, Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.

Just at dawn on June 3d the enemy's line advanced. Echols' Virginia Brigade, on our right, *broke and ran away*. General Martin sent me to Colonel Moore with an order to protect his flank by retiring his right wing to the rear. The Sixty-sixth nobly held its ground and fired hotly upon the enemy in front and on the right. Finnegan's Florida men came gallantly to the front and recaptured the trenches from which Echols' men had ingloriously fled. Then the fierce battle raged, of which so much has been written. General Martin cheered his men, and their enthusiasm was great. Mostly armed with smooth-bore muskets, they poured an incessant fusilade of buck and ball into the brave lines that charged and re-charged, and fell, many of them, on our works. The slaughter was terrific. I did not see one man on our side falter. It was a great victory from the start, but deeply saddened by the death of Colonel A. D. Moore, of the Sixty-sixth, killed by a sharpshooter after the charge—a noble, brilliant, gallant young officer.

A few days afterwards, meeting a Federal surgeon under flag of truce while burying the dead in front of Martin's Brigade, he told me that his command—Corcoran's Irish Legion from New York—had but twelve men who escaped death or wounds in that charge, our buck-shot peppering nearly all of them. No men or officers ever made a braver charge than did these Federals on the 3d of June. But the flame of continuous fire from Martin's Brigade was too much for them or any men to overcome, *and our line would not yield an inch*. My position in the centre and on a ridge gave me a splendid view of the grand encounter, and I could see the battle far down to the left. Never will the inspiring sight be effaced from my memory. For about ten days we remained in these trenches, enduring and exchanging the *sharp-shooting* combat, strengthening the works in every way possible, as General Lee fully believed Grant would assault him again at this same point. It was very uncomfortable and beginning to be quite warm and dusty, and good water was scarce. But General Lee caused full rations of *onions* to be issued, causing the men to cheer as if they had gained another victory.

While occupying the trenches at Cold Harbor, our headquarters

being in a ditch a few feet from the line, General Martin had a visit from a General Smith, an engineer officer, serving with the Commander-in-chief, General R. E. Lee. Old army soldiers, they greeted each other familiarly as "Smith" and "Martin." In my presence General Smith said: "Martin, I come to you with a message from General Lee, who desires me to say that he regrets that his duties prevent his calling on you in person to say that he is glad to hear you have come to his army. He directs me to come, not through your major-general, but directly to *you*, to say that he is deeply concerned about this point in the line occupied by your brigade, which he considers the key to his position. He believes that Grant is *massing* his army in your front, preparing to make an attack to carry this point if possible. I am ordered to place eighteen-inch siege-guns in your works, and strengthen them in every way possible, and you must assist me in doing so. And further, as yours is comparatively a *new* brigade, not having seen much hard field service, he desires you to candidly let him know whether you can rely upon your men in case of such a powerful assault. If not, he will relieve your command, and send here another (veteran troops), as he wishes to take no risk whatever at this point."

I well remember General Martin's very earnest reply: "Smith, say to General Lee, with my compliments, that my men are *soldiers*, and he has no brigade in his army that will hold this place any longer than they will. I know them, and do not fear their giving way. But tell him further that, in my judgment, he is mistaken. Grant is withdrawing his army from our front and going to City Point, and General Lee should at once return Hoke's Division to General Beauregard for the defense of Petersburg. Grant is going to attack Richmond from the rear, as the Army of the Potomac should have done long ago."

General Smith replied: "No, Martin, our information is different, and General Lee expects another attack right *here*." So our command went to work to strengthen the line and place *abattis* in front of it and prepare for the attack, which *never came*. History records that Beauregard was urging the War Department to send him Hoke's Division *at that very time*, and also begging General Lee for the same, as he looked for Grant to attack Petersburg. But we remained there several days until the enemy *disappeared* from our front, and then, after some hesitation, doubt and delay, we were suddenly hurried to Petersburg.

If Hancock had not been disabled by wounds from commanding

his corps, he would have occupied Petersburg before Hoke could reach Beauregard. But fortunately for our side, Major-General *Smith* commanded Grant's advance, and the small band under Wise, Ferebee, Graham, and others, *heroically* held the enemy at bay until our arrival. Our division crossed the James on a pontoon bridge near Drewry's Bluff, and my brigade took the shortest cut, through fields and dusty roads, and reaching the Appomattox, crossed the bridge after midnight and moved out on the City Point road. Bushrod Johnson's Division had also been ordered there, but when we marched out *there was not a Confederate line between the city and the Federal army*. I walked with General Hoke down a ditch to within a few yards of the Federal pickets and saw no Confederates. Our men could not be formed in line for the immediate night attack ordered by General Beauregard, but fell asleep on the ground from *sheer exhaustion*. By early dawn they were aroused to meet the fierce onslaughts of Grant's army, so graphically described by General Beauregard in an article entitled "Four Days of Battle at Petersburg, June 15, 16, 17, and 18, 1864."

In these great defensive battles General Martin and his brigade displayed a courage, fortitude, endurance, and discipline unsurpassed by any. They held every position assigned them and fought with great coolness and enthusiasm, and when Beauregard retired to his new line they marched in perfect order, and after a few days occupied the salient in front of Hare's house, called by the enemy Fort Steadman—our salient being called *Colquitt's*, as his brigade held it jointly with ours. Before the siege had progressed very far General Martin showed physical weakness under the severe strain and exposure, and was relieved of command and assigned to command the District of Western North Carolina, with headquarters at Asheville. Later he applied to the Secretary of War, through me, for my transfer to his staff at Asheville. But I decided to remain with the brigade and share its fortunes for good or ill. Malarial fevers, diarrhoea, scurvy, and other diseases, hard guard duty every night for every man and casualties from shot and shell, soon thinned the ranks of our brigade, although Colquitt shared our hardships, relieving us three days in each week. This life in the trenches was awful—beyond description. The lines were nearer together than elsewhere, and the sharpshooters never ceased firing, while the mortar shells rained down upon us incessantly day and night. Finally, at the "headquarters" of the brigade—a hole in our embankment—I was left the only staff officer, and the brigade was commanded by one of

the junior captains of the Seventeenth regiment, Captain George B. Daniel, of Granville county, N. C., all the field officers being "*hors de combat*." I sent for Major-General Hoke and told him the hazardous situation, and he sent to command us Colonel Zachary, of the Twenty-seventh Georgia, of Colquitt's Brigade, an amiable and very brave officer, with whom my relations were very pleasant. I was feeble from exposure, but did not leave the men for a single day. How I survived all this I do not know. In August General W. W. Kirkland, a North Carolinian, was permanently placed in command of the brigade, relieving Colonel Zachary. Kirkland had commanded a brigade in Heth's Division, but was disabled by a wound at Bristow Station, and General William McRae took his place as brigadier. When Kirkland got well he came to us. He made no change in the staff, except to bring an aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Albert Stoddard, of Savannah, a relative of Kirkland's wife, who was a niece of Lieutenant-General W. J. Hardee. He was very courteous and agreeable at all times, and he became greatly attached to his brigade.

In September our division was relieved from guarding the hard lines they had held, and moved out of the trenches. During the fall and winter of 1864 we were attached to Longstreet's Corps in the works on north side of the James near Chaffin's Bluff. There we built winter-quarters and had some rest. Clingman's Brigade and Colquitt's were in the attack on Fort Harrison made by General Lee to recover that strong position, without success, but we were not engaged. We were marched under Longstreet around Grant's right flank on the Darbytown and Charles City roads, and had some fighting but not very severe.

General Lee gave orders that the earthworks should be strengthened and the camp carefully policed. He rode along the line almost daily. One day he halted on our line and sent for General Kirkland. I rode up with the latter to meet our chief. He asked Kirkland for some couriers and sent for the other generals of the corps. When they came up he pointed to our camp and works and said: "Gentlemen, this is the only brigade that has obeyed my instructions. I wish you to make your camp and line conform to this one. General Kirkland, I am glad to see the condition of your command." Kirkland, flushed with pride, thanked General Lee for the compliment to his brigade, but added that its high state of efficiency was due to its former commander, General Martin, and he had only tried to maintain the command as he found it. A manly statement from

a gallant soldier! General Lee replied: "General Martin is one to whom North Carolina owes a debt she will never pay." I told this to General Martin after the war, and the old general said he would like to have that saying recorded. It was said in my hearing, and made me proud also. General Lee was fond of General Martin, but I believe President Davis was not, owing to a difference in the old army.

During its eight months' service in Virginia this brigade, under Martin and Kirkland, in the armies of Beauregard and Lee, was as effective, as brave, laborious and faithful as any brigade in the army, and its losses from casualties and disease was very heavy. Almost continuously under fire, it never failed in attack, and was never driven from its position by the enemy. This testimony is cheerfully given by one who was never absent a single day from its front line, having never been disabled by wound or sickness, and is proud to have shared all of its hardships, exposure, and dangers.

Our division commanders were Whiting, D. H. Hill, and Hoke. Corps commanders—Lieutenant-Generals R. H. Anderson and Longstreet.

General D. H. Hill impressed me as a zealous, unselfish patriot and great soldier, who knew not fear and shrank from no duty. His Christian faith was unbounded. He could always be found at the most dangerous place in the line, doing what he could to encourage and also protect the men.

Hoke, as a division commander, was the peer of any in the army. Conspicuous for his bravery, coolness, and good judgment, the youngest major-general in the army, his rapid promotion from the grade of lieutenant was due alone to his gallant and meritorious conduct and *fitness to command*.

Hoke had many able officers and men under him who have been distinguished in public life since the war. Jarvis, of Clingman's Brigade; Colquitt, of Georgia, and Hagood, of South Carolina, were Governors of their respective States at the same time. One of his gallant young staff officers, Captain S. B. Alexander (taken from the Forty-second North Carolina troops) has honorably represented his county in the Legislature and his District in Congress, and at the same session of the latter Lieutenant W. A. B. Branch, one of Hoke's aides, son of the hero L. O'B. Branch, was his colleague. Lieutenant A. Leazer, of the Forty-second North Carolina troops, and Adjutant George H. Rose, of the Fiftieth North Carolina troops, were both Speakers of the General Assembly of North Carolina.

To the field officers of the regiments was largely due the efficiency of Martin's Brigade. Colonel William F. Martin, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Sharpe, Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Lamb, and Major Lucius J. Johnson, of the Seventeenth; Colonel John E. Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Bradshaw, and Major T. J. Brown, of the Forty-second; Colonel A. D. Moore, Colonel John H. Nethercutt, Lieutenant-Colonel Clement G. Wright, and Major David S. Davis, of the Sixty-sixth, were each and all brave, intelligent, faithful, and true under all circumstances. Nearly all of these are now "resting from their labors."

This communication will be followed by a sketch of the operations of Kirkland's Brigade in North Carolina.

Respectfully,

CHARLES G. ELLIOTT,

Late Captain and A. A. G.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, January 26, 1896.]

THE DONALDSONVILLE ARTILLERY AT THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Editor Picayune:

When, in the middle of that dark night, we heard the signal of those three guns fired in rapid succession, we hastened to take the position on the line which had been assigned to us. At the same time the enemy opened a brisk cannonade, which lasted only a few minutes. Evidently he was already up and getting ready for that battle which was to make the 13th of December, 1862, so memorable.

Of the 190,000 men thus awakened before the sun had risen, 2,145 were going to die before that sun would set.

Our six guns had been posted in extended order. One was placed on Marye's Hill, immediately on the left of the plank road leading to Fredericksburg. Immediately on the right of that road stood our old friends, the Washington Artillery. About four hundred yards to the left was our Gun No. 4.

This gun was a United States three-inch rifle, captured in one of the battles around Richmond. It still bore, written on its stock, the name of General George A. McCall, who was made prisoner in the same battle, together with many of his men.

The pit in which this gun had been placed was on the crest of a hill projecting considerably in advance of a straight continuation of our line. Between this hill and the town the ground was boggy, and there was no infantry nor artillery in our immediate front—nothing but Mrs. Washington's tomb offering food for meditation, which few, if any, indulged in at that time.

As the heavy fog of that morning disappeared we beheld the enemy debouching from the town, forming in line and marching bravely to the attack. Until we saw them advancing, we had no idea of the splendid position of that gun. It could enfilade them as easy as rolling off a log—and it did it with a hearty good will.

The enemy was not slow in perceiving this, and to silence that gun became object worthy of their attempt. To accomplish this the heavy guns on Stafford's heights began to pay us their respects. If only one of their shells had fallen in our pit it would have silenced many a voice besides that of our gun. Fortunately for us none did, but unfortunately for the infantry supporting us, some did fall among them, as usual, and killed many.

Presently a battery of six guns sallied forth from the town, and appearing in our front, began to play on us. We let it play on, preferring the enfilading game, which was more interesting and more profitable. According to General Ransom's report this battery was reinforced by another of four guns. We did not count them.

A little later a number of sharpshooters from many windows before us began to send us those little bullets which kill more men than your big cannon balls. These guns soon got the range on us to such a fine point that almost every shot hit the epaulement of our pit and ricochetted over our heads. We had now to load and fire kneeling.

We then beheld a grand spectacle. Instead of falling back, like all its predecessors before the rapid and well-directed fire of the Washington Artillery and our double line of infantry, one regiment kept on advancing in the face of this storm of lead and iron.

It kept on advancing until it had reached a declivity at the foot of Marye's Hill, where the men squatted in comparative security. What followed is more than your humble servant can describe. He will, therefore, let the naked facts speak for themselves.

Having rested a moment, the commanding officer ascended that declivity, followed by his color-bearer, and within pistol-shot of the star-spangled cross the star-spangled banner waved defiantly. Rais-

ing his sword, he called aloud, urging his men to follow their flag. But the flag had gone too far and they did not follow. Before so much bravery anger seemed to give way to admiration, and of those thousand muskets still warm with the fire which had thinned his ranks, there was but one that had the courage to fire—and the color-bearer fell.

He was, doubtless, killed in conformity with the usages of civilized warfare. Nevertheless we were sorry to see him fall, and the body of that dead enemy, lying beside the flag he had so bravely carried, formed an image which rose far above that of the living who had killed him.

If anything can ever bring reconciliation between such foes, it is the respect which such bravery must ever command.

The flag did not remain long on the ground. A man stepped forward and raised it. For several minutes these two men stood on the hill, looking defiantly in the very eyes of death which glared at them from every muzzle of a thousand guns. Despairing to bring his men to the assault, the officer and his solitary companion finally returned to the shelter offered by the declivity at the foot of the hill, and the threatened charge was not attempted again.

In the meantime, General Longstreet, who had seen this advance and shelter behind that hill, apprehended the very assault which was attempted a few minutes later, and perceiving that this gun of ours was the only one that could reach it, he sent Major Osman Latrobe, ordering the commanding officer thereof to direct his fire against that body of the enemy in order to dislodge it.

But to execute this order, it was necessary, first of all, to move the gun out of the pit, because it could not be depressed within range of the objective point without bringing the muzzle below the epaulement and against the wall of the pit. And to take it out at this moment was tantamount to sending it, with its whole detachment, to almost certain destruction without hardly any hope of success. But even to move it out could not be done unless it were done between shots, and to do this between shots was almost impossible, because these shots were following each other so rapidly that they shut us down, as it were, under solid bars of iron projectiles.

So far we had had a pic-nic. So far it had been child's play. But now our cannoneers had before them work fit to try any man's soul! And, thank God, they did it like men whose souls had been tried.

It is simple justice to say there was not a man who went out of that pit without believing he was going out to die—and yet they went without hesitation.

And they succeeded in getting that gun out; but, alas! they did not succeed in getting out between shots, for as they merged above ground the next shot came and, bursting in their midst, killed as good and brave a man as ever lived—Claudius Linossier.

Wonderful to relate, it killed no other, wounded none, and left our gun uninjured and ready to do its duty. And well did it do its duty, for our good gunner, Tomasso Morelli, did not miss a single shot, which, even now, we can see plowing those brave men huddled up behind that hill.

By taking that gun on the open hill it had been raised about three feet above and moved some twenty feet to the right of its former position. Our opponents, therefore, had to alter their aim accordingly. Before they recovered it our men had time to fire five rounds, giving their undivided attention to the task assigned them, not noticing the ten guns, the sharpshooters, and the heavy guns, whose shots were plowing the ground around them.

The gun was loaded for the sixth time when the first shot that struck it knocked it down and wounded nearly every man except Major Latrobe, our young lieutenant and No. 5, who was getting the seventh round from an ammunition chest in the pit.

In connection with this triangular fight, two facts are worthy of note. The first shell that struck us killed but one man and wounded none; the second wounded several but killed none. This is not an isolated case. Engaged in as many battles as any battery in the service, the Donaldsonville artillery lost less men than any. Some may call this chance, but we give it a better and a holier name.

Of all our wounded, Dernon Le Blane was the only one who could not walk. We carried him back to our pit, which we found quite comfortable. One of his heels had been shot off. Not less brave than Achilles, he was more fortunate, for that heel cost him only one foot.

With a face all bloody from a wound in the head, Morelli recollected that the gun was loaded. He went out and fired it. If it was no longer well aimed it was at least pointing in the right direction. We do not know what was the result of this last shot fired by a wounded Confederate from a disabled Yankee gun.

To Major Latrobe, who put his shoulder to the wheel to help us take out the gun, and who stood by us all the while, cheering us

with his presence and his words, the Donaldsonville Artillery owes much of the honor which this action added to its name.

After all, history and official reports to the contrary notwithstanding, we did not dislodge that enemy, who only hugged the ground more closely and stole away after dark.

If we did not succeed, we had the satisfaction of having tried.

R. PROSPER LANDRY.

[From the Rockbridge County *News*, November 28, 1895.]

J. E. B. STUART.

[The following tribute to General Stuart appeared in the London *Index* soon after his death. It is republished now in the County *News*, by request, from a copy of the original paper.]

Since the death of Stonewall Jackson, the Confederacy has sustained no heavier loss than has befallen her in the untimely close of the brilliant career of Major-General James E. B. Stuart. No two men could have been more opposite types of the soldier—Jackson, the earnest, devoted patriot, taking up arms as a last resort, clinging, even on the eve of the most terrible battles, to the hope of peace, struggling between the dictates of duty towards the land of his birth and the impulses of a nature averse to strife, but terrible in the field, and leading on his troops with that fiery zeal which made the soldiers of the Commonwealth invincible; Stuart, the gallant cavalier, a warrior by instinct, of that fine metal which made Prince Rupert's horsemen, who in their pride of loyalty made even Cromwell's Ironsides recoil from their furious onslaught. Both born leaders of men, and inspiring their followers with the same confidence and devotion, they trod the same path, fought the same fight, and have shared the same fate—struck down in the front of the battle at the moment of victory, with the cheers of triumph ringing in their ears a fitting requiem. This terrible war demands cruel sacrifices. The noblest and the best freely offer up their lives to it. Let us hope that as Stonewall Jackson's memory is illustrated forever by the glorious victory of Chancellorsville, so the death of this young Virginian hero will hereafter record another, and even a more decisive triumph, and that the final despair of the North will date from the fierce struggle now disfiguring the valleys and the woodlands of Spotsylvania.

We have said that James E. B. Stuart was a warrior by instinct, and his whole life shows it. He was a born soldier. From his youth he was noted for a daring enthusiasm which gave promise of what the man would be; and his genius soon showed itself, even in the limited sphere afforded by the wilds of New Mexico. It was in 1854 that young Stuart received his commission in the United States army as second lieutenant in a mounted rifle corps. A year later he was transferred to the first regular cavalry, with General Johnston, now commanding the Confederate army in Georgia, as his lieutenant-colonel, and Sumner, who died lately in the Federal service as colonel. Under him, now fighting with tribes of hostile Indians, now beating up groups of marauding banditti, Stuart laid the foundation of that reputation as a dashing cavalry officer which he has since established on the plains of his native State. And amongst the officers of that famous regiment there is many a tradition of Stuart's bold riding and dashing charges. When the present war broke out he ceased to hold a commission in the United States army, notwithstanding the offer of a captaincy by Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, and was one of the first officers appointed to the command of a Virginia cavalry regiment. At the battle of Bull Run he was placed at the head of the small cavalry force co-operating with Johnston, and in the desultory fighting which took place in Virginia after that battle, he at once established that superiority of the Confederate cavalry over their opponents, which, despite heavy odds and many obvious disadvantages, has never been doubtful in Virginia. His first great exploit, however, and the one which brought him at once into note as one of the best cavalry leaders of the day, was his famous ride around McClellan's army in the Peninsula in the month of June, 1862. With a force of about 600 sabres and two pieces of flying artillery, he sallied out from the Confederate lines at Richmond, reached the Pamunkey, destroying supplies, making captures, and creating consternation wherever he went; clearing all obstacles, charging wherever an enemy presented himself, and finally crossing the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge, after having ridden round McClellan's enormous army, and ascertaining all that was necessary for the execution of that brilliant movement which resulted in the defeat of McClellan and his ultimate withdrawal from the Peninsula.

Once again Stuart was the herald of disaster to the army of the Potomac, in the month of August, 1862, when General Pope was in command. With a comparatively small force he made a dash upon the right flank of the enemy, penetrating to the headquarters of

General Pope, capturing all his papers, his dress uniform, several of the officers of his staff, and destroying a vast amount of military stores. On this occasion, as in the Peninsula, his bold raid was but the precursor of Stonewall Jackson's attack. In both cases it was Stuart who led the way and Jackson who struck the blow, and it may be doubted whether the dashing cavalry raid or the brilliant infantry attack had more to do with the successful result. Later in the same year Stuart performed a still greater feat.

Whilst McClellan was pursuing Lee southward after the battle of Antietam creek, Stuart, with 2,000 picked troopers and half a dozen light guns, stole round the right wing of the Federals, crossed the Potomac a little north of Williamsport, entered Maryland, passed rapidly through Mercersburg and Chambersburg, and finally recrossed the Potomac about fifteen miles from Washington, far to the left of McClellan's army, with the loss of one killed and seven wounded. The result of his raid was the capture of a number of prisoners, the destruction of vast stores of supplies and arms, and the transfer to Virginia of two or three thousand valuable horses. By this time, however, the Yankees had taken a lesson from Stuart's successes, and had raised a considerable cavalry force. Well mounted and equipped, the Federal troops made up in numbers what they wanted in the qualities of good cavalry soldiers; and henceforth the work of Stuart was more confined to the ordinary duties of cavalry in European wars—to the protection of the flanks of the main army. In the years 1863 and 1864 he had plenty to do. By degrees the Federals had got together a considerable force, and Burford, Kilpatrick and Pleasonton were commanders not to be despised. Still, on all occasions, Stuart with inferior forces held his own, and often inflicted considerable damage on the invaders. During the winter of 1863 and the early months of the present year, he had been engaged in organizing his force for the campaign of 1864, and it is understood that it had attained a remarkable degree of efficiency. In the few cavalry encounters that have taken place between Lee's and Grant's armies, the Confederate cavalry, always inferior in numbers, has invariably come off triumphant, and it is to General Stuart it owes its superiority. A skirmish near Richmond with General Sheridan's raiding column has unfortunately cost Stuart his life, and the Confederacy her best cavalry officer. But it is satisfactory to know that on this last occasion, as before, Stuart's horse was victorious, and that though a stray shot struck their young leader to the ground, it was amid the cheers which told of the enemy's repulse and flight.

He is dead at the early age of thirty-three, perhaps the first cavalry officer of his day; but he had lived long enough to have given a marked character to Confederate strategy and to have organized a cavalry service which has over and over again been the bulwark of the Confederacy. Forrest, Morgan, VanDorn, older men, were pupils in his school; and amongst the heroes of the war his name will worthily take its place beside those of Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Personally, J. E. B. Stuart will be, perhaps, more widely lamented than any Confederate general who has fallen. His noble features and manly figure, his easy carriage and fine seat, his never-failing spirits, his personal gallantry, his daring enthusiasm, his unfailing devotion, endeared him to his men and all who knew him. They will hear no more the ringing "charge" that made every man of them grip his saddle more closely and clench his hand more firmly on his sword hilt. They will never see again the gleaming blade that so often led them safely through the thickest of the fight. But his memory will be one more prize to the chivalry of the South, and his loss will be avenged. But somewhere in Virginia there is a home that will know this fearless soldier no more, and there will be sorrow that cannot be comforted. God grant that the days of peace be not far distant and that the blood of this Virginian here, sprung from a race of kings, and in his death worthily redeeming the splendid memories of an ancient dynasty, has not been poured out in vain.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, January 26—February 2, 1896.]

EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Address of Colonel Charles Marshall,

**Before the Confederate Veteran Association of Washington, D. C.,
on its Celebration of the Birth-Day of General R. E. Lee,
January, 1896.**

The *Dispatch* has secured for publication the address of Colonel Charles Marshall, delivered before the Confederate Veteran Association of Washington, D. C., on the occasion of the Association's celebration of General Lee's birth-day. Colonel Marshall, as is well known, was a member of General Lee's personal staff. His

theme was the events that led up to the battle of Gettysburg, and the facts he gave bear upon the responsibility for the disaster. Below is presented the first instalment of the address, which will be concluded next Sunday. Colonel Marshall said :

In casting about for a subject on which to address you on this occasion, it seemed to me that I could select nothing more interesting than an account of the movements of General Lee's army which resulted in the battle of Gettysburg. I shall not attempt to describe the battle itself, but I think the movements and events which I shall narrate will be found to have had a controlling influence not only in bringing on the engagement, but in determining the result, so far as that result was affected by the circumstances under which the battle was fought. Although it is true that "the battle is not always to the strong," it is equally true that no force, however strong, can dispense with the precautions that will enable it to put forth its entire strength, and to avail itself of all the aid it can get from advantages of position and of the mode of attack or defence.

I propose to consider the subject in the light of the knowledge possessed by the actors in the events I shall describe, and not in the light of our present knowledge, and shall endeavor to confine myself to the contemporaneous reports and correspondence of those who took leading parts, in the latter of which especially can be found an authentic and trustworthy record of the reasons and motives that controlled their conduct, and of the knowledge of facts upon which their judgments were formed. In other words, I desire to present to you the facts, not as they actually were, but as they appeared at the time to those who were called upon to direct the affairs of which I shall speak.

All who have read what has been written by some of those who took a prominent part in the events of that time will not fail to observe how much the writers are influenced in their judgment of the conduct of others, not to say in their accounts of what they themselves did or advised, by after-acquired information of the facts. Indeed, some of these writers, especially when they are autobiographers, have developed a degree of military capacity, judgment, and skill, when writing in the light of their present knowledge of facts, which has astounded those who knew them when they were obliged to act upon information derived from the picket-line, from reconnoisances, from scouts, from citizens, from deserters, and other sources of knowledge upon which those in charge of military movements are

often obliged to depend. Those who enjoy the great advantage of a full knowledge of facts in writing of what they advised or did, it will be seen, are usually very positive, and are always right; but so far as what is called the truth of history is concerned, their narratives of what they advised or planned or of what they did, it must be confessed, sometimes do violence to the actual facts.

These writers remind me of something that General Lee once said to me.

While the Confederate army lay on the Rapidan, in the winter of 1863, a report reached General Lee that a change had been made in the disposition of his troops by the enemy on the other side of the river, opposite the extreme right of our line, which, if true, required a corresponding change on our part. He sent me to General Ewell, who commanded on our right, to inform him of the report, and instruct him to make a change in the disposition of the troops to meet that reported on the part of the enemy.

It was a long ride, as General Ewell had heard the same report and had gone to our extreme right, several miles below his headquarters. But when I found him he told me that he had already heard the report, but had discovered that it was incorrect, and that the enemy had made no change. Of course, I did not give him General Lee's order as to changing the location of his troops.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

I reached our camp about dark and reported what General Ewell had told me and said that I had withheld General Lee's order about changing the position of the troops. General Lee expressed his satisfaction, and told me to get ready for dinner as there were one or two foreign officers to dine with us. I sat at the lower end of a long table in the mess tent, and after dinner conversation became general, and the subject of the report I have mentioned and of my expedition to General Ewell was referred to.

General Lee, with an amused expression, suddenly called to me from his end of the table:

"Colonel Marshall, did you know General Twiggs?"

I replied that I had never met General Twiggs, but that I knew something of him from the history of the Mexican war. General Lee then said: "General Twiggs had a way of instilling instruction that was very effective, and no one ever forgot a lesson taught by him. When he went to Mexico he had a number of young officers

connected with his staff who were without experience but very zealous and desirous to do their duty thoroughly. Sometimes they undertook to change General Twiggs' orders, and would fail to do what he told them to do, or would do it not as the general had ordered it to be done. If General Twiggs remarked upon such liberties being taken with his orders, these gentlemen were always ready to show that they were right and that General Twiggs' order was wrong.

"The General bore with this without complaint or rebuke for some time, but one day a young officer came to report his execution of an order General Twiggs had given him, and reported that when he reached the place where the thing ordered by General Twiggs was to be done, he had found that circumstances were so entirely different from what General Twiggs had supposed that he thought that the General would not have given the order had he known the facts, and was proceeding to satisfy General Twiggs that what the young officer had done was the best under the circumstances. But General Twiggs interrupted him by saying: 'Captain, I know you can prove that you are right, and that my order was wrong, in fact you gentlemen are always right, but for God's sake do wrong sometimes.'"

Although General Lee was satisfied with what I had done on this occasion, he wished to impress the lesson of a literal obedience to orders on my mind, and you may be sure that I never forgot it, when it was possible to refer any doubtful matter back to him for further instructions.

So I think if some of the writers of whom I am speaking would put themselves in the position in which they were when the things of which they write occurred, they would not be perhaps as infallible and as far-seeing as they now make themselves appear, but the truth of history would suffer less if they would "do wrong sometimes."

Let us then consider the history of the movements that culminated in the battle of Gettysburg, in the light of the facts as they were known and appeared to General Lee at the time, in order that we may form a judgment of his conduct which will be more just to him than if that conduct be judged as if he knew what we now know.

Of course, this involves the inquiry as to the accuracy of his knowledge, as to the means he took to inform himself, and as to the discernment he showed in arriving at the truth from a consideration of such facts as were brought to his attention. I think one of the most striking traits of General Lee's mind was his ability to form a correct judgment from all the facts and circumstances that came to

his knowledge. This was strikingly illustrated in several important movements. For example, he decided the critical question as to the withdrawal of the Confederate army from Richmond after the battles around that city, in 1862, leaving the large army of General McClellan almost within cannon-shot of the city, trusting to the correctness of his interpretation of a single circumstance and of his estimate of the enterprise of his opponent.

When General McClellan was forced to abandon his fortified position on the Chickahominy and retire to Harrison's landing, on the James, his army was too strong to be left within thirteen miles (as the crow flies) from Richmond, while the army that defended the city moved northward, if there was any reason to apprehend that the Federal commander intended to renew the attempt to capture the place. Immediately after the withdrawal of General McClellan from the Chickahominy to the James, General Lee had dispatched General Jackson, with his own command and that of General Ewell, followed by that of General A. P. Hill, northward to meet the army of General Pope, then advancing along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Jackson was instructed to cross the Rapidan and attack Pope's advance.

Among other consequences of the defeat of General McClellan before Richmond, Federal troops had been drawn to his support from various other parts of the country, and among them was a large part of the force under General Burnside, on the North Carolina coast. These troops arrived in Hampton Roads and lay there in transports. Upon them the attention of General Lee was immediately concentrated. Their movements would decide his. If they sailed up the James to reinforce McClellan, the latter, being reinforced, intended to renew the attack on Richmond, and General Lee must remain there. If, on the other hand, Burnside sailed up the Chesapeake, McClellan, not being reinforced, did not intend to renew his attempt, but the real attack on Richmond must be looked for from the army of General Pope.

LEE'S ACCURATE INTERPRETATION.

Our scouts reported at last that the transports of Burnside had sailed up the Chesapeake, and that night the troops of Longstreet left Richmond and moved northward to the Rapidan, leaving General McClellan at Harrison's landing, with the confident expectation on the part of General Lee that the northward movement of his army would lead to the withdrawal of the Federal army from the

James. How accurate General Lee's interpretation of Burnside's movement was we now know, and from that time until some time after the Second Battle of Manassas he practically directed the movements of the Federal army by his own. Another instance of his wonderful capacity in penetrating the intentions of the enemy occurred at Fredericksburg before the Battle of Chancellorsville in 1863. The enemy displayed a large force in our front on the Stafford side of the river, and at the same time another force with infantry and artillery was reported to be on the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg, in our rear. For several days it was doubtful from which quarter the attack would come, but on the afternoon of April 30th, General Lee, after a long examination of the large force displayed on the opposite hills of Stafford, suddenly closed his field-glass and remarked, "The main attack will come from above." Within a few hours Jackson's corps was marching towards the illustrious field of Chancellorsville, and its great leader to his last and crowning victory.

I will now proceed to give an account of the movements which began on the 3d of June, 1863.

The Federal army was opposite Fredericksburg, where it could not be attacked, except at a disadvantage, and we are told by General Lee that the object of his movement was to draw that army from its position, and, if practicable, to transfer the scene of hostilities beyond the Potomac. He also says that "the execution of this purpose embraced the expulsion of the force under General Milroy, which had infested the lower Shenandoah Valley during the preceding winter and spring. If unable to obtain the valuable results which might be expected to follow a decided advantage gained over the enemy in Maryland or Pennsylvania, it was hoped that we should at least so far disturb his plan for the summer campaign as to prevent its execution during the season of active operations."

The commands of Longstreet and Ewell were put in motion on the 3d of June in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse. On the 5th of June, as soon as their march was discovered by the enemy, he threw a small force across the Rappahannock about two miles below Fredericksburg, and it was thought prudent to halt the command of General Ewell until the object of that movement could be ascertained, but the movement itself, as General Lee says in a letter dated June 7, 1863, "was so devoid of concealment" that he supposed that its object was to ascertain what troops remained near Fredericksburg, and after watching the enemy during the next day,

and finding that no advance was made, and that the force displayed on the Stafford side of the river was not larger than could be dealt with in case it should cross by the corps of A. P. Hill, General Ewell was directed to resume his march, and he and Longstreet on the 7th encamped around Culpeper Courthouse.

ORDERS TO EWELL.

Knowing by past experience the sensitiveness of the Government of the United States to any demonstration in the direction of Washington by way of the Valley, he then ordered General Ewell to move from Culpeper Courthouse to Winchester, to attack the enemy in the Valley, and drive him across the Potomac. The appearance of Ewell in the Valley and his attack on the enemy at Winchester and Berryville resulted, as General Lee had expected, in the disappearance of the Federal army from the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, and A. P. Hill, in accordance with his instructions, immediately took up his march to join General Lee.

In order to cover Hill's movement, Longstreet, with his corps, was directed to advance along the east side of the Blue Ridge, threatening Washington, with a view to induce the enemy to place his army in a position to cover that city, and to divert him from A. P. Hill.

Longstreet left Culpeper Courthouse on the 15th of June, and occupied Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps, in the Blue Ridge. General Stuart, with three brigades of cavalry, moved on Longstreet's right, and took possession in front of the two gaps. The cavalry brigades of Hampton and W. E. Jones remained along the Rappahannock and Hazel rivers, in front of Culpeper Courthouse, with instructions to follow the main body of the army as soon as Hill's Corps had passed that point.

There was much skirmishing between the cavalry of the two armies during the next three days, General Stuart taking a position west of Middleburg, where he awaited the rest of his command. General Jones arrived on the 19th, and General Hampton on the afternoon of the following day.

On the 21st Stuart was attacked by infantry and cavalry, and forced to fall back to the gaps of the mountains. The enemy retired the next day, having advanced only a short distance beyond Upper-ville. The Federal army was apparently guarding the approaches

to Washington, and manifested no disposition to assume the offensive. In the meantime the progress of Ewell, who was already in Maryland with Jenkins's Cavalry Brigade, advanced into Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg, rendered it necessary that the rest of the army should be within supporting distance, and Hill, having arrived in the Valley, Longstreet was withdrawn to the west side of the Shenandoah, and the two corps encamped near Berryville. General Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes with part of his command as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and with the remainder to cross into Maryland and place himself on the right of General Ewell, as he moved northward.

General Stuart, having suggested that he could delay the enemy in crossing the Potomac by going in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge, but he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he perceived that the enemy was moving northward.

As the movement of the cavalry at this time has been much discussed, and perhaps had more to do with the events that immediately followed than any other circumstance, I shall confine myself in stating those movements to the contemporaneous orders and correspondence.

A GREAT ERROR.

That a great error was committed in the movements of General Stuart cannot be questioned. The object of the movement proposed by him in the rear of the enemy was to strike the line of the latter, who was then marching towards the Potomac from opposite Fredericksburg, his line of march being east of the Bull Run Mountains, and it will be observed that while General Stuart had the discretion to cross the Potomac river, either east or west of the Blue Ridge, his instructions to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward were imperative.

The Federal army was assembling in Loudoun, and for the purpose of ascertaining our movements, strong reconnoissances were made by his cavalry, sometimes supported by infantry.

After the affair at Upperville, on the 21st of June, Stuart remained on the east of the Blue Ridge, in front of Longstreet, one division

of whose corps had been recalled from the west of the Shenandoah river, to aid the cavalry at the time of the attack at Middleburg.

General Longstreet remained on the east of the Blue Ridge, while the headquarters of the army were moved to the west of the Shenandoah, near Berryville. The following letter from General Lee to General Stuart, written on the 22d of June, will explain the condition of affairs at that time :

“ HEADQUARTERS, June 22d, 1863.

“ Major-General J. E. B. Stuart :

“ GENERAL,—I have just received your note of 7:45 this morning to General Longstreet. I judge the efforts of the enemy yesterday were to arrest our progress, and ascertain our whereabouts. Perhaps he is satisfied. Do you know where he is, and what he is doing? I fear he will steal a march on us and get across the Potomac before we are aware. If you find that he is moving northward, and that two brigades can guard the Blue Ridge and take care of your rear, you can move with the other three into Maryland and take position on General Ewell’s right. Place yourself in communication with him, guard his flank, keep him informed of the enemy’s movements, and collect all the supplies you can for the use of the army. One column of General Ewell’s army will probably move toward the Susquehanna by the Emmitsburg route, another by Chambersburg. Accounts from him last night stated that there was no enemy west of Frederick. A cavalry force (about 100) guarded the Monocacy bridge, which was barricaded. You will, of course, take charge of (A. G.) Jenkins’s Brigade, and give him necessary instructions. All supplies taken in Maryland must be by authorized staff officers for their respective departments—by no one else. They will be paid for, or receipts for same given to the owners. I will send you a general order on this subject, which I wish you to see is strictly complied with.

“ I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ R. E. LEE, *General.*”

LETTERS TO EWELL.

On the same day General Lee wrote the following letter to General Ewell, who had crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown:

"June 22, 1863.

"Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell:

GENERAL,—Your letter of 6 P. M. yesterday has been received. If you are ready to move you can do so. I think your best course will be towards the Susquehanna, taking the routes by Emmitsburg, Chambersburg, and McConnellsburg. Your trains had better be, as far as possible, kept on the centre route. You must get command of your cavalry, and use it in gathering supplies, obtaining information, and protecting your flanks. If necessary, send a staff officer to remain with General Jenkins. It will depend upon the quantity of supplies obtained in that country whether the rest of the army can follow. There may be enough for your command, but none for the others. Every exertion should, therefore, be made to locate and secure them. Beef we can drive with us, but bread we cannot carry, and must secure it in the country. I send you copies of a general order on this subject, which, I think, is based on rectitude and sound policy, and the spirit of which I wish you to see enforced in your command. I am much gratified at the success that has attended your movements, and feel assured that if they are conducted with the same energy and circumspection it will continue. Your progress and direction will, of course, depend upon the development of circumstances. If Harrisburg comes within your means capture it. General A. P. Hill arrived yesterday in the vicinity of Berryville. I shall move him on to-day, if possible. Saturday Longstreet withdrew from the Blue Ridge. Yesterday the enemy pressed our cavalry with infantry and cavalry on the Upperville road, so that McLaws had to be sent back to hold Ashby's Gap. I have not yet heard from there this morning. General Stuart could not ascertain whether it was intended as a real advance towards the Valley or to ascertain our position.

* * * * *

"I am; with great respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

Later on the same day General Lee wrote the following letter to General Ewell:

"HEADQUARTERS, June 22, 1863—3:30 P. M.

"GENERAL,—I have just received your letter of this morning from opposite Shepherdstown. Mine of to-day authorizing you to move towards the Susquehanna, has reached you ere this. After

dispatching my letter, learning that the enemy had not renewed his attempt of yesterday to break through the Blue Ridge, I directed General R. H. Anderson's Division to commence its march towards Shepherdstown. It will reach there to-morrow. I also directed General Stuart, should the enemy so far have retired from his front as to permit of the departure of a portion of the cavalry, to march with three brigades across the Potomac, and place himself on your right and in communication with you, keep you advised of the movements of the enemy, and assist in collecting supplies for the army. I have not heard from him since. I also directed Imboden, if opportunity occurred, to cross the Potomac and perform the same offices on your left. * * * *

"I am, most respectfully, yours,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

The letter of General Lee to General Stuart of the 22d of June, 1863, giving him specific directions as to his movements, which directions are communicated to General Ewell in General Lee's second letter to that officer of the same date, which I have quoted, was sent by General Lee through General Longstreet, who was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, and under whose immediate command General Stuart was.

I have not a copy of the letter from General Lee to General Longstreet enclosing General Lee's letter to General Stuart, but I have a copy of the letter from General Longstreet to General Lee acknowledging the receipt of the letter of the latter to General Stuart, containing the order which I have mentioned. It is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS, June 22, 1863—7:30 P. M.

"General R. E. Lee, Commanding, etc.:

"GENERAL,—Yours of 4 o'clock this afternoon was received. I have forwarded your letter to General Stuart, with the suggestion that he pass to the enemy's rear, if he thinks he may get through. We have nothing of the enemy to-day.

"Most respectfully,

"JAMES LONGSTREET,
"Lieutenant-General Commanding."

You will observe that the letter of General Lee to General Stuart, which I have quoted, and which General Stuart received through General Longstreet, contained an order to the former, in case he

found that the enemy was moving northward, and that he could protect his rear with two brigades of his force, to move the other three into Maryland and take position on General Ewell's right, place himself in communication with him, guard his flank, and keep him informed of the enemy's movements. This order was sent through General Longstreet, under whose immediate command General Stuart then was, leaving General Longstreet to decide whether the cavalry could be spared to execute the order, and also to direct how it should best move to carry it out in view of the state of things existing when the order was delivered to General Stuart.

WHAT LEE EXPECTED.

The letter of General Lee to General Stuart, however, shows that when it was written General Lee expected that General Stuart would pass with all his cavalry, except two brigades, to the west of the Blue Ridge, and cross the Potomac on that side of the mountains, leaving two brigades in the gaps to guard his rear as long as the enemy threatened to attempt to penetrate through the gaps into the Valley.

The letter of General Lee to General Ewell informing that officer of the order General Lee had given to General Stuart, if General Longstreet decided that Stuart could be spared, shows very clearly that the movement that General Lee assumed would be made by General Stuart was to cross into Maryland, and put himself on the right of General Ewell.

The letter of General Longstreet to General Lee, which I have quoted, acknowledging the receipt of General Lee's letter to General Stuart, states that General Longstreet had forwarded that letter with the suggestion that the latter should pass to the enemy's rear, "if he thinks he can get through."

What General Longstreet calls a "suggestion" was, in effect, an order, as will be seen. It was as follows:

"MILLWOOD, June 22, 1863—7 P. M.

"Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commanding Cavalry:

"GENERAL,—General Lee has enclosed to me this letter for you, to be forwarded to you, provided you can be spared from my front, and provided I think you can move across the Potomac without disclosing our plans. He speaks of your leaving via Hopewell

Gap, and passing by the rear of the enemy. If you can get through by that route, I think you will be less likely to indicate what our plans are than if you should cross by passing to our rear. I forward the letter of instructions with these suggestions. Please advise me of the condition of affairs before you leave, and order General Hampton, whom, I suppose, you will leave here in command, to report to me at Millwood, either by letter or in person, as may be most agreeable to him.

“ Most respectfully,

“ JAMES LONGSTREET,
“ Lieutenant-General.”

N. B.—I think your passage of the Potomac by our rear at the present moment will, in a measure, disclose our plans. You had better not leave us, therefore, unless you can take the proposed route in the rear of the enemy.”

In effect, General Longstreet tells General Stuart that he had better not leave the army unless he could take the proposed route in the “rear of the enemy,” and his “suggestion” substantially amounted to an order to Stuart not to leave the army for the purpose of crossing into Maryland, as directed by General Lee’s letter, unless he could do so by that route.

It will be seen that the order of General Longstreet to General Stuart, contained in the letter of the former, which I have just read, appears to be controlled entirely by the idea that General Stuart was to cross the Potomac in such a way as would best conceal the movements of the Confederate army, but it does not notice the positive instruction contained in General Lee’s letter to General Stuart, should the latter cross the Potomac, to place himself as speedily as possible, after the enemy begun to move northward, upon General Ewell’s right.

You will remember that the order of General Longstreet to General Stuart at the time he sent him General Lee’s letter was that he should proceed by way of the enemy’s rear to reach the Potomac and cross into Maryland. Now, it must be borne in mind that this suggestion contemplated the possibility of the entire detachment of the cavalry from the rest of the army. To obey the order Stuart had to pass through the Bull Run mountains across the enemy’s line of march from opposite Fredericksburg to the Potomac river, if the way was open. That line of march was east of the Bull Run

mountains. The cavalry under Stuart was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, and the enemy was already known to be assembling on the Potomac, in Loudoun, so that General Stuart's march ordered by General Longstreet would take the cavalry east of the Bull Run mountains and bring it to the Potomac river, below where the enemy's army was being concentrated. Of course this might readily prove to be inconsistent with the chief aim of the movement ordered by General Lee, which was that General Stuart should place himself on the right of General Ewell after crossing the river, and there was evident danger that if General Stuart acted under the order of General Longstreet, and the enemy should cross the Potomac before General Stuart, the latter would be separated from General Ewell, who was moving west of the Blue Ridge.

LEE TO STUART AGAIN.

But there is another letter from General Lee to General Stuart, dated on the 23d of June, at 5 P. M., which is as follows:

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
“*June 23, 1863—5 P. M.*

“Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commanding Cavalry:

“GENERAL,—Your notes of 9 and 10:30 A. M. to-day have just been received. As regards the purchase of tobacco for your men, supposing that Confederate money will not be taken, I am willing for your commissaries or quartermasters to purchase this tobacco and let the men get it from them, but I can have nothing seized by the men. If General Hooker's army remains inactive, you can leave two brigades to watch him, and withdraw the three others; but should he not appear to be moving northward I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountains to-morrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day, and move over to Fredericktown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, etc. Give instructions to the commanders of the brigades left behind to watch the flank and rear of the army, and in the event of the enemy leaving their front, retire from the mountains west of the Shenandoah, leaving sufficient pickets to guard the passes and bring in everything clean along the

valley, closing up on the rear of the army. As regards the movements of the two brigades of the enemy moving towards Warrenton, the commander of the brigades to be left in the mountains must do what he can to counteract them, but I think the sooner you cross into Maryland after to-morrow the better. The movements of Ewell's Corps are as stated in my former letter. Hill's First Division will reach the Potomac to-day, and Longstreet will follow to-morrow. Be watchful and circumspect in your movements.

"I am, very respectfully and truly yours,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

This letter was written and received after General Longstreet's letter to General Stuart of the 22d of June, enclosing that of General Lee, with the suggestion or order of General Longstreet as to the movement of General Stuart, of which I have spoken, and is General Lee's last direction to General Stuart before the army left Virginia. It was written and received before General Stuart started on his march "around the rear of the enemy."

It covers the case of the Federal commander remaining inactive, and also of his not moving northward. In the former event Stuart was to leave two brigades to watch him, and with the other three to withdraw, and in the latter event Stuart's whole command was to be withdrawn to-morrow night (the 24th), "this side of the mountain," cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and move towards Fredericktown the next day.

It also leaves Stuart to decide whether he can move around the Federal army (in either of the events mentioned) without hindrance, doing him all the damage he can, and cross east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, Stuart is directed to move on and feel the right of Ewell's Corps, collecting information, etc.

You will see that whether Stuart should cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, as General Lee directed, or in the exercise of the discretion given him to pass around the rear of the enemy and cross the Potomac east of the mountains, he was ordered, unconditionally, "after crossing the river," to move on and "feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information," etc.

This explicit order precluded any movement by Stuart that would prevent him from "feeling the right of Ewell's troops," after crossing the Potomac, and it was the last order General Stuart received before leaving Virginia.

It will also be observed that General Stuart was not permitted to make this movement around the enemy's rear *unless he could pass around the Federal army without hindrance*, and there was the same conditions annexed to the order of General Stuart, as I have shown. In any case, General Stuart, after crossing the Potomac, was to put himself on the right flank of General Ewell, and that any movement on the part of the former which tended to prevent this was entirely inconsistent with General Lee's reiterated instructions.

So, that, under this instruction, General Stuart was practically instructed not to cross the Potomac east of the Federal army, and thus interpose that army between himself and the right of General Ewell.

There were places where the Potomac could be crossed between the enemy's army, at or near Edward's Ferry, and the Blue Ridge, east of the latter, and General Stuart had discretion to use the fords east of the Blue Ridge, but he had no discretion to use any ford that would place the enemy's army between him and the troops of General Ewell.

A MISCONSTRUCTION.

The report of General Stuart of his operations in this campaign states that he had submitted to General Lee a plan of leaving a brigade or two, to use his own language, "in my present front, and passing through Hopewell, or some other gap in Bull Run Mountains, attain the enemy's rear, pass between his main body and Washington, and cross into Maryland, joining our army north of the Potomac.

"The commanding general wrote me, authorizing this move, if I deemed it practicable, and also what instructions should be given the officer in command of the two brigades left in front of the army. He also notified me that one column would move via Gettysburg, the other by Carlisle, towards the Susquehanna, and directed me, after crossing, to proceed with all dispatch to join the right (Early) in Pennsylvania."

There is no such letter as is mentioned by General Stuart contained in the book, in which are found copies of all the other letters of General Lee to him, which I have cited, and it is inconsistent with the other letters I have quoted on the same subject, written by General Lee to him about the same time. But the report of General Stuart evidently refers to the letter of General Lee of June 23d, which I have read. That letter contains the instructions to be given "to the officer in command of the two brigades to be left in front of

the enemy," mentioned in General Stuart's report as being contained in General Lee's letter to him, which he refers to in his report. It also contains the information as to Ewell's movement referred to in the report, and there can be no doubt that General Lee's letter of June 23d, which I have read, is the letter to which General Stuart refers in his report, and that he construed that letter to mean what he there states. If General Lee wrote another letter, in which he gives the same directions as to the instructions to be given the officer in command of the two brigades left in front of the enemy, and in which he informs General Stuart of the movements of Ewell, and which was also inconsistent with his other letters to Stuart, written about the same time, it would be very strange, and the inference is irresistible that General Lee's letter of June 23d is the one to which General Stuart refers in his report, and that he construed that letter to mean what he there states.

That construction, however, is not justified by the letter itself.

General Stuart's report then proceeds as follows: "Accordingly, three days' rations were prepared, and on the night of the 24th the following brigades—Hampton's, Fitz Lee's, and W. H. F. Lee's, rendezvoused secretly near Salem depot. We had no wagons or vehicles, except six pieces of artillery, caissons, and ambulances. Robertson's and Jones's Brigades, under command of the former, were left in observation of the enemy on the usual front, with full instructions as to following up the enemy in case of withdrawal, and rejoining our main army. Brigadier-General Fitz Lee's Brigade had to march from north of Snicker's Gap to the place of rendezvous. At 1 o'clock at night the brigades, with noiseless march, moved out. This precaution was necessary on account of the enemy's having possession of the Bull Run mountains, which in the day-time commanded a view of every movement in consequence of that location. Hancock's Corps occupied Thoroughfare Gap. Moving to the right, we passed through Glasscock's Gap without serious difficulty, and marched for Haymarket. I had previously sent Major Mosby, with some picked men, through to gain the vicinity of Dranesville, and bring intelligence to me, near Gum Spring, to-day." (You will bear in mind that Haymarket is in Prince William county, east of the Bull Run mountains, and that was the first point to which General Stuart directed his march, using Glasscock's Gap in the mountains, Glasscock's Gap being further to the south than Hopewell.) "As we neared Haymarket we found that Hancock's Corps was en route through Haymarket for Gum Spring, his infan-

try well distributed through his trains. * * * As Hancock had the right of way on my road, I sent Fitz Lee's Brigade to Gainesville to *reconnoitre*, and devoted the remainder of the day to grazing our horses, the only forage procurable in the country. The best of our information represented the enemy still at Centreville, Union Mills, and Wolf Run Shoals. I sent a dispatch to General Lee concerning Hancock's movement and moved back to Buckland to deceive the enemy. It rained heavily that night. To carry out my original design of passing west of Centreville would have involved so much detention on account of the presence of the enemy that I determined to cross Bull Run further down and pass through Fairfax for the Potomac the next day. The sequel shows this to have been the only practical course. We marched through Brentsville to the vicinity of Wolf Run Shoals, and had to halt again to graze our horses, which hard-marching, without grain, was fast breaking down. We met no enemy to-day (the 26th). On the following morning (27th), having ascertained that on the night previous the enemy had disappeared entirely from Wolf Run Shoals, a strongly-fortified position on the Occoquan, I marched to that point, and thence directly to Fairfax station, sending General Fitz Lee to the right to cross by Burke station and effect a junction at Fairfax Courthouse, or further on, according to circumstances. * * Reaching Fairfax Courthouse, a communication was received from Brigadier-General Fitz Lee from Avondale. At these two points there were evidences of very recent occupation, but the evidence was conclusive that the enemy had left this point entirely, the mobilized army having the day previous moved over towards Leesburg, while the locals had retired to the fortifications near Washington. I had not heard yet from Major Mosby, but the indications favored my successful passage in the rear of the enemy's army. After a halt of a few hours to rest and refresh the command, which regaled itself on stores left by the enemy in the place, the march was resumed at Dranesville late in the afternoon. The camp-fires at Sedgwick's (Sixth) Corps, just west of the town, were still burning, it having left that morning. * * General Hampton's Brigade was still in the advance, and was ordered to move directly for Rowser's Ford on the Potomac, Chambliss's Brigade being held at Dranesville until Brigadier-General Fitz Lee could close up. As General Hampton approached the river, he fortunately met a citizen who had just forded the river, who informed us that there were no pickets on the other side, and that the river, though fordable, was two feet

higher than usual. Hampton's Brigade crossed early in the night, but reported to me that it would be utterly impossible to cross the artillery at that ford. In this the residents were also very positive that vehicles could not cross. A ford lower down was examined, and found quite as impracticable, from quicksand, rocks, and rugged banks. I determined, however, not to give it up without trial, and before 12 o'clock that night, in spite of the difficulties, to all appearances insuperable, indomitable energy and resolute determination triumphed. Every piece was brought safely over, and the entire command bivouacked on Maryland soil." * * * *

DIFFICULT TO OCCUPY.

I shall not quote further from the report of General Stuart what I have read already, showing that he crossed the Potomac east of the army of General Hooker, so as to render it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for him to comply with the repeated injunctions he had received from General Lee to place himself on Ewell's right as soon as he entered Maryland. The report states that General Stuart, on reaching the Maryland side, ascertained that General Hooker had already crossed the Potomac, and that on the day before (June 27th) his army was at Poolesville, moving towards Fredericktown.

General Stuart appears to have thought that his movement was intended to threaten Washington. He lost much valuable time in pursuing and capturing trains coming from that city to General Hooker's army, but as he moved northward the Federal army was also moving northward on his left, and separating him from the right of the Confederate army, where it was all important that the cavalry should be.

The report says, speaking of the capture of a large train coming from Washington: "The capture and securing of this train had for the time scattered the leading brigade. I calculated that before the next brigade could march this distance and reach the defences of Washington it would be after dark. The troops there would have had time to march to positions to meet attack on this road. To attack at night with cavalry, particularly unless certain of surprise, would have been extremely hazardous. To wait until morning would have lost much time from my march to join General Lee, without the probability of compensating results. I therefore determined, after getting the wagons under way, to proceed directly north so as to cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad (now becoming the enemy's

main war artery) that night. I found myself now encumbered by about 400 prisoners, many of whom were officers."

He then proceeds to state how he marched northward, cutting the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at several points, and remained in possession of that road nearly all that day, the 28th. Finding that the enemy was moving north through Frederick City, and it being important for him to reach General Lee's army with as little delay as possible "to acquaint the commanding general with the nature of the enemy's movement, as well as to place with his column my cavalry force," he proceeded, following a ridge road to Westminster, which he reached at 5 P. M.

At this place he had a skirmish with a detachment of Federal cavalry, which he pursued a long distance on the Baltimore road, a pursuit that took him further away from the army of General Lee.

The line of march taken by General Stuart on the right of the enemy brought on several skirmishes, which consumed much more time, the consequences of the loss of which will be presently described.

Considerable delay was also caused in an effort to save the captured wagon train. Not being able to learn exactly where the Confederate army was, General Stuart proceeded as far north as Carlisle. It was not until the night of the 1st of July that he was informed that General Lee's army was at Gettysburg, and had been engaged that day with the enemy's advance. He reached Gettysburg on the 2d of July.

The movement of General Stuart, as will be perceived, left the army which had passed into Maryland with no cavalry, except the brigade of Jenkins's and White's battalion, which accompanied General Ewell. It could not look for supplies in a hostile country, except by the use of artillery and wagon-horses, of which, of course, but a small number could be spared for that purpose, and it was, as we shall see, entirely without knowledge of the enemy's movements.

Let us now return to the movements of the main body of the army.

On the 22d of June General Ewell marched into Pennsylvania with Rodes' and Johnson's Divisions, preceded by Jenkins's Cavalry, taking the road from Hagerstown through Chambersburg to Carlisle, where he arrived on the 27th. Early's Division moved by a parallel road to Greenwood, and, in pursuance of instructions previously given to General Ewell, marched towards York. On the 24th Longstreet and Hill were put in motion to follow Ewell, and on the 27th

encamped near Chambersburg. General Imboden's command, which had been directed to cross the Potomac and take position on General Ewell's left, as he moved northward, reached Hancock, while Longstreet and Hill were at Chambersburg, and was directed to proceed to the latter place.

IMPLICIT CONFIDENCE IN STUART.

General Lee had the most implicit confidence in the vigilance and enterprise of General Stuart. He had not heard from him since the army left Virginia, and was confident from that fact, in view of the positive orders that Stuart had received, that General Hooker's army had not yet crossed the Potomac. He remained at Chambersburg from the 27th to the 29th, and repeatedly observed while there that the enemy's army must still be in Virginia, as he had heard nothing from Stuart.

Assuming that such was the fact, and that the movements of the Confederate army into Pennsylvania had failed to withdraw that of General Hooker from Virginia, contrary to his confident expectation, General Lee began to become uneasy as to the purpose of the Federal commander, and to fear that he contemplated a strong movement against Richmond.

He remarked that such a proceeding on the part of the enemy would compel the immediate return of his own army to Virginia, if it could, indeed, reach Richmond in time to defend the city. The possession of Richmond was absolutely necessary at that time to preserve communication with the South, and its loss would have led to the evacuation of the whole of Eastern Virginia, at least as far south as the Roanoke. I heard General Lee express this apprehension more than once while we lay at Chambersburg, and the apprehension was due entirely to his hearing nothing from General Stuart. Under these circumstances he determined to take such action as would compel the enemy to leave Virginia, and deter him from any attempt upon Richmond. General Longstreet's Corps was at Chambersburg with the commanding general. General A. P. Hill's Corps was about four miles east of Chambersburg on the road to Gettysburg. General Ewell was then at Carlisle. On the night of the 28th of June I was directed by General Lee to order General Ewell to move directly upon Harrisburg, and to inform him that General Longstreet would move the next morning (the 29th) to his support. General A. P. Hill was directed to move eastward to the

Susquehanna, and, crossing the river below Harrisburg, seize the railroad between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, it being supposed that all reinforcements that might be coming from the North would be diverted to the defence of that city, and that there would be such alarm created by these movements that the Federal Government would be obliged to withdraw its army from Virginia and abandon any plan that it might have for an attack upon Richmond.

LEE'S FIRST INFORMATION.

I sent the orders about 10 o'clock at night to General Ewell and General Hill, and had just returned to my tent, when I was sent for by the commanding general. I found him sitting in his tent with a man in citizen's dress, whom I did not know to be a soldier, but who, General Lee informed me, was a scout of General Longstreet's, who had just been brought to him.

He told me that this scout had left the neighborhood of Fredericktown that morning, and had brought information that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac, and that its advance had reached Fredericktown, and was moving thence westward towards the mountains. The scout informed General Lee that General Meade was then in command of the army, and also as to the movements of the enemy, which was the first information that General Lee had received since he left Virginia. He inferred from the fact that the advance of the enemy had turned westward from Frederick that his purpose was to enter the Cumberland Valley south of our army, and obstruct our communication through Hagerstown with Virginia, General Lee said that, while he did not consider that he had complete communication with Virginia, he had all the communication that he needed, as long as the enemy had no considerable force in the Cumberland Valley. His principal need for communicating with Virginia was to procure ammunition, and he thought that he could always do that with an escort, if the valley were free from a Federal force, but should the enemy have a considerable force in the valley this would be impossible. He considered it of great importance that the enemy's army should be kept east of the mountains, and, consequently, he determined to move his own army to the east side of the Blue Ridge, so as to threaten Washington and Baltimore, and detain the Federal forces on that side of the mountains to protect those cities. He directed me to countermand the orders to General Ewell and General Hill, and to order the latter to move eastward on the road through

Cashtown and Gettysburg, and Ewell to march from Carlisle, so as to form a junction with Hill either at Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might direct. He ordered General Longstreet to prepare to move the next morning, following Hill. The army moved very slowly, and there would have been no difficulty whatever in having the whole of it at Gettysburg by the morning of the 1st of July had we been aware of the movements of the enemy on the other side of the mountains.

You will thus see that the movement to Gettysburg was the result of the want of information, which the cavalry alone could obtain for us, and that General Lee was compelled to march through the mountains from Chambersburg eastward without the slightest knowledge of the enemy's movements, except that brought by the scout. While making this march the only information he possessed led him to believe that the army of the enemy was moving westward from Frederick to throw itself upon his line of communication with Virginia, and the object of the movement, as I have stated, was simply to arrest the execution of this supposed plan of the enemy, and keep his army on the east side of the Blue Ridge.

It would have been entirely within the power of General Lee to have met the army of the enemy while it was moving on the road between Frederick and Gettysburg, or to have remained west of the mountains. It had not been his intention to deliver a battle north of the Potomac, if it could be avoided, except upon his own terms, and yet, by reason of the absence of the cavalry, his own army marching slowly eastward from Chambersburg, and southward from Carlisle, came unexpectedly on the Federal advance on the 1st day of July, a considerable part of the Confederate army having not yet reached the field of battle.

HOW IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

I do not propose to enter into the details of the battle of Gettysburg, but only to show you how that battle was brought about, and how it was fought on the first, second, and third days with troops as they arrived, all of whom could readily have been on the ground on the first day.

It has been my object to correct the impression that has prevailed to some extent that the movement of the cavalry was made by General Lee's orders, and that at a critical moment of the campaign he crossed the Potomac river and moved into Pennsylvania, sending

the entire cavalry force of his army upon a useless raid. That this is not true I think the evidence I have laid before you abundantly establishes. The suggestion of General Longstreet in communicating the order of General Lee to General Stuart that the latter should pass by the enemy's rear need not have led to the results which I have described.

You will observe that General Longstreet's suggestion to General Stuart was qualified, as was General Lee's letter to Stuart of June 23d, by saying that the latter should go by the enemy's rear, "if he thinks he may get through." The first movement of General Stuart after leaving Salem Depot early on the morning of the 25th brought him in conflict with General Hancock's Brigade, near Haymarket, and, finding that he could not pass around the rear of the enemy, the discretion so given him by General Longstreet was at an end, and there was yet time for General Stuart to retrace his steps and obey the order that he had received from General Lee in the letter of the 23d of June, to cross the Potomac west of the Blue Ridge and move on until he felt the right of Ewell's column. But, instead of pursuing this course, General Stuart, as I have already pointed out, moved to Buckland, east of Bull Run mountain, and proceeded from that place through Brentsville, down to Wolf-Run shoals, and thence across the country by way of Fairfax station to the Potomac river. This latter movement was not sanctioned either by the suggestion of General Longstreet or by the positive orders of General Lee, and from the tenor of General Stuart's report it would seem that he entirely mistook the part that he was expected to take in the movement of the army. He placed himself east of the Federal army, with that army between his command and the Confederate force. He left General Lee without any information as to the movements of the enemy from the time he crossed the Potomac river until the 2d of July. By his silence, as I have described, he caused General Lee to move his army to Gettysburg, not with the expectation or purpose of meeting the enemy, but simply to prevent a movement which he supposed the enemy was making to obstruct his line of communication with Virginia, and caused him to fight the battle of Gettysburg without having his whole force present except on the third day, when it was equally possible, had General Lee been informed of what the enemy was doing, for him to have fought that battle with his entire force while the enemy's forces were approaching Gettysburg, or to have remained west of the mountains and have met the Federal army on some other field.

The result of General Stuart's action was that two armies invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, instead of one. One of those armies had no cavalry, the other had nothing but cavalry. One was commanded by General Lee, the other by General Stuart.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 26, 1896.]

GETTYSBURG CHARGE.

Paper as to Pickett's Men.

[The following is a compilation of a modest infantryman. Captain Martin W. Hazlewood is an earnest member of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, Virginia.—ED.]

This interesting paper on the "Gettysburg Charge," was read before Pickett Camp Monday night, January 20th, by Captain M. W. Hazlewood:

The third day's battle of Gettysburg, more familiarly spoken of as "Pickett's charge," has been so often treated in books and essays, that it would seem almost useless to write on the subject at this late day. In defence of the commanding general, whose conduct has been unwittingly impeached by superficial writers in search of a scapegoat for the untoward results of this fatal battle, and in justice to the troops engaged, it will hardly be regarded as out of place to cite some facts which have not ordinarily attracted attention.

On the morning of the 3d of July the Federal line was complete, and occupied all the hills and ridges from Culp's Hill to Round Top mountain, without a break, while Kilpatrick's cavalry enveloped the Confederate right, where McLaws and Hood, with about eight thousand men, were confronted by the Fifth and Sixth army corps occupying an impregnable position. These facts, it would seem, decided General Lee to form a column of attack on the point where Wright's Brigade had penetrated the Federal line on the previous evening.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LEE.

On the night of July 3d, General Imboden states that in response to a message he had an interview with General Lee, during which the latter, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said:

"I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's Division of Virginians did to-day in that grand charge upon the enemy. And if they had been supported as they were to have been—but, for some reason not yet fully explained to me, were not—we would have held the position and the day would have been ours."

This remark of the commanding general has been almost universally construed as a censure of Heth's and Pender's troops; but this is as unjustifiable as it is untrue. General Lee's official report was forwarded to the War Department January 20, 1864, more than six months after the battle, and there is not a word in that report which reflects on these troops.

THE LINE OF BATTLE.

General Lee gives the order of line of battle as follows:

"General Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's Divisions, in two lines, Pickett's on the right, Wilcox's Brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right, to guard that flank, and Heth's was supported by Lane's and Scales's Brigades, under General Trimble."

General Longstreet in his report says: "Pickett's Division was arranged, two brigades in the front line, supported by his third brigade, and Wilcox's Brigade was ordered to move in rear of his right flank, to protect it from any force that the enemy might attempt to move against it. Heth's Division, under the command of Brigadier-General Pettigrew, was arranged in two lines, and these supported by part of Major-General Pender's Division, under Major-General Trimble. * * * About 2 P. M. General Pickett, who had been charged with the duty of arranging the lines behind our batteries, reported that the troops were in order."

It will thus be seen that Heth's Division was a part of the column of attack, and must not be regarded as a mere support to Pickett.

General Lee further says: "The batteries were directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, protect their flanks, and support their attacks closely."

These excerpts enable us to give a diagram of the column of attack, as it should have appeared in accordance with the foregoing orders, when it advanced, to which is added Anderson's three Brigades, which, as will appear further on, was to be a part of the supporting column.

FRONT.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Nine Howitzers.

Pettigrew.

Archer.

Kemper.

Brockenbrough.

Davis.

Armistead.

Lane.

Scales.

Perry.

Wilcox.

Wright. Posey. Mahone.

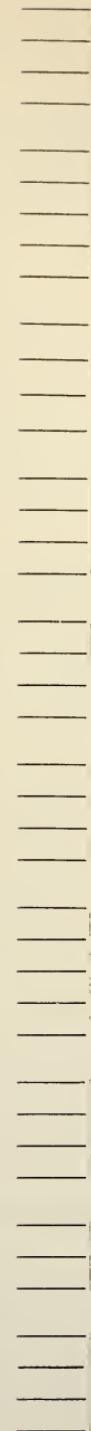
Garnett.

Armistead.

Perry.

Wilcox.

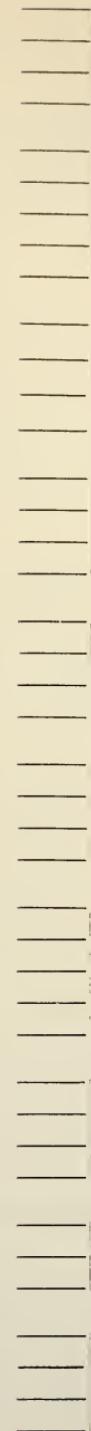
RIGHT.



McIntosh. Lane. Garnett. Pegram. Poague. Cabell. Dearing. Eshleman. Alexander. Henry.

REAR.

LEFT.



McIntosh. Lane. Garnett. Pegram. Poague. Cabell. Dearing. Eshleman. Alexander. Henry.

WAS A FORLORN HOPE.

The strength of this formation can be readily apprehended. With a compact triple line of infantry, supported by some twenty or more batteries, commanded by Colonel E. P. Alexander, masked in what was virtually one battery, the shock must have been overwhelming. In addition, General Pendleton had placed at the disposal of Colonel Alexander nine howitzers, belonging to Hill's Corps, with which Alexander says he intended to precede the infantry, but when sent for they could not be found, some having been removed by order of General Pendleton, and others had changed their position to avoid the shelling. By comparing the following diagram, which represents the advance as it was made, with the preceding diagram, it will be realized at a glance that "Pickett's charge" was, indeed, a forlorn hope.

EAST.

Brockenbrough.	Davis.	Pettigrew.	Archer.	Garnett.	Kemper.
	Lane.			Scales.	
					Armistead.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Major Eshleman's
five guns.

INFANTRY THAT TOOK PART.

The infantry actually engaged in this memorable conflict are as follows:

Pickett's Division—Kemper's Brigade—First, Third, Seventh, Eleventh, and Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiments. Garnett's Brigade—Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiments. Armistead's Brigade—Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, and Fifty-seventh Virginia Regiments.

Heth's Division—Archer's Brigade—Thirteenth Alabama Regiment and Fifth Alabama Battalion, and the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Tennessee Regiments. Pettigrew's Brigade—Eleventh, Twenty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Fifty-second North Carolina Regiments. Davis' Brigade—Second, Eleventh, and Forty-second Mississippi, and Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiments. Brockenbrough's Brigade—Fortieth, Forty-seventh, and Fifty-fifth Regiments, and the Twenty-second Virginia Battalion.

Pender's Division—Scales' Brigade—Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second, Thirty-fourth, and Thirty-ninth North Carolina Regiments. Lane's Brigade—Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh North Carolina Regiments.

Archer's was made the directing brigade of the line of battle.

BEYOND THE STONE WALL.

All these troops, numbering not more than 14,000, had, with the exception of Pickett's Division, been heavily engaged in the battle of the first of July. Brockenbrough's and Davis's Brigades, with absolutely no supports on the left or rear, unable to stand the tempest of shot and shell, gave way first. Pettigrew's Brigade dashed on, and, when within a short distance of the stone wall, a flanking column on the left poured in a destructive fire of musketry, causing what was left of the brigade to fall back. Archer's Brigade reached nearly, if not quite, the stone wall. From this point they retired to their former position on Seminary Ridge, passing through in a disorderly mass, and necessarily demoralizing to some extent the brigades of Lane and Scales, which continued to advance, however, some of the men reaching within a few yards of the stone wall; but none of the troops, except Pickett's, passed beyond the wall.

A Federal authority says: "Alexander Hays had several regiments well to the front behind stone walls, and on his extreme right was Woodruff's Battery of light twelves. Whether the fire was closer here, or whether, as some claim, the troops in Pettigrew's command were not as well seasoned to war as Pickett's men, it is certain that the attack on Hays was speedily repulsed. That it was pressed with resolution was attested by the dead and wounded on the field, which were as numerous in Hays's front as on any other part of it."

In the published records it is shown that medals were voted by Congress to Federal soldiers for flags captured from Pettigrew's,

Archer's, and Scales's Brigades, every regiment in Archer's having lost their colors. The devotion and gallantry of the troops forming the left wing of Pickett's charge cannot justly be questioned.

ORDERS THROUGH THREE COURIERS.

The rear and flank of Pickett's Division was to have been supported by Wilcox and Perry, but there is good reason for supposing that they did not advance until after the attack had been repulsed. From General Wilcox's report we learn that about twenty or thirty minutes after Pickett's advance three different couriers came with orders to advance—one of them from Major-General Anderson, probably a mile distant, to the left. General Wilcox adds: "Not a man of the division that I was ordered to support could I see."

Colonel Lang, commanding Perry's Brigade, says: "Soon after General Pickett's troops retired behind our position General Wilcox began to advance, and, in accordance with previous orders to conform to his movements, I moved forward also."

Colonel Alexander, in an article published since the war, says: "Wilcox's Brigade passed by us, moving to Pickett's support. There was no longer anything to support, and, with the keenest pity at the useless waste of life, I saw them advance. The men as they passed us looked bewildered, as if they wondered what they were expected to do, or why they were there. However, they were soon halted and moved back."

General Anderson, with the remaining brigades of his division—Wright, Posey, and Mahone—was expected to support the left wing of the column of attack. General A. P. Hill, his corps commander, says: "Anderson had been directed to hold his division ready to take advantage of any success which might be gained by the assaulting column, or to support it, if necessary."

General Anderson says: "I received orders to hold my division in readiness to move up in support, if it should become necessary."

General Longstreet says: "Major-General Anderson's Division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble."

Anderson did not advance for the reason assigned by himself: "At what I supposed to be the proper time I was about to move forward Wright's and Posey's brigades, when Lieutenant-General Longstreet directed me to stop the movement, adding that it was

useless, and would only involve unnecessary loss, the assault having failed."

PICKETT'S REPORT DESTROYED.

Who was responsible for the defective formation will probably never be known. General Pickett's report was suppressed in compliance with the suggestion contained in the following letter:

General George E. Pickett, Commanding, &c.:

GENERAL,—You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory; but we have the enemy to fight, and must carefully, at this critical moment, guard against dissensions, which the reflections in your report would create. I will therefore suggest that you destroy both copy and original, substituting one confined to casualties merely. I hope all will yet be well. I am, with respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Colonel Walter Harrison, assistant adjutant and inspector-general of Pickett's Division, in "Pickett's Men," published in 1870, says that "the two other divisions (Heth and Pender) were to move simultaneously in support, charging in second and third lines." This indicates that there was some idea of a triple line at Pickett's headquarters, though Colonel Harrison's narrative of the battle in this and other respects is somewhat faulty.

ORDERS MISUNDERSTOOD.

General Pettigrew was killed a few days after the battle, and made no report of his division. The reasonable inference is that the orders were misunderstood. The fact still remains, however, that five brigades did not advance to the support of the attacking column, and the left of Pettigrew's line was wholly unsupported.

But there were other and most essential supports ordered to accompany Pickett's advance. General Lee's report, as before quoted, says: "The batteries were directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, protect their flanks, and support their attacks closely."

General Longstreet says: "I gave orders for the batteries to refill their ammunition-chests, and to be prepared to follow up the advance of the infantry."

Major Eshleman reports: "It having been understood by a previous arrangement that the artillery should advance with the infantry, I immediately directed Captain Miller to advance his and Lieutenant Battle's batteries. Captain Miller, having suffered severely from the loss of men and horses, could move forward only three pieces of his own battery and one of Lieutenant Battle's section. Then, with one piece of Major Henry's battalion, under the direction of Major Haskell, he took position 400 or 500 yards to the front, and opened with deadly effect upon the enemy. With the exception of these five guns no others advanced."

GENERAL PENDLETON'S EXPLANATION.

The chief of artillery, General W. N. Pendleton, gives this explanation of the failure of the artillery to support the attacking column:

"Proceeding again to the right, to see about the anticipated advance of the artillery, delayed beyond expectation, I found, among other difficulties, many batteries getting out or low in ammunition, and the all-important question of supply received my earnest attention.

"Frequent shell endangering the first corps ordnance-train in the convenient locality I had assigned it, it had been removed farther back. This necessitated longer time for refilling caissons. What was worse, the train itself was very limited, so that its stock was soon exhausted, rendering requisite demands upon the reserve-train, farther off. The whole amount was thus being rapidly reduced. With our means to keep up supply at the rate required for such a conflict, proved practically impossible. There had to be, therefore, some relaxation of the protracted fire, and some lack of support for the deferred and attempted advance."

WHAT GENERAL LEE SAID.

This statement is relieved of its ambiguity by General Lee, who tells the result as follows:

"The troops moved steadily on, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left centre. His batteries reopened as soon as they appeared. Our own having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted

cannonade that preceded the infantry, were unable to reply, or render the necessary support to the attacking party. *Owing to this fact*, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under a concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front, and from Cemetery Hill on the left. It finally gave way, and the right, after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering his advance works, and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks, and driven back with heavy loss."

There is no obscurity in the language of General Lee. The artillery did not render the necessary support, and, in consequence of this fact, the assault was a disastrous failure. This must be regarded as a complete vindication of the infantry. No blame can be attached to the officers and men of the artillery service participating in this fearful battle. They did their work nobly.

IS NO IDLE BOAST.

Taking into consideration the facts referred to in this paper, nearly all of which are from the official records, it will be seen that it was no vain boast of General Lee when he said of "Pickett's charge": "If they had been supported, as they were to have been, we would have held the position, and the day would have been ours."

It is perfectly apparent that General Lee attributed the defeat of Pickett solely to the failure of the batteries to advance as ordered; and it is equally certain that had the General been informed of the fact that the supply of ammunition was exhausted, the advance would not have been made at all.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Times*, Feb'y 2, 1896.]

LONGSTREET AND STUART.

Highly Interesting Review by Colonel John S. Mosby.

CAUSE OF THE LOSS OF GETTYSBURG.

Many of Longstreet's Statements in His Book Combatted by Colonel Mosby—The Want of Cavalry Had Nothing to Do with the Result of the Battle.

General Longstreet, having acted a great part as a soldier, now appears as the historian of the war. His book will soon be buried in the dust of oblivion, but, fortunately for him, his fame does not rest upon what he has written, but what he has done. No doubt he has had to endure much, as he says, for the sake of his opinions, as every man must who goes in advance of his age, and he has had strong provocation to speak with bitterness of some of his contemporaries, if he spoke of them at all. But his better angel would have told him that much that he has written about his brothers-in-arms would injure his own reputation more than theirs, and that if he had suffered injustice in defending the right, he had the consolation of knowing that

“Only those are crowned and sainted,
Who with grief have been acquainted.”

He will not be able to persuade anyone but himself that he was ever the rival of General Lee and Stonewall Jackson, or that Jackson's fame is factitious and due to his being a Virginian. It is not because he was a Virginian that his monument stands on the bank of the “father of waters,” and that a great people beyond the sea gave his statue, in bronze, to the State that will cherish his fame as a possession forever.

THE CAVALRY.

I only propose, however, to review that portion of his book that relates to the management of the cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign. He says that on June 19th, “under the impression that the

cavalry was to operate with the first corps (Longstreet's) in the general plan, the commander (Stuart) was ordered to follow its withdrawal west of the Blue Ridge and cross the Potomac on its right at Shepherdstown and make his ride towards Baltimore. He claimed that General Lee had given him authority to cross east of the Blue Ridge. The point at which the cavalry force should cross the river was not determined between the Confederate commander and his chief of cavalry, there being doubt whether the crossing could be made at Point of Rocks between the Union army and Blue Ridge, or between that army and Washington city. That question was left open, and I was ordered to choose between the points named at the moment that my command took up its line of march. So our plans, adopted after deep study, were suddenly given over to gratify the youthful cavalryman's wish for a romantic ride." General Longstreet does not pretend to have any written record or evidence to support his assertion; on the contrary, the record shows that at that time no such plan could have been entertained, or even discussed.

He writes history on the *a priori* principle of the ancient philosophers, who never went outside of their own consciousness to enquire about facts. It is an exercise of imagination, not of memory; if he runs up against a fact then, like a battery or a line of battle that got in his way—so much the worse for the fact. Not that I would insinuate that he has consciously been guilty of invention; but seeing, as he supposes, in the light of events, that certain things ought to have been done, he persuades himself that they were done. At the above date (June 19th) General Lee had not determined on sending any of his army north of the Potomac, except Ewell's Corps that was in the advance. Only Rodes' and Johnson's Divisions, with Jenkins' Cavalry, had then crossed the river. A. P. Hill's Corps, that had been left at Fredericksburg, had not then reached the Shenandoah Valley. General Lee, with Longstreet's Corps, was about Berryville; Stuart, with the cavalry, was east of the Blue Ridge, guarding the approaches to the gaps; Longstreet on the west, was supporting him. Longstreet was facing east; Hooker in his front, was, of course, facing west.

GENERAL LEE'S PLANS.

Now, on June 19th, the day that Longstreet says that all their plans of invasion were matured, and Stuart was ordered to follow his corps and cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, General Lee

wrote to Ewell, who, with two of his divisions, was about Hagerstown, Md., Early not having then crossed the river. General Lee says: "I very much regret that you have not the benefit of your whole corps, for with that north of the Potomac you would accomplish as much unmolested as the whole army could perform with General Hooker in its front. * * * If your advance causes Hooker to cross the Potomac, or separate his army in any way, Longstreet can follow you." So on June 19th it was uncertain whether Longstreet would cross the river or not. On the 22d Hill arrived near Charlestown. Ewell was then ordered to enter Pennsylvania with his whole corps; Jenkins' Cavalry was with him. That day (22d) in a letter to Ewell, General Lee says: "If you are ready to move you can do so. I think your best course will be toward the Susquehanna, taking the routes by Emmettsburg, Chambersburg, and McConnelsburg. It will depend upon the quantity of supplies obtained in that country whether the rest of the army can follow. If Harrisburg comes within your means, capture it." So on the morning of June 22d it had not been settled that Longstreet and Hill should follow Ewell.

Later in the day (3:30 P. M.) he again writes Ewell: "I also directed General Stuart, should the enemy have so far retired from his front as to permit of the departure of a portion of the cavalry, to march with three brigades across the Potomac, and place himself on your right, and in communication with you, &c. I also directed Imboden, if opportunity offered, to cross the Potomac, and perform the same offices on your left." Ewell marched with two divisions down the Cumberland Valley to Chambersburg: thence to Carlisle, where he halted. Early was detached and sent east through the Cashtown pass in the South mountain, to York.

WHAT THE LETTERS SHOW.

These letters of General Lee's show that Stuart could not have been ordered to march on Longstreet's flank, because (1) Ewell was then in Pennsylvania and Longstreet in Virginia, and (2) Longstreet and Hill had received no orders to march. The next day General Lee wrote to Mr. Davis: "Reports of movements of the enemy east of the Blue Ridge cause me to believe that he is preparing to cross the Potomac. A pontoon bridge is said to be laid at Harper's Ferry; his army corps, that he has advanced to Leesburg and the foot of the mountains, appear to be withdrawing. Their attempt to penetrate the mountains has been successfully repelled by General

Stuart with the cavalry. General Ewell's corps is in motion toward the Susquehanna. General A. P. Hill is moving toward the Potomac; his leading division will reach Shepherdstown to-day. I have withdrawn Longstreet west of the Shenandoah, and if nothing prevents he will follow to-morrow." General Lee was then satisfied of Hooker's purpose to cross the Potomac. During the time that Stuart was defending the gaps on account of the presence of Longstreet's corps, Stuart was, to some extent, brought under his authority; for convenience, and to preserve concert of action, all of his correspondence with General Lee passed through Longstreet. In this way Lee and Longstreet were both kept informed of the movements of the enemy. On the day that Ewell left Hagerstown (22d), General Lee sent unsealed through Longstreet the following letter of instructions:

"HEADQUARTERS, June 22, 1863.

"*Major-General J. E. B. Stuart,
Commanding Cavalry, &c.:*

"GENERAL,—I have just received your note of 7:45 this morning to General Longstreet. I judge the efforts of the enemy yesterday were to arrest our progress and ascertain our whereabouts. I fear he will steal a march on us, and get across the Potomac before we are aware. If you find that he is moving northward, and that two brigades can guard the Blue Ridge and take care of your rear, you can move the other three into Maryland, and take position on Ewell's right, place yourself in communication with him, guard his flank, and keep him informed of the enemy's movements, and collect all the supplies you can for the use of the army. One column of General Ewell's army will probably move towards the Susquehanna by the Emmitsburg route, another by Chambersburg."

Stuart is here given discretion as to the route he should go; but the orders to leave Longstreet and go to Ewell are peremptory. Stuart's headquarters were then at Rector's Cross Roads, about twelve miles east of the Ridge. These letters demonstrate how erroneous are the statements of Generals Longstreet and Heth, and of Long, in the romance he published and called the *Memoirs of General Lee*, that Stuart was ordered to march on the flank of the column with which General Lee was present. He couldn't be on Ewell's flank on the Susquehanna and Longstreet's flank on the Potomac at the same time. Neither would Longstreet have ordered

Stuart to remain with him, knowing that General Lee had ordered him to Ewell. All of Stuart's critics have ignored the fact that General Lee ordered Stuart to leave him and go to Ewell. General Longstreet wrote as follows to General Lee :

“June 22, 1863—7:30 P. M.

“*General R. E. Lee, Commanding, &c.:*

“GENERAL,—Yours of 4 o'clock this afternoon is received. I have forwarded your letter to General Stuart, with the suggestion that he pass by the enemy's rear if he thinks he may get through. We have nothing of the enemy to-day.

“Most respectfully,

“*JAMES LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-General, Commanding.*”

LONGSTREET TO STUART.

In the correspondence during this period between Lee, Longstreet, and Stuart this is the first intimation about taking the route in the rear of the enemy, and it seems that General Longstreet suggested it. This is his letter to Stuart:

“MILLWOOD, June 22, 1863—7 P. M.

“*Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commanding Cavalry:*

“GENERAL,—General Lee has inclosed to me this letter for you, to be forwarded to you, provided you can be spared from my front, and provided I think that you can move across the Potomac without disclosing our plans. He speaks of your leaving via Hopewell Gap, and passing by the rear of the enemy. If you can get through by that route, I think that you will be less likely to indicate what our plans are than if you should cross by passing to our rear. I forward the letter of instructions with these suggestions. Please advise me of the condition of affairs before you leave and order General Hampton, whom I suppose you will leave here in command, to report to me at Millwood, either by letter or in person, as may be the most agreeable to him.

“Most respectfully,

“*JAMES LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-General.*”

“N. B.—I think that your passage of the Potomac by our rear (Shepherdstown), at the present moment, will in a measure disclose

our plans. You had better not leave us, therefore, unless you can take the proposed route in rear of the enemy."

In his book General Longstreet says: "The extent of authority with me, therefore, was to decide whether the crossing should be made at the Point of Rocks, or around Hopewell Gap, east of the Union Army." The Point of Rocks is nowhere mentioned in the correspondence, and General Longstreet's own letter is proof that it was not considered as a place for Stuart's crossing. He tells Stuart that it is better to go by the rear of the enemy than by "our rear." Now at that time Longstreet and Hill were in the valley fronting east; the Point of Rocks is twelve miles east of the Blue Ridge; their rear way, then, of course, toward the west. In crossing at Point of Rocks Stuart would not have been in rear of either army, but in front of both. If, on the contrary, Stuart had come over the Blue Ridge and crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, he would have passed in our rear. General Longstreet says: "In the postscript three points are indicated: First, the move along my rear to the crossing at Point of Rocks." As Longstreet was west of the Blue Ridge facing east, and Stuart was east of the Ridge, it is hard to see how he would pass Longstreet's rear in moving to the Point of Rocks. The Point of Rocks is not mentioned in the letter. "Second, my preferred march on my flank to the Shepherdstown crossing." There is no such preference shown in the letter; just the reverse, as Longstreet urges Stuart not to cross in "our rear," which would have been at Shepherdstown. "Third, the route indicated by General Lee." But in his letter of the 22d, to Stuart, General Lee indicated no route—he merely ordered Stuart (if General Longstreet could spare him from his front) to join Ewell. Of course he couldn't join Ewell—stay with Longstreet, as they were seventy-five miles apart, and the distance widening. He further says: "Especially did he (Stuart) know that my orders were that he should ride on the right of my column, as originally designed, to the Shepherdstown crossing." Stuart didn't know anything of the kind—neither did General Longstreet. The record is against him. The very letter that Longstreet forwarded to Stuart from General Lee told him to leave Longstreet and go to Ewell.

LEE'S FINAL INSTRUCTION.

But General Lee's final instructions to Stuart, dated June 23d, 5 P. M., shows what choice of routes was given to Stuart. General Lee says: "If General Hooker's army remains inactive, you can

leave two brigades to watch him, and withdraw with the three others; but should he not appear to be moving northward, I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountain to-morrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day, and move over to Fredericktown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, you must move on, and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions," &c. * * * *

The movements of Ewell's Corps are as stated in my former letter. Hill's first division will reach the Potomac to-day (23d), and Longstreet will follow to-morrow." This letter proves that the choice of routes lay between Shepherdstown, and west of the Blue Ridge, or crossing the river in rear of the enemy to the east. It also shows that Stuart was not to march on the flank of the column with General Lee even if he crossed at Shepherdstown, but to move on through Boonsboro Gap, and put himself on Ewell's right. Stuart took the shortest and most direct route to join Early's Division that was then marching east toward York. General Longstreet gives himself away when he says: "The first corps was to draw back from the Blue Ridge, and cross the Potomac at Williamsport, to be followed by the cavalry, which was to cross at Shepherdstown, and ride severely towards Baltimore, to force the enemy to eastern concentration." Now Stuart did ride "severely toward Baltimore," and near to the gates of the city. But if he had gone the other way, and crossed at Shepherdstown, and then ridden through Boonsboro Gap to Baltimore, he would have been as far from Longstreet's flank as he was by the route he took in rear of Hooker. He did not, as he says, order Stuart to put Hampton in command of the two brigades that were left behind, for he had no such authority; neither is it true that Robertson was assigned to this command "without orders to report," at his headquarters.

SHOULD READ.

Stuart's instructions to Robertson, which, through abundant caution, he repeated to Jones, and all the correspondence to which I have referred, has been published. It may be that he hasn't read it. If he has not, then he ought to stop writing, and go to reading history. The instructions to Robertson says: * * "you will instruct General Jones, from time to time, as the movements progress or events may require, and report anything of importance to Lieutenant-General Longstreet, with whose position you will com-

municate by relays through Charlestown. I send instructions for General Jones, which please read." Jones was one of the best outpost officers in the army. Stuart's main reliance was on him. His brigade was at that time much nearer the Potomac than Robertson's. Jones in accordance with Stuart's order places the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry at Charlestown. Longstreet was responsible for the use made of these two brigades, as they were under his orders. It would have been much easier to send a courier back for them from Hagerstown, if the cavalry was needed, than from Chambersburg. He knew that Hooker's army had crossed the river, and was holding the South Mountain passes when he was at Hagerstown. So his spy only told General Lee what he already knew. It could not have been a surprise to hear at Chambersburg that the Northern army was moving north. There was nothing else for it to do. If when General Lee was at Hagerstown he had supposed that Hooker was still south of the Potomac he would not have moved north, but due east, toward Baltimore and Washington. There is not the slightest evidence to show that in this campaign any injury resulted to the army from want of cavalry. Our communications were never interrupted. General Longstreet speaks of Stuart's movement toward Ewell's right flank as a raid. As I have shown, it was nothing of the kind, but a part of a combined movement of the whole army. The criticisms of Stuart are all predicated on the idea that Gettysburg was General Lee's objective point; and as Stuart was absent from the first day's battle he must, therefore, have been in default. But General Lee was not present in the battle; he arrived just at the close. On this assumption a plausible theory was invented that the battle was precipitated for want of cavalry. In Belford's Magazine (October and November, 1891), in an article on Gettysburg, based on a study of the records, I demonstrated the error; and showed that General Lee never intended to go to Gettysburg, but that Cashtown was his expected point of concentration. General Heth, General Longstreet, Long, and others, had represented Gettysburg to be the stragetic point on which General Lee was manœuvring. They forgot that we had held and then abandoned it. Of course, when the base was knocked from under it, the theory fell.

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE.

General Longstreet now says that Cashtown was the place where General Lee ordered the concentration. He did not say so in the Century. He fails to show the genesis of the battle, and who

was responsible for the defeat of General Lee's plans. I will first say that in my opinion General Longstreet was not. Hill, with Heth's and Pender's Divisions, was at Cashtown on the evening of July 30th. General Lee, with Longstreet, was still some distance west of the mountain. Every division of his army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—was on the march, and converging on Cashtown on the morning of July 1st. They could all have reached there by night, or in supporting distance. On the evening before (30th), Hill and Heth heard that a body of the enemy had just occupied Gettysburg. Early on the morning of July 1st, Hill, with Heth's and Pender's Divisions, started down without orders to attack them. Before reaching Gettysburg they met Buford's Cavalry on the pike. Buford held them in check until Reynolds, who had camped some six miles off with two corps, hearing the firing, came to his support. Heth first put two brigades into the fight that were soon knocked to pieces; Archer and most of his brigade were captured. Heth says: "Archer and Davis were now directed to advance, the object being to feel the enemy and to determine in what force the enemy were—whether or not he was massing his forces on Gettysburg. Heavy columns of the enemy were soon encountered. General Davis was unable to hold the position he had gained. The enemy concentrated on his front and flanks in overwhelming force. The 'enemy had now been felt, and found to be in heavy force.'" Hill states substantially the same thing. He put in Heth's other two brigades, and then Pender's Division. He would have been badly beaten, but Ewell, on the march to Cashtown, received a note from Hill, and hearing the firing, came to his rescue. Hill and Heth called the fight, which lasted from about 8 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M., and in which over 20,000 men were engaged on a side, and five or six thousand killed and wounded on each side, a reconnoissance. If this was a reconnoissance, then what is a battle? General Lee had not ordered any reconnoissance, and there was no necessity for it. He was west of the mountain when he heard the firing, and did not understand its significance.

IT WAS A RAID.

The object of a *reconnoissance* is to get information, not to fight. Only sufficient force is applied to compel an enemy to develop his strength and display his position. The attacking force then retires. After two of Heth's Brigades had been shattered and heavy columns of the enemy deployed in his front, he knew the enemy was in force,

and ought to have retired, and gone back to Cashtown. The trouble was, Hill had found out too much. It is plain that this expedition was not a *reconnoissance*, but a raid. A high military authority says: "When once the object of a *reconnoissance* has been gained, a retreat must be sounded even in the middle of a combat." General Lee was in a state of duress when he arrived on the field at the close of the fight. He was compelled to order up the remainder of the army and deliver battle on ground he had not chosen, or fall back to Cashtown, leaving his dead and wounded on the field, and giving the enemy the prestige of victory. It is clear that the want of cavalry had nothing to do either with precipitating the battle or losing it. Stuart was absent on the day it began for the same reason that General Lee was.

This has been written more in sorrow than in anger. It is no pleasure to me to expose the mistakes of others; my motive is to defend the dead, and that arm of the service to which I belonged. It is a sacred duty I owe to the memory of a friend,

"To whom the shadows of far years extend."

JNO. S. MOSBY.

San Francisco, Cal., January 23, 1896.

GENERAL MEADE'S TEMPER.

ITS PECULIARITIES MADE HIM AN ENIGMA.

What Dana Wrote About It—A Note from Mr. Lincoln—General Halleck and the Testy Commander—took His Own Course.

The late Federal General Meade's peculiarities of temper, to draw it mildly, were such as to make him something of an enigma, even to his closest associates in the Army of the Potomac, which he commanded from Gettysburg to the close of the war. He was a singularly fretful man—a most trying characteristic always—and especially in one occupying a high command—and often indulged on the slightest provocation in very unpalatable language toward those with whom he came in contact. This irascibility of temper made him many enemies in the army. It is generally understood that at one period personal dislike of General Meade was almost universal

among the officers of higher rank. Hon. Charles A. Dana, who as Assistant-Secretary of War was with the army during the early days at Petersburg, in one of his reports to Secretary Stanton, made the following vigorous statements concerning General Meade's faults of temper :

CITY POINT, VA., July 7th, 1864.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

A change in the commander of the Army of the Potomac now seems probable. Grant has great confidence in Meade, and is much attached to him personally, but the almost universal dislike of Meade which prevails among the officers of every rank who come in contact with him, and the difficulty of doing business with him felt by every one except Grant himself, so greatly impair his capacities for usefulness and render success under his command so doubtful that Grant seems to be coming to the conviction that he must be relieved. * * I have long known Meade to be a man of the worst possible temper, especially toward his subordinates. I do not think he has a friend in the whole army. No man, no matter what his business or his service, approaches him without being insulted in one way or another, and his own staff-officers do not dare to speak to him unless first spoken to, for fear of either sneers or curses. The latter, however, I have never heard him indulge in very violently, but he is said to apply them often without occasion and without reason. * * *

C. A. DANA.

Toward the end there is a discernible modification of the better feeling against Meade; nevertheless, it is certain that he never became a popular commander, either with the officers or men of his army, though his military capacity was recognized and respected by all.

While Mr. Dana's characterization of General Meade's dictatorial manners undoubtedly conveyed the truth to the Secretary of War, and accurately diagnosed the feeling toward him in the army, it yet appears that in carrying forward his military operations this hot-headed commander, so quick at trigger in personal matters, never acted upon impulse, and never lost his equipoise; every movement in important or dangerous crisis seems to have been dictated only by the most cool and dispassionate judgment. So tenacious and clear of purpose was he that no amount of pressure or nagging from his superiors could sway General Meade to act against his judgment of the necessities of a given military situation.

This surprising characteristic in so irritable and passionate a man had two remarkable illustrations during General Lee's mystifying flank movement from the Rapidan toward Washington in the fall of 1863. General Meade, finding the Confederates on his right flank, and threatening his communications with Washington, fell back rapidly from the line of the Rapidan, first to the Rappahannock, and ultimately behind Bull Run, concentrating his army in the vicinity of Centreville. It was then well known that General Lee had recently detached Longstreet to the assistance of Bragg at Chattanooga, and that consequently he was still probably inferior in strength to the Union army, although that also had been reduced by two corps, sent to reinforce Rosecrans, after the Battle of Chickamauga. The Washington authorities, therefore, correctly viewed General Lee's advance as a big "bluff," which ought to be "called," and constantly urged General Meade to make a stand and fight.

LINCOLN'S NOTE.

In a short note to General Halleck, the Federal general-in-chief, dated October 16, 1863, President Lincoln, touching upon the situation as he understood it, and pointing out the probability of General Lee's inferiority of numbers, closes with the following eminently Lincolnian suggestion:

* * * If General Meade can now attack him (Lee) on a field no more than equal for us, and do so with all the skill and courage which he, his officers, and men possess, the honor will be his if he succeeds, and the blame may be mine if he fails.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

In deep anxiety to impress General Meade with the importance of immediately attacking General Lee, the President's letter was transmitted by Halleck to the front by special messenger, Colonel Cutts, of his staff. As the President and his military advisers at Washington could have had but little accurate knowledge of what was passing with great rapidity from hour to hour at the front, and hence were in a measure incapable of judging of the chances of success in a collision; and, therefore, declined to assume the responsibility of making a direct order for an attack, this urgency on the part of his superiors must have been excessively exasperating to the Union commander, the more so because it was his distinct purpose to deliver battle upon the first favorable opportunity. But General Lee had projected his movement so unexpectedly and prosecuted it with such energy and

rapidity as to leave General Meade for a time in almost complete darkness as to his enemy's whereabouts and ultimate purpose. He was unwilling, therefore, through undue precipitation, to take any chances of repeating the appalling Federal blunders and disasters of the preceding year on this very ground.

The war records make it perfectly clear now that General Meade lost a great opportunity in this short campaign, for it appears that General Lee was far inferior in strength to the Union army. The very boldness of his movements was calculated to conceal his numerical weakness. But with the meagre knowledge Meade possessed of Lee's movements he was undoubtedly justified in a line of action which had the appearance of timidity. If General Pope, in the campaign of 1862, also several days in ignorance of his enemy's whereabouts and intentions, had followed the wise policy of General Meade and fallen back behind Bull Run, there safely awaiting the development of General Lee's purpose, it is unquestionable that he could have received the Confederate attack on his own ground with a force nearly double his enemy, for in that campaign Lee was on the offensive in dead earnest. The result would, doubtless, have been very much more favorable to the Federal cause, as well as to General Pope's personal fortunes.

FOLLOWED HIS OWN JUDGMENT.

So, notwithstanding his President's evident willingness to shoulder the blame for a possible failure, General Meade imperturbably followed his own judgment regarding such movements as the military situation seemed to require. He contented himself with calmly replying to the President, through General Halleck, that it was, and had been, his intention to attack when the whereabouts of the enemy was discovered; that only lack of information on this head and fear of jeopardizing his communications with the capital had prevented his doing so thus far. And that was all.

But the pressure from Washington continued, and resulted in the second episode to which I have alluded, two days later. On the 18th of October, from the vicinity of Centerville, General Meade telegraphed Halleck asking for information of General Lee's movements, and announcing that "it is impossible to move this army until I know something more definite of the movements of the enemy." Everything indicated that the Confederate army was between Bull Run and the Rappahannock, but a rumor had reached

General Meade that its head had appeared again in the lower Shenandoah Valley. Upon this, General Halleck, seemingly having lost all patience with his subordinate's ignorance of the situation in which he was a chief factor, and manifest inability to procure accurate information of General Lee's movements, or divine his intentions, answered him in the following tart strain:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
October 18, 1893.

Major-General Meade, Army of the Potomac:

The attack on Charlestown was not in great force. Enemy finally repulsed. General Sullivan had promised details, but none received. Lee is unquestionably bullying you. If you cannot ascertain his movements, I certainly cannot. If you pursue and fight him, I think you will find out where he is. I know of no other way.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

The sneering tone of this dispatch was of itself sufficient to arouse the temper of a much more placid man than General Meade under normal circumstances; but at this juncture there were two extraordinary considerations which made it to him peculiarly aggravating. As shown above, the peppery Union commander was already chafing under the knowledge that his movements of the previous ten days had been unsatisfactory to his superiors, and that his falling back upon Washington before an inferior enemy, with whom he had been seeking a general engagement ever since Gettysburg, had caused distrust of his capacity, as well as desire to again meet his able Confederate antagonist; secondly, Halleck, of all the others, had been most urgent for an offensive stand against General Lee from the inception of his movement, as well as a covert critic from day to day of the continued retreat of the Federal army from the Rapidan.

MEADE'S REPLY.

General Meade was not a man to tamely submit to bullying, even from a superior, and one cannot help admiring the warm spirit with which he now resented Halleck's attitude, as well as the manner of it. This was his quick retort:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
October 18, 1863—8:30 P. M.

Major-General Halleck:

Your telegram of 7 P. M. just received. If you have any orders to give me, I am prepared to receive and obey them; but I must insist on being spared the infliction of such truisms in the guise of opinions as you have recently honored me with, particularly as they have not been asked for. I take this occasion to repeat what I have before stated—that if my course, based on my own judgment, does not meet with approval, I ought to be, and I desire to be, relieved from command.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

General Halleck was undoubtedly an able, clear-headed adviser to his government. The one blot upon the character of this accomplished man was an inherent disposition to browbeat subordinates—an overbearing habit that had its first public illustration in his treatment of the modest, unassuming Grant early in 1862, and, subsequently Sherman, at the close of the war. But when, in turn, he met a bulldozer like General Meade, he seemed to lack the necessary moral courage to carry the game through with a high hand. He weakened.

On the next day, on the excuse that his "truisms" were merely telegraphed as the best mode of conveying to the general in the field the "wishes of the government," Halleck apologized to Meade in the most handsome manner, if his language had "unintentionally given offence." And in a spirit that showed him to be a true soldier and a gentleman, Meade replied: "Your explanation of your intentions is accepted, and I thank you for it."

A word more. General Meade doggedly persisted in his policy of circumspection, and was henceforward left to his own devices in the conduct of the campaign without suggestion or comment from Washington. General Lee, his purpose accomplished, slowly retired to the Rappahannock, behind which he prepared to go into winter-quarters, General Meade cautiously following, watching closely for a favorable opportunity to deliver battle. On November 7th he suddenly and unexpectedly attacked a Confederate redoubt at Rappahannock Station, with overwhelming numbers, making considerable captures, and successfully forcing a passage of the river.

This compelled a change of plan of General Lee's part, and he retired still further behind the Rapidan again. This event demonstrated that General Meade no more lacked the nerve to take the offensive under favorable circumstances, when his judgment dictated it, than to resent the unjustifiable bullying of Halleck.

LESLIE J. PERRY.

Washington, November 12, 1895.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, December 8, 1895.]

GENERAL LEE AND THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

HE PLANNED TO FIGHT THERE.

The Concentration of His Forces—One Mind Directed All—Closing Scenes of First Manassas—He Kept His Word.

There is a popular impression throughout the country that the meeting of the two armies at Gettysburg was in large measure an accidental collision. Jefferson Davis, in his "Short History of the Confederate States," says the position was not the choice of either side for a battle-field. The very general belief prevails, also, especially at the South, that the concentration of the Army of Northern Virginia at Gettysburg was brought about by mere chance, and was not part of a deliberate plan of the Confederate commander predicated upon his enemy's movements. This is a strange error concerning a very important matter, and all the more remarkable because such a view must inevitably lead to the conclusion that the Southern invading force was aimlessly drifting about in the heart of the enemy's country without guidance or definite purpose, and to that extent reflects upon General Lee's capacity as a commander. This aspect of the manner and its bearing upon General Lee's reputation as a soldier, of course, has not been considered by those of his admirers who pertinaciously cling to the fallacious accident theory.

As a matter of fact, there was not the remotest element of chance in Lee's march on Gettysburg, as I will presently show. The error had its origin, I believe, in a circumstantial and interesting story connected with the advance of General Harry Heth's Division, which story has gone the rounds of the clubs and the public prints of the

country for years, and finally lodged in various pretentious historical works, as the simple yet authentic explanation of how the entire Confederate army was by an unlucky accident drawn down to Gettysburg to meet the Federals, who were also there by accident.

GENERAL HETH'S STORY.

The story, as told me by General Heth himself, is that his division, the advance of General A. P. Hill's Corps, moving from Chambersburg, along the Cashtown pike, bivouacked in the vicinity of Cashtown on the 30th of June. Having learned that a much-needed supply of shoes could be obtained in the town of Gettysburg, a few miles further down the pike, General Pettigrew, one of Heth's brigade commanders, asked permission to march into the village and secure the shoes, which he was ordered to do, there being no suspicion that the Federals were anywhere in the vicinity. But when General Pettigrew arrived before Gettysburg he unexpectedly found himself confronted by considerable Federal force, with artillery. This was General John Buford's Cavalry Division, but Pettigrew appears to have mistaken it for an infantry force. Not desiring to assume the responsibility of precipitating an engagement without orders, Pettigrew quickly fell back on the main force near Cashtown.

Thereupon, with the approval of General Hill, Heth concluded to lead his entire division to Gettysburg the next morning, and thus make sure of securing the shoes for his barefooted soldiers, still under the impression that the town was probably defended by no more than a small militia force. Accordingly the movement of Heth's Division was initiated early on the morning of the 1st; but instead of meeting irregular militia, Heth at once came in contact with Buford's Cavalry, deployed in front of Gettysburg, and covering the road from Cashtown, which he stubbornly defended, compelling the Confederates to deploy into line and advance with caution. Buford was soon relieved by the Union First corps of infantry, under General John F. Reynolds, and a murderous battle ensued, in which both sides lost several thousand men killed and wounded. Reynolds was killed and Heth wounded very early in this terrific combat. General Hill ordered forward Pender's Division to the support of Heth, who had been roughly handled, and later Rodes's and Early's Divisions came up, while the Union force was augmented by the timely arrival of Howard's Eleventh Corps. And thus the Battle of Gettysburg began.

EARNEST IN HIS CONVICTION.

This is General Heth's version of the concentration. In short, that General Lee was compelled by his fight to send forward first one division, then another, until, finally, the entire army was brought to the vicinity of Gettysburg by nightfall of the 1st. General Heth is very earnest in his conviction that his chance effort to capture some shoes for his troops resulted in bringing on the greatest collision of the civil war. Other ex-Confederates, of equally high rank and intelligence, implicitly accept this version. That so trivial an affair, involving so unimportant a segment of the invading force, should result in such a tremendous, far-reaching catastrophe must naturally have strong fascination for a sentimental people, and by process of evolution the Heth episode has fastened upon the popular fancy as the accidental cause of the Confederate concentration at Gettysburg.

Understand me; there is no doubt whatever about the details of General Heth's story; so far as events go, he tells the literal truth. He is only mistaken in his conclusions. We know that Pettigrew did go down after the shoes, and returned empty-handed; we know that Heth advanced the next morning with his whole division for the same purpose, and, as he supposed, with no other object than the pursuit of that purpose; and we know that Heth precipitated the battle. But he and all others are egregiously mistaken in supposing that this simple shoe-raid caused the whole Confederate army to converge on Gettysburg.

A man of General Lee's consummate knowledge of the science of war was not one to march and countermarch in the presence of an enemy's army without aim or object other than the support of mere outpost affairs. It is not only proper, but highly important, that this peculiar fiction should be corrected, lest it crystallize into so-called history. It is clearly demonstrable that the concentration of General Lee's army on the 1st of July, 1863, was no more the result of chance or accident than the original invasion.

DISTRIBUTION OF TROOPS.

In the first place, the distribution of the various divisions of the Confederate army previous to the battle is totally inconsistent with this theory of accident in the concentration at Gettysburg. On the 28th of June General Early's Division of Ewell's Corps was in the vicinity of York, some thirty miles east of Gettysburg; the divisions

of Generals Edward Johnson and Rodes were at or near Carlisle, about thirty miles directly north of that town, while Heth's and Pender's and the other divisions of the army were in and about Chambersburg, nearly thirty miles to the westward. Thus Early and Heth were fully sixty miles apart, on an almost direct line east and west, with Gettysburg midway between, but somewhat to the southward. A study of the situation will make it clear to the merest tyro in logistics that if their march was the result of mere chance it was a most singular circumstance, indeed, that the four converging divisions—Heth and Pender, from the west; Early from the east, and Rodes from the north—should all arrive opportunely on the field of Gettysburg between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12 noon, in time to successfully support each other in a contest with the Union First and Eleventh corps. There can be no other conclusion than that they and the rest of the Confederate army had been moving toward one common centre, under the impulse of a single mind previously given.

But it is hardly necessary to argue the point to dispose of this question. There can be no dispute about it; it is settled by General Lee himself beyond all controversy, and it is surprising that his statements have been so long overlooked. In the last days of June a scout of General Longstreet's, who had passed through Washington, and subsequently the Union army, arrived at General Lee's headquarters, in Chambersburg, with the information that Hooker's entire force had crossed the Potomac, and was moving northward, imperilling the Confederate communications with the South. This made necessary the immediate drawing in of the widely-sundered Confederate divisions.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

It is evident, on receiving this disturbing information that General Lee's first impulse was to bring Ewell back and concentrate at Chambersburg, west of the mountains, but, after studying the situation twelve hours, and, perhaps, upon better information, he changed his mind, and concluded to cross to the east side of the South mountain range and take position at Gettysburg—a strategic position of great importance because of the many excellent turnpike roads which radiate therefrom. At Gettysburg he would not only occupy an excellent position from which to fall back toward the Potomac, if found necessary to deliver or receive battle; one safely covering his line of communications, but one threatening both Washington and Balti-

more, as well. He thereupon sent to General Ewell, at Carlisle, the following order, found on page 943, Part 3, Volume XXVII, of the *War Records*:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CHAMBERSBURG, June 28, 1863.

Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, Commanding Corps:

GENERAL,—I wrote you last night, stating that General Hooker was reported to have crossed the Potomac, and is advancing by way of Middletown, the head of his column being at that point, in Frederick county. I directed you in that letter to move your forces to this point. If you have not already progressed on the road, and if you have no good reason against it, I desire you to move in the direction of Gettysburg via Heidlersburg, where you will have a turnpike most of the way, and you can thus join your divisions to Early's, which is east of the mountains. I think it preferable to keep on the east side of the mountains. * * *

R. E. LEE, *General.*

I do not think this feature—the first order mentioned in the above for Ewell to retire from Carlisle on Chambersburg—has ever been noticed by historians. General Ewell, “having no good reason against it,” on receipt of this order at once headed the divisions of Rodes and Johnson towards Gettysburg. General Early, at page 467, Part 2, Volume XXVII, *War Records*, notes the receipt at York, through General Ewell, of a copy of the foregoing order of General Lee, with verbal instructions to move back, and began his march toward Heidlersburg, to join the other divisions at daylight on the 30th. On the 28th Hill's Corps, from the vicinity of Chambersburg, had stretched out on the road to Gettysburg, and that evening was encamped near the town of Fayetteville, about eight miles east of Chambersburg. General Hill reports that he was directed to co-operate with Ewell, and, “accordingly, on the 29th, moved General Heth's Division to Cashtown, some eight miles from Gettysburg, following on the morning of the 30th with the division of General Pender.” General Longstreet reports that he received orders at Chambersburg on the 29th to follow Hill and encamp at Greenwood.

Meanwhile the advancing Federals, moving northward more rapidly under their new commander, General Meade, than anticipated by the Confederate chieftain, had occupied the town of Gettysburg,

and thus interposed—though unaware of the fact—to prevent the concentration of his armies at that point without a battle. And to accomplish his original design, and finding the enemy before him, General Lee elected to fight; his remaining divisions were hurried forward as rapidly as possible; the Federals, perceiving that the crisis was at hand, pushed forward to the conflict, and the great battle of Gettysburg followed, as naturally and certainly as powder will explode when the match is applied. It was in no wise the result of chance, at least, in respect of the Confederate preliminary movements.

Finally, in his various letters and reports concerning the Gettysburg campaign, General Lee several times alludes to his conclusion and the reason as well as the order for this concentration at Gettysburg. I make the following extract from his official report, found at page 305, Part 2, Volume XXVII, *War Records*:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 31, 1863.

*General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General,
Richmond, Va.:*

GENERAL,— * * * Preparations were now made to advance upon Harrisburg, but upon the night of the 28th information was received from a scout that the Federal army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northward, and that the head of the column had reached the South mountain. As our communications with the Potomac were thus menaced, it was resolved to prevent his further progress in that direction by concentrating our army on the east side of the mountains. Accordingly, Longstreet and Hill were directed to proceed from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, to which point General Ewell was also instructed to march from Carlisle. * * *

Respectfully submitted,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

MOVING IN UNISON.

This formal statement by General Lee made at the time, together with various orders and movements detailed in the foregoing, all compiled from official and perfectly reliable sources, determine conclusively that all the divisions of the Confederate army were moving in unison, like a huge machine, toward a common centre, and with

a common object, propelled by the comprehensive mind of its commanding general, who had and was following out a definite plan of operations, evolved as early as June 28th, when he first received information that the Union army had crossed the Potomac and was advancing, and were not set in motion by a temporary impulse growing out of a trivial raid for shoes at Gettysburg on the morning of July 1st. That was merely an incident in the concerted movement of a great army.

LESLIE J. PERRY.

Washington, December 1, 1895.

FIRST MANASSAS.

The Closing Scenes of the Battle—Cavalry Pursuit.

[Because of graphic details embodied, this article and the reply thereto are given.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The subjoined letter, which I request you to publish in your widespread and metropolitan journal, is from the pen of Captain William Fitzhugh Randolph, of Greenville, Miss. Captain Randolph, himself a gallant Confederate officer, is brother to Bishop Randolph, of Virginia, and of the military stock of the distinguished Captain Buckner Magill Randolph, of the Confederate infantry, as well as kinsman to the courageous and accomplished Colonel Robert Randolph, of the cavalry corps attached to the Army of Northern Virginia.

Yours,

JOHN SCOTT, of Fauquier,

Colonel of Cavalry, Confederate States Army.

Warrenton, Va.

GREENVILLE, August, 1895.

Colonel John Scott:

MY DEAR COLONEL,—I hope you will excuse the delay which has occurred in my answer to your letter, received some weeks ago, which has been occasioned, first, by my absence from home, and then by a spell of fever, from which I have only recovered in the past few days.

The extract which you give from Colonel Munford's report (see for the report itself, page 534, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Series I, Vol. II) is so entirely inaccurate and at variance with all my own experience, that I think it better to supplement your own narrative by giving a brief account of my observation of some of the incidents of that memorable day. I did not at that time, as, perhaps, you are aware, belong to any organized command, but had been, in company with a few choice companies, scouting in front of our army, and on the day of the first battle of Manassas acted as a sort of free lance, taking in the battle from the various standpoints, which gave the best promise of interest and incident. It is well understood now that we were on that day outgeneralled at every point. The Federal commander, by a sham attack on the 18th, had masked his real design, while he marched the bulk of his army around by Sudley Mill, and thus precipitated a superior force upon the unprotected left flank and rear of the Confederates, turning our entire position, and rendering absolutely useless all the defences which had been erected at Manassas, the day being only saved by the indomitable courage of a few Confederate brigades, who fought with a persevering tenacity which has been rarely equalled and never excelled, on any of the great battlefields of the world. Our army numbered nearly 30,000, and less than 10,000 of number, through that long and terrible day, bore the whole brunt of the Federal onset. Step by step, contesting every inch of ground with desperate courage, our line was slowly but steadily driven back by the sheer weight of the Federal advance, outnumbered, as they were, almost ten to one.

HEINTZELMAN'S REPORT.

Heintzelman, who commanded a division of the Federal army, stated in his report to the department at Washington, with grim satire, that their defeat was not the result of masked batteries or overwhelming numbers, but because regiments repulsed brigades, and brigades drove back divisions. But, notwithstanding this fact, the Confederate line was gradually forced back up the long slope leading to the Henry House. When reinforced by a few regiments of fresh troops, which had been hurried up from Manassas, the thin Confederate line closed up for a last stand on the apex of the ridge which overlooked the stone bridge and the whole ground over which the enemy had been advancing. I stood close behind, looking at the long, solid ranks of the enemy as they were massing for a final

assault, for, as I glanced along our line, it seemed almost certain that those worn and tired soldiers who had fought through the long, hot day, their ranks depleted to one half of their original strength, would surely be overwhelmed at last by the impact of numbers. Bee and Bartow had fallen. Of the Fourth Alabama, which had entered the fight 850 strong, more than 400 had gone down on the bloody field, and all that were engaged had suffered in the same proportion, but with ranks unbroken, resolute, and dauntless still, Johnston and Beauregard both were urging and encouraging the troops, and fully exposed to the whole Federal fire, the minie-balls coming thick and fast. Jackson stood near his brigade, with cap drawn close over his eyes, stern and silent, awaiting the catastrophe, and rendered rather more conspicuous by a white handkerchief wound around his left hand, which had been slightly wounded by a bullet.

SUCH THE SITUATION.

Such was the situation when looking to our left. On the right flank of the Federal advance, and a little in its rear, we saw the gleam of bayonets on the crest of the hills. It was but a single brigade—3,000 strong—led by Kirby Smith, who, hearing the steady firing from the cars at Gainsville, had come across the country straight for the battle field. As the brigade poured over the crest of the hill the pace was quickened to a double-quick, rushing down on the enemy's flank, firing and shouting as they came. The Federal line halted, then wavered, wheeling a little to the right, as if to meet this fresh enemy, but their hearts seemed to fail them before that onward rush, and the right of the line began to crumble like a rope of sand. Then it was that I saw Jackson raise his wounded hand and point down to that wavering line. Those worn and tired soldiers needed no second bidding. They knew their time had come at last, and, apparently as fresh as when the battle opened in the morning, those young volunteers leaped like bloodhounds down the hill, and closed with the foe.

The end had come, and the battle was won—a victory as amazing as it was unexpected. A moment before the advance the solid blue lines seemed irresistible; now, in the wildest panic, the whole field covered with a host of disorganized fugitives, flying as if all the devils of the lower regions were behind them. I was on many a hard-fought field afterwards, but never saw I a scene like that. Musket, knapsack—everything in fine that impedes flight—was thrown

away, and the disorganized, panic-stricken masses poured like an avalanche across the turnpike, over the stone bridge, into the woods and fields beyond.

THE PRESIDENT.

At this juncture I was standing not far from the Henry House. Generals Johnston and Beauregard were with President Davis, who, hearing that the Confederate army was retreating, had come in a special car from Richmond, and had just ridden upon the field. Captain Davis, at the head of the Albemarle Troop of cavalry, rode up the hill, and was immediately ordered in pursuit. As the troop was passing near me, Archie Smith, of Winchester, a member of the company, and a near relative, called to me to join them, which I was very glad to do. We passed close to Mr. Davis, with the two Generals, who raised their caps to us, and giving them a rousing cheer, we rode on. At first our progress was slow; as we came up with the two regiments of South Carolinians (Kershaw's Brigade), who, together with Kemper's Battery, had been ordered to follow the enemy. We crossed the Stone bridge on the Warrenton pike about a half mile beyond the hill. At this point the two regiments of infantry halted on the left of the road, and the Albemarle company formed on their right. Kemper's Battery then unlimbered, the guns were run out to the front, and commenced firing down the pike at what appeared to be a receding cloud of dust. The firing was kept up about fifteen minutes, until all signs of the fugitives had disappeared, resistance on their part having entirely ceased.

NO ORDERS.

No orders being received to continue the pursuit, the Carolinians remained where they had halted. Captain Scott, whom I then saw for the first time, rode out into the road, and called for volunteers to continue the pursuit. Captain Davis responded that his troop was ready. The gallant captain did not wait a moment, but dashed on, followed by Captain Davis's sixty men. Captain Scott, rendered conspicuous by a white havelock, rode considerably in advance. Finding no obstruction to our advance, our pace was greatly accelerated. Occasionally a few of the troopers would drop out of ranks, gather up some of the flying enemy, and start for the rear; but for the most part very little notice was taken of these fugitives, as they scattered right and left, we riding through and over them, looking for better game.

About sunset we descried in the distance a cloud of dust, evidently made by a part of the flying enemy. We spurred our horses to a furious gallop, and dashed down upon them. We soon found what they were—some ten guns, I believe, encircling the black thirty-two pounder, called “Long Tom,” which was to play such havoc with the Confederate ranks! The cannoneers and drivers made a desperate dash with their guns at Cub Run bridge, which was immediately in their front. But, crowding too rapidly on the bridge, it broke under the weight, and baggage-wagon, ambulance, caisson, and all fell through into the stream below, forming an impassable barrier, which blocked they way, and effectually prevented further passage. The cannoneers and drivers leaped from their guns and horses, and darted into the bushes on either side of the run, leaving everything an easy capture.

A TEMPTATION.

The temptation was too great for the average cavalryman, and Captain Davis himself, with most of his men, dismounted and commenced work on the tangled wreck. I myself was about to dismount, having an eye on a fine McClelland saddle which I wanted to secure, when Archie Smith, who was still at my side, turned to me and said: “Yonder goes the ‘White Havelock,’ Will!” “All right,” I replied, and we dashed after Captain Scott, who was crossing the stream above the wreck and *debris*, waving to the men to follow him. About fifteen of Davis’s men followed us, but most of them remained behind to work with the guns and secure horses, saddles, and other plunder. We joined Captain Scott on the other side of the run, and continued our wild ride faster than ever. We soon came to the foot of the hill upon which the little town of Centreville is situated. Crossing a small stream at the base, we rode rapidly up the slope, and on the crown of the hill came in immediate contact with a long, blue line of Federal infantry, drawn up in battle array. Riding up close to them, Captain Scott shouted, “Surrender!” For a few seconds they seemed to hesitate, but, hearing no sound of any advancing along the turnpike in our rear, an officer turned to his men and ordered them to fire. Our little band retreated at once, and dashed down the hill rather faster than we had come up, receiving as we went the whole fire of perhaps three hundred infantry. Not a man, however, was hurt, and we were soon out of sight, hidden by the shades of night.

A WHOLE BRIGADE.

I ascertained afterwards that the troops we encountered on the heights of Centreville were a brigade, under Colonel Miles, which had never been in the fight, but had been left to cover the retreat of the Federal army.

With reference to the capture of the artillery and spoil at Cuban Run bridge, the assertion that any command, except the Albemarle Troop, led by Captain Scott, had anything to do with it is without foundation. No other cavalry was in sight or hearing at the time, and had it not been for the headlong, furious charge of these sixty men, all these guns, undoubtedly, would have crossed the bridge in safety and been on their way to Washington long before any other command had reached the scene. To Captain Scott, therefore, and to him alone, the sole credit of the capture is due. The only part in the affair performed by Colonel Munford and his command was in manual labor, required in hauling the cannon out of the wreck, securing the horses, etc. Had the other cavalry leaders exhibited the same energy, daring, and enterprise which characterized Captain Scott, it is not at all improbable that the cavalry arm of the service alone might have ridden to Washington that night. But satisfied with what had been done, the army remained quiescent. * * *

W. F. R.

REPLY OF GENERAL MUNFORD.

LYNCHBURG, VA., December 22, 1895.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Your last Sunday's [December 15] paper contained a brief communication from Colonel John Scott, of Fauquier, enclosing a long letter to the latter from "W. F. R." dated "Greenville, August, 1895." This letter of W. F. R. seems to be in reply to one from Colonel Scott, soliciting W. F. R.'s opinion of my official report of the participation of my command at the First Battle of Manassas.

A reference to my report at page 534, of Series I, Volume II, of "The War of the Rebellion, Official Records," will show that I therein state that "I advanced and found that Major Scott, com-

manding Captain Davis's Company, had proceeded to the bridge on Cub creek." There was no more gallant soldier or officer than Colonel Scott; and I neither there nor anywhere else during the war found any occasion to criticise him. But, as touching the contention raised by W. F. R., that no command, except the Albemarle Troop, led by Captain Scott, had anything to do with the capture of the artillery and spoil at Cub Run bridge, I am enabled to avoid the necessity, at all times unpleasant, of a laudatory mention of my own deeds, by introducing the following disinterested witnesses—namely, Colonel R. C. W. Radford, of the Thirtieth Virginia Cavalry, who on that day commanded the First Brigade, and Colonel John B. Kershaw, commanding the Second Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. Colonel Radford's report will be found on page 532 of the same volume of "The War of the Rebellion, Official Records," to which I above referred. In that report he says:

"I have no hesitation in saying that the charge made by my own command, in connection with that made by the command under Lieutenant-Colonel Munford, composed of Captains W. H. Payne, Ball, Langhorne, and Hale, caused the jam at Cub creek bridge, which resulted in the capture of fourteen pieces of cannon, their ammunition and wagons, five forges, thirty wagons, and ambulances, and some forty or fifty horses. I base this opinion on the fact that we were in advance of all our forces, and by our charge the enemy were thrown into wild confusion before us, their vehicles of all sorts going off at full speed, and in the greatest disorder."

Colonel Kershaw, in his report, at pages 524-522 of the same volume, says:

"Arrived at the house on the hill, which was occupied by the enemy as a hospital, having made many prisoners by the way, we found that a portion of our cavalry (Captains Wickham's and Radford's, and Powell's and Pitzer's), had had an engagement there with a battery of the enemy, which they had taken, but had retired after being fired on by the heavy reserve corps, which intervened between them and my command. This cavalry had come into the road by Lewis' Ford, below the stone bridge, and neither of us knew of the position of the other until some time after." * * *

"Reluctantly, I ordered my command to return; but, directing Colonel Cash to remain, I went with a detachment of twenty volunteers from his regiment to the bridge, where I found Lieutenant-Colonel Munford, with a portion of the Virginia cavalry, extricating

the valuable capture. They had arrived by the Sudley Ford road, having pursued the enemy from the battle-field, and came up to the bridge, when Captain Kemper ceased firing. Here I remained until 10 o'clock at night, aiding Colonel Munford, when I returned to camp."

I have ever deemed it an unseemly spectacle for the Southern survivors of the Confederate war to indulge in crimination and recrimination of one another, and shall content myself with the above response to the criticism of "Free Lance."

Respectfully,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

[From the Daily Charlotte *Observer*, Nov 17, 1895.]

FORT HAMBY ON THE YADKIN.

A Bit of Half-forgotten History.

The Story of a House which Deserters from Stoneman's Army Occupied and Fortified, and from which They Sallied forth and Ravaged the Surrounding Country—Four Lives Lost in the Effort to Dislodge Them—The House Finally Fired and Four of the Desperadoes Caught and Shot—The Leader, However, Unfortunately Escapes—A Thrilling Recital.

Professor R. L. Flowers, of Trinity College, read before the last meeting of the Historical Society of that Institution a paper on Fort Hamby—a piece of North Carolina post war history. A native of one of the counties scourged by the miscreants who made the name of Fort Hamby a terror in all the surrounding country, Professor Flowers is well qualified to write its history, and the *Observer* thanks him for his cheerful compliance with its request to furnish it for publication a copy of his paper. The story it tells so well is one of thrilling interest, and once begun, will be eagerly followed to the end.

FORT HAMBY.

In March, 1865, General Stoneman left East Tennessee, moving by the turnpike leading from Taylorsville, Tenn., through Watauga

county to Deep Gap, on the Blue Ridge. On the 26th of March he entered Boone, N. C., and on the 27th the column was divided, one division under General Stoneman marching towards Wilkesboro, while the other, under General Gillam, crossed the Blue Ridge at Blowing Rock and went to Patterson, in Caldwell county, and then joined Stoneman at Wilkesboro. Leaving Wilkesboro on the 31st, General Stoneman moved over into Surry county, going towards Mt. Airy. During the march through this section of the State, Stoneman's men committed many depredations, and after leaving Wilkesboro a number of the lawless element of his command deserted. Shortly after this a number of men, some deserters from Stoneman's command and other worthless characters, led by two desperate men, Wade and Simmons, completely terrorized a large portion of Wilkes county by their frequent raids.

In order to fully understand the situation, the condition of the country at that time must be taken into consideration. Almost every man fit for military service was in the army, and the country was almost completely at the mercy of the robbers. It was thought after Lee had surrendered and the soldiers were returning home that these depredations would be discontinued, but they were not.

These marauders were divided into two bands. One, led by Simmons, had its headquarters in the Brushy Mountains, and the other, led by Wade, had its headquarters near the Yadkin river, in Wilkes county. The bands at times operated together, but it is principally with Wade's band that this article is to deal. The house which Wade had chosen and fortified was situated near the road which leads from Wilkesboro to Lenoir, in Caldwell county, and about a mile from Holman's Ford, where the valley road crosses the Yadkin river. The house was situated on a high hill, commanding a fine view of the Yadkin valley, and of the valley road for a distance of a mile above and a mile below the ford. The house fronted the river on the south, while the rear was protected by the "Flat Woods" belt, in which there were sympathizers, if not aiders and abettors, of the band. From this position the Yadkin valley and the surrounding country for at least half a mile in every direction could be swept and controlled by Wade's guns. There is a legend that this point was chosen by Daniel Boone as a splendid military post to protect himself against the Indians. At any rate, it would have been almost impossible to have chosen a stronger location, both offensive and defensive, than this. The house was built of oak logs, and was two stories high. In the upper story Wade had

cut port-holes for his guns, which were army guns of the most improved type, and could command the approaches to the house from all directions, making it indeed hazardous to attempt to reach it. This house belonged to some dissolute women by the name of Hamby, and after Wade had fortified it, the name by which it was known was "Fort Hamby." "The exact number of men engaged in these depredations is unknown, though it has been stated on good authority to have at no time exceeded thirty." (*Hon. R. Z. Linney, Colonel G. W. Flowers.*)

Making this their headquarters, they began to plunder the surrounding country, and from their cruelty it appears that their object was to gratify a spirit of revenge as well as to enrich themselves. They marched as a well-drilled military force, armed with the best rifles. It was only a short time before they brought the citizens for many miles around in every direction under their dominion. They plundered the best citizens, subjecting men and women to the grossest insults. Their cruelty is shown by this act: A woman was working in a field, near Holman's ford, having a child with her. The child climbed on the fence, and the men began to shoot at it, and finally killed it. Emboldened by their success in Wilkes county, they made a raid into Caldwell county on the 7th of May. Major Harvey Bingham, with about a half a dozen young men from Caldwell and Watauga counties, attempted to rout these murderers from their stronghold at Fort Hamby. One Sunday night, after their raid into Caldwell, Major Bingham made a well-planned move on the fort, at a late hour of the night. For some reason, Wade and his men were not aware of the approach of Bingham's men until they had entered the house. Wade and his men announced their defenseless condition, and begged for their lives. No guns were seen, and they were, so Bingham believed, his prisoners. They gave Wade and his men time to dress, after which, at a moment when the captors were off their guard, they rushed to their guns, which were concealed about their beds, and opened fire on them. The result was that Clark, a son of General Clark, of Caldwell county, and Henley, from the same county, were killed. The others escaped, leaving the bodies of Clark and Henley.

Being encouraged by the failure to dislodge them, they began to enlarge the territory which they were to plunder. About a week previous to this Simmons with his band had crossed into Alexander county, and had made a raid on Colonel McCurdy, a well-to-do planter.

About this time Mr. W. C. Green, of Alexander county, who had been a lieutenant in the Confederate army, received news from a friend in Wilkes county that Wade had planned to move into Alexander county and make a raid on his father, Rev. J. B. Green, and to kill him (W. C. Green) if found. Mr. Green began to fortify his house, barring all the doors with iron. They also took five negroes into their confidence, and these promised to assist in defending the house against Wade. It was found out that they had in the house firearms enough to shoot eighteen times without reloading. Weapons were also provided for the negroes.

Wade started across the Brushy mountains on Saturday, May 13th, and reached Mr. Green's that evening about dark. Mr. W. C. Green saw a number of men stop their horses in the road above the house, and he concluded that they were Wade's men. He notified his father, and mustered the negroes in the dining-hall. All the lights were extinguished, though the moon was shining brightly. Mr. J. B. Green stationed himself at the front door, with a revolver in one hand and a dirk in the other. Mr. W. C. Green took his position at a window commanding a view of the front gate and porch. The negroes were stationed in the rear part of the house. Three men with guns approached the house in front, one of them being Wade, who had on a bright Confederate uniform, which he always wore on his raids, posing as a Confederate soldier when necessary to gain admission into the houses he wished to plunder. The other members of the company took another route and surrounded the house from the rear, though this was not known at the time. Wade pretended that they were Confederate soldiers; that they had belonged to the cavalry, and were now on their way home, having been detained on account of sickness. Mr. J. B. Green told him "he lied; that he knew who he was, what his business was, and that he could not enter his house except over his dead body."

Some of the men had by this time come up from the rear and were trying to force an entrance. When this fact was made known to Mr. W. C. Green by one of the negroes, he rushed to the rear, knocked out a pane of glass, and opened fire on them, wounding one of the men. This unexpected turn of affairs seemed to frighten them and they all began to retire. Mr. J. B. Green and Mr. W. C. Green rushed into the yard and opened fire on them as they retreated, Wade and his men at the same time returning the fire. They retreated so rapidly that two of the men left their horses. It

was found out afterwards that five of Wade's men had remained at the store of Mr. W. C. Linney, below Mr. Green's house, and had not taken part in the attempt to make the raid.

It was Sunday morning before the news was circulated. Mr. W. C. Green went to York Collegiate Institute and informed several men, and by 10 o'clock twenty-two men, almost all of them Confederate soldiers, had gathered, ready to pursue the robbers. In this party were several officers of the Confederate army, and they were dressed in their uniforms. Colonel Wash. Sharpe was placed in command of the squad and they started in pursuit. The first news from Wade was when they reached "Law's Gap." Here it was found that Wade had camped in the Brushy mountains part of the night after the attack on Mr. Green, and about sunrise the next morning had made a raid on Mr. Laws and forced him to give up his money. He informed the party that two of Wade's men were wounded. The pursuers followed the trail and found that five miles from Wilkesboro Wade's men had left the public road and had taken a shorter route by way of Hix's Mill and Holman's ford to Fort Hamby. The ford was reached in the evening of May 14th, and after crossing the river, and traveling along the public road for about half a mile, the pursuing party left the public road and followed a private road which led to a creek at the base of the hill on which the Hamby house stood. "In the plan of attack, part of the company, under Colonel G. W. Flowers, was to approach from the north, while the other part, under Captain Ellis, was to approach from the south, and then surround the house. In the enthusiasm of the moment all seemed to forget the danger. Colonel Flowers' men had gotten within seventy-five yards, and Captain Ellis' men within twenty yards of the house when its defenders poured a volley of minie-balls through the port-holes." (*Hon. R. Z. Linney.*) James K. Linney, and James Brown were killed. Linney had charged bravely across the field, and was killed on the east side of the house; Brown was charging up the hill on the west side when he was wounded. Some of the men were compelled to jump from their horses and throw themselves on the ground in order to escape being shot down. Their horses became frightened, and breaking loose from them, ran to where Wade's men had their horses. Two of these horses were the ones captured from Wade at Mr. Green's. These men did not recover their horses at this time.

Under the severe fire the men were compelled to retreat. The

force was now divided, part having fallen back across the creek, and part having reached the pines east of the building. There was no chance to re-unite, and after waiting until dark, the men withdrew, some reaching Moravian Falls that night. These met the others at "Squire" Hubbard's the next morning. In retreating under the severe fire from the fort, the men were compelled to leave the bodies of Linney and Brown. Wade's men afterwards buried them near the fort.

These men returned to Alexander county and raised a large company, a strong force having been brought from Iredell county under the command of Wallace Sharpe. On Wednesday the force started towards Fort Hamby. After crossing Cove's Gap a courier was sent back to Iredell county to request Captain Cowan to raise a company and come to their assistance; also another courier was sent to Statesville to an encampment of Federal soldiers to inform them of the condition of things and to ask their assistance. Before reaching Moravian Falls they received a message from Wade, saying: "Come on, I am looking for you; I can whip a thousand of you." It was dark when Holman's Ford was reached. Some one in the woods before the company ordered them to halt. The men thought that the order was from some of Wade's band and were about to fire upon them, when it was found out that this was a company from Caldwell county, under the command of Captain Isaac Oxford, on the same mission. They had encamped near the ford and had thrown out their sentinels. The two companies camped together that night, and next morning marched up the river and crossed at a small ford. They came to the house of Mr. Talbert, who lived on the public road, and there they found a woman dying. She had been shot the day before by the men from the fort, while she and her husband were coming to the ford in a wagon on the opposite side of the river from the fort—nearly a mile distant.

Mr. Talbert begged the men to return, telling them that Wade was expecting them, and had sent for re-inforcements. He told them that it was impossible to dislodge them, and to make an attempt and fail would make it worse for the people.

Captain R. M. Sharpe, of Alexander county, assumed command of both companies, numbering several hundred men. W. R. Gwaltney was sent with a small body of men to reach a high hill, overlooking a creek (Lenoir's Fork), and to remain there, while all the others marched around to the north and east of the fort.

Gwaltney's men were to be notified, by the firing of a gun, when the main body had reached their position. One or two men were seen to escape from the fort before it could be surrounded. They were fired at, but escaped. The supposition was that they had gone to get re-inforcements from the other band. The companies had left their encampment before day, and by daybreak the fort was surrounded, the men being placed about twenty steps apart. The soldiers kept up the fire on the fort during the day and night. Wade's men returned the fire, shooting with great accuracy. The soldiers were compelled to keep behind logs and trees, or out of range of the guns. It seemed impossible to take the fort. "Some of the bravest men were in favor of giving it up, while others said death was preferable to being run over by such devils." (*Rev. W. R. Gwaltney.*)

This state of affairs continued until the night of the 19th, when the lines were moved nearer up, and about 4 o'clock in the morning Wallace Sharpe and W. A. Daniel crept up behind the kitchen and set it on fire. The flames soon reached the roof of the fortress, and the sight of the fire seemed to completely unnerve Wade's men. "What terms will you give us?" cried out Wade. "We will shoot you," replied Sharpe, from behind the burning kitchen.

It was now about daybreak, and some of the men surrounding the fort began to rush up. Wade made a rush towards the river, through a body of Caldwell men, who opened fire on him, but as it was yet a little dark, he escaped. Four men were captured, Beck, Church, Loockwad, and one whose name cannot be ascertained. The flames which had caught the fort were extinguished, and in the house was found property of almost every description. Five ladies' dresses and bonnets had been taken for the dissolute women who had occupied the house. About twenty horses were found stabled near the fort. Some of the property was restored to the owners. The men who were captured plead for a trial according to the course and practice of the courts. They were informed that they would be disposed of as summarily as they had disposed of Clark, Henley, Brown, and Linney. Stakes were put up, and on the way to the place of execution they were given time to pray. They knelt down to pray, but the prayer was, "O, men, spare us." Wallace Sharpe replied: "Men, pray to God; don't pray to us. He alone can save you." Captain Sharpe requested W. R. Gwaltney to pray, but he replied that he never felt as little like praying in his life. Captain

Isaac Oxford said, "If you will hold my gun, I will pray;" but instead of praying for the men, he thanked God that they were to be brought to justice, and that none of the party had been killed. After this Rev. W. R. Gwaltney offered an earnest prayer for them, and then they were shot, "as nearly in strict conformity to military usage as these old Confederate soldiers, under the excitement of the occasion, could conform to."

After the prisoners were shot, the fort was set on fire. When the flames reached the cellar, the firing of guns was like a hot skirmish. Wade's men had stored away a great many loaded guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

Wade was seen in the vicinity several days after. He claimed to have been a major in Stonemen's command and a native of Michigan. He said that he had escaped to the Yadkin river from the fort and had hid under the banks until night; that in searching for him the soldiers had frequently come within six feet of him.

On the way back to Alexander county Captain Cowan, from Iredell, was met with a small body of men on their way to Fort Hamby. Also a company of Federal troops, then stationed in Statesville, were met on their way to the fort. They were told what had been done. "The captain ordered three cheers, which the men gave with a good will." (*Dr. W. C. Green.*)

The bodies of Linney and Brown were brought back home for final burial.

Though all the desperadoes were not brought to justice, this completely broke up their depredations.

ROBERT L. FLOWERS.

NOTE.—The information for this article was obtained from Hon. R. Z. Linney, Colonel George W. Flowers, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, and Dr. W. C. Green, all of whom took an active part in the capture of the fort.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, Sunday, November 24, 1895.]

CRUISE OF THE CLARENCE, TACONY—ARCHER.

Read's Daring Exploits.

HOW HE CARRIED TERROR TO THE NORTHERN PORTS.

Left a Blazing Path—Desperate Federal Pursuit of the Little Rover—
Capture of the Caleb Cushing—Evacuation of Richmond by the
Confederates—The Origin of the Fires—Interesting Letters
Bearing Upon the Subject—Running the Blockade—
Chat with a Southern Naval Officer—
Some Exciting Incidents.

On the 6th day of May, 1863, the American brig Clarence, bound from Rio de Janeiro to Baltimore, with a cargo of coffee, was captured off the coast of Brazil by the Confederate States steamer Florida, Captain John N. Maffitt, Confederate States navy, commanding. Lieutenant Charles W. Read, Confederate States navy, an officer of the Florida, a young Mississippian, of scarce twenty-three years, filled with a patriotic devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, immediately proposed to take the Clarence, with a crew of twenty men, and proceed to Hampton Roads, Virginia, and there cut out a gun-boat or steamer, with which it was his intention to go on a raid against the Federal commerce. Captain Maffitt granted his request, gave him a howitzer, with ammunition and equipments, and the necessary small arms for a crew of twenty men, and bade him God-speed. Read was accompanied by Second-Assistant-Engineer E. H. Brown, so that, altogether, he had twenty-one men, besides himself.

He immediately shaped his course for the capes of the Chesapeake Bay, drilling his crew, and preparing them for the arduous service which was expected of them. He also kept the men busy making wooden guns, as he sailed northward, to supply in appearance what he lacked in reality.

Off the Windward Islands he chased several weeks, but failed to overhaul them, on account of the inferior sailing qualities of the Clarence. On the 6th of June, in latitude 33 degrees, 39 minutes,

north; longitude 71 degrees, 29 minutes, west, he captured and burned the bark Whistling Wind, of Philadelphia, bound to New Orleans, with coal for Rear-Admiral Farragut's squadron. This vessel had been insured by the United States Government for \$14,800. On the 7th of June he captured the schooner Alfred H. Partridge, of New York, bound to Matamoras, Mexico. As this vessel was loaded with arms and clothing for citizens of Texas, the captain's bond for \$5,000 was taken as a guarantee for the delivery of the cargo to loyal citizens of the Confederate States, and she was allowed to proceed on her journey. On the 9th of June the brig Mary Alvina, from Boston to New Orleans, loaded with commissary stores, was captured and burned.

From the prisoners and papers of the Whistling Wind and Mary Alvina, Read gained information which convinced him that it would be impossible for him to carry out his original intention, as no vessels were allowed to go into Hampton Roads unless they had supplies for the United States Government, and even then they were closely watched. The vessels lying at the wharf above Fortress Monroe were guarded by a gunboat and sentries on the wharf, whilst just outside of the fort there were two armed boarding steamers, which inspected everything entering the bay, from a dug-out to a frigate. He then determined to cruise along the coast and try to intercept a transport for Fortress Monroe, and with her to carry out his original design.

SUBSTITUTED THE BARK.

On the morning of the 12th of June, in latitude 37 degrees, north; longitude 75 degrees, 30 minutes, west, almost in sight of the capes of the Chesapeake, the bark Tacony, in ballast from Port Royal, S. C., to Philadelphia, and the schooner M. A. Shindler, of Philadelphia, were captured. The latter was burned; but Read, who was as full of expedients and resources as Paul Jones himself, with the quick eye of a seaman, saw at a glance that the Tacony was a better sailer than the Clarence; so he determined to burn the latter and take the bark for his purposes. He immediately set to work to transfer his gun and his small arms to the Tacony, as time was short, and he was almost in the presence of the enemy. Any one familiar with the sea can appreciate the difficulties of such an operation on the rolling deep in a seaway. While the howitzer was being transferred, a schooner was discovered coming down before the wind. As she was passing near the Clarence, a wooden gun was pointed at

her, and she was commanded to heave to, which, through fright, she did immediately. She proved to be the schooner Kate Stewart, of Philadelphia. As Read was then short of provisions, and had over fifty prisoners on board, he determined to bond the Kate Stewart and make a cartel of her. He bonded her for the "sum of \$7,000, payable to the President of the Confederate States, thirty days after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States." He then burned the Clarence and M. A. Shindler, and gave chase to a brig, which proved to be the Arabella, of New York. This vessel having a neutral cargo on board, he bonded her for \$30,000.

Up to this time the Federal Government had no knowledge that Read was off the coast destroying the commerce of its citizens; but, on the 13th of June, Captain Munday, of the bark Tacony, having been landed from the cartel Kate Stewart, on the coast of New Jersey, took the train to Philadelphia, and arriving there at 3 P. M., reported that there was a pirate off the coast, and all the scenes which he had witnessed the day before. The news was at once telegraphed to the Navy Department at Washington, and immediately the telegraph-wires waxed warm with orders to Admiral Lee, commanding the North Atlantic blockading squadron, and to the commandants of the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia navy-yards, to send out vessels in pursuit of the "pirate." It may be well to explain here that this was the generic name used by the Federal Government and its citizens for all Confederate cruisers. It was a misnomer, for a pirate is *hostis humani generis*, while the Confederates only made war on the United States Government and its citizens. However, it matters little what you call your enemies in war-time, so that you do not treat them when they fall into your hands according to the hard names you call them.

GIVING CHASE.

Nothing illustrates better the power and splendid resources of the United States Government at this time and the magnificent discipline of the Navy Department than the fact that, notwithstanding they were blockading with an iron cordon a coast of three thousand miles, and occupying the inland rivers to the extent of five thousand miles, and had twenty-five cruisers in search of the Confederate steamers Alabama and Florida, in less than three days from the reception of the news of the appearance of the Clarence-Tacony on the coast there were thirty-two armed vessels out on the high seas in search of

her. Four left Hampton Roads on the night of June 13th; five left New York on the morning of the 14th, and the remaining twenty-three got out from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Hampton Roads on the 15th and 16th; and in the next ten days (till June 26th) there were fifteen more vessels sent out after her in obedience to the urgent appeals, petitions, and clamors of the owners, underwriters, and chambers of commerce of the various seaboard cities along the northern coast, whose commerce was being destroyed.

ALMOST A PANIC.

To understand fully the almost-panic effect in these cities, it might be well to say that they had been comparatively free from such a visitation so close at home for about two years; not since the privateer Jefferson Davis was off the coast. But lately rumors had been threatening an attack on the New England coast by the Alabama and Florida. Moreover, this period was the climax of the Confederacy. It was straining every nerve in one grand effort. Stonewall Jackson had made his last, but splendid, march around Hooker's right flank at Chancellorsville, doubling him up, and leaving him *hors de combat*, and General Lee, with his victorious legions, was marching triumphantly into Pennsylvania. The ironclad Atlanta had been sent out from Savannah, Ga., with a view to raising the blockade and making a raid on the Northern cities, and demonstrations were being made in various directions to tighten the tension and prevent reinforcements from being drawn off to oppose Lee's advance.

No wonder, then, that affairs looked dark and gloomy, and that the pulse of the Northern cities beat uneasily.

Meantime, the Tacony played havoc along the coast. On the 15th of June, in latitude 37 degrees, 40 minutes, north, longitude 70 degrees, 51 minutes, west, she captured and burned the brig Umpire, from Cardenas to Boston, loaded with sugar and molasses. On the 20th, in latitude 40 degrees, 50 minutes, west, and longitude 69 degrees, 20 minutes, west, she captured the fine packet-ship Isaac Webb, from Liverpool to New York, with 750 passengers, and the fishing-schooner Micawber. The latter was burned, but Read being unable to dispose of the large number of passengers of the Webb, she was bonded for \$40,000, and sent in as a cartel to New York. On the 21st, in latitude 41 degrees, north, longitude 69 degrees, 10 minutes, west, the Tacony captured and burned the clipper ship

Byzantium, loaded with coal, and the bark Goodspeed, in ballast. On the 22d, the fishing-schooners Marengo, Florence, Elizabeth Ann, Rufus Choate, and Ripple were captured, and all burned except the Florence, which, being an old vessel, was bonded and sent in as a cartel with seventy-five prisoners.

ANOTHER WAIL.

On the same day (June 22d) news of the capture of the Isaac Webb reached New York, and another wail went up along the line for protection. Senator Morgan, of New York, on the 23d of June, at the instance of the New York Harbor and Frontier-Defence Commission, wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, requesting that "iron-clads might be spared for defending the harbor of New York." "Our people," he said, "are uneasy at the boldness of the pirates, and they will not rest much longer without efforts for more adequate protection for this harbor. On the 22d instant I wrote you in relation to the frigate Roanoke, and hope to hear that she can now be spared for the defence of the port of New York." The president of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, in writing to the Secretary of the Navy on the same subject, said: "It may not be amiss to state that the war premium alone on American vessels carrying valuable cargoes exceeds the whole freight in neutral bottoms." Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, wrote: "I am receiving representations daily, both oral and written, from towns and cities along the Massachusetts coast, setting forth their defenceless condition." The wealthy and patriotic citizens of Boston offered to send out private vessels at their own expense in search of the "pirate," if they could obtain guns from the navy-yard. Mayor Cranston, of Newport, R. I., telegraphed on June 25th: "A rebel pirate, supposed to be the Tacony, destroyed several fishing vessels outside our harbor yesterday. Will you not give us an armed steamer? Our harbor is one of the most important of the coast." To all these and other pressing calls for help the Navy Department responded with a willing hand; offering to the merchants arms and officers for any vessel which they might wish to send out, and ordering the commandants of the yards to "charter more steamers and send them after the Tacony," until by the 26th of June there were forty-seven armed vessels scouring the seas in every direction for this bold little rover. Even the practice-ships from the Naval Academy, with the midshipmen aboard, were sent out. Many of these vessels crossed and re-

crossed her track, and some are said to have passed close to her in the night, while others were several times only separated from her by a fog, but none were fortunate enough to find her.

STILL PURSUED HER CAREER.

Still the Tacony pursued her career unharmed. With almost every new capture Read learned through the newspapers on board of the great number of vessels that were after him, but this did not seem to annoy him, for he appears to have fairly revelled in his career of destruction. On the 23d of June he destroyed two fishing schooners. On the 24th the ship Shatemuc, from Liverpool to Boston, with a large number of emigrants, was captured and bonded for \$150,000. The same night the schooner Archer was captured. As by this time he knew that the enemy had a full description of the Tacony, Read now thought it was about time to change the rig and appearance of his vessel, in order to avoid suspicion and detection, so he destroyed the bark Tacony on the 25th of June, and with the schooner Archer proceeded along up the coast, with the view of burning the shipping in some exposed harbor, or of cutting out a steamer. The morning of the 26th of June found him off Portland, Me., where he picked up two fishermen, who, taking them for a pleasure party, willingly consented to pilot them into Portland. From the fishermen he learned that the revenue-cutter Caleb Cushing was in the harbor, and the passenger steamer to New York, a staunch, swift propeller, would remain in Portland during the night. He at once determined to seize the cutter and steamer that night, and at sunset entered the harbor and anchored in full view of the shipping, in the innocent guise of a fisherman. Little did the fair city of Portland dream of the excitement and commotion in store for it the next day. He explained to his men what he expected to do after dark, but his engineer expressed his doubts as to his ability to start the engines of the steamer proposed to be captured, without the assistance of another engineer, and as the nights were very short, it was evident that if they failed to get the steamer under way, after waiting to get up steam, they could not get clear of the forts at the entrance of the harbor without being discovered. Under these circumstances he decided to capture the revenue-cutter, and after getting from under the forts to return and burn the shipping.

At 1:30 A. M., June 27th, having dispatched the schooner Archer to sea, with three men on board, he (Read) boarded the cutter Caleb Cushing, commanded by Lieutenant Dudley Davenport, of

the United States Revenue Marine Service, with two boats containing nineteen men, who, instantly presenting revolvers to the heads of the watch on deck, captured her without noise or resistance. The cable could not be slipped, so it was 2 o'clock before he could get under way. By this time the wind was very light, and the tide was running in. In this emergency, having put the cutter's officers and crew in irons; he put two boats out ahead with his own men to tow her, and succeeded in getting just beyond the range of the guns of the fort as day dawned. Of course, it was now too late to return and burn the shipping, so he decided to put to sea, and abide his time.

PREPARATIONS FOR PURSUIT.

By 8 o'clock A. M. the news was spread abroad in the city of Portland that the cutter had been captured. The collector of the port, Jedediah Jewett, immediately made preparations for pursuit. He sent messengers to Major Andrews, Seventeenth United States Regulars, commanding Fort Preble, for guns and men, and to Colonel Mason, commanding the Seventh Maine Volunteers, at Camp Lincoln, for men to be ready to embark in steamers at once. With great promptness he chartered the fine, large steamers Forest City and Chesapeake, and a small steam tug. The Chesapeake took on board fifty bales of cotton as barricades, two brass six-pounder guns, the greater portion of Seventh Regiment, Maine Volunteers, and fifty citizens volunteers, who had armed themselves and repaired on board. The Forest City took on board, besides her regular crew, Lieutenants Merryman and Richardson, of the United States Revenue Service, and fourteen seamen belonging to the Caleb Cushing, who happened to be ashore that night, three officers, and thirty-eight men, with one six-pounder and one twelve-pounder howitzer, and forty armed volunteer citizens. This formidable array was ready and under way in the incredibly short time of one hour. They stood out to sea in pursuit, the Forest City and tug some distance in advance. About fifteen miles off the coast they discovered the cutter and immediately stood for her.

The Caleb Cushing had one thirty-two-pounder and one twelve-pounder howitzer on board, and when Read saw the three steamers bearing down on him he knew what was up, and clearing his little vessel for action, prepared to give them a warm reception. When the leading steamer, the Forest City, arrived within about two miles of him, he dropped a well-directed thirty-two-pounder shot within a

few feet of her. Approaching still nearer, another shot dropped still closer to her, which somewhat dampened the ardor of her captain and the citizen volunteers, who had come out as if for a frolic, and considering discretion the better part of valor, the captain put his vessel about, and hauled off out of range, to wait for the co-operation of the Chesapeake. It is but just to state that officers and soldiers were anxious to continue on and run the cutter down, but the accumulated advice and disjointed comments of the bewildered citizens and the fear for the safety of his vessel were too much for her captain, and he put her about. When he met the Cheapeake they held a council of war, and again started for the Cushing, with the intention of running her down. Coming within range, Read again opened fire on them, and fired three shots, but unfortunately for him at this time, his ammunition (all he could find) gave out, and his prisoners would not tell him where the ammunition was stowed. There were 500 pounds of powder and ninety solid shot for the thirty-two-pounder gun on board. Had he found this, there would have been some warm work before the day was over. That he did not make this his first search when coming on board was very singular, and cannot be accounted for on any ground, except that he had been under such a severe nervous strain for the last few weeks that he was almost entirely exhausted.

HE FIRED HER.

Seeing that there was no further chance for him in so unequal a contest now, he nevertheless determined not to let the cutter be recaptured, and deliberately set to work to destroy her, first putting his prisoners in a boat and throwing them the keys to their irons, so that they could release themselves. The few well-directed shots had made the steamers cautious about approaching him very rapidly, so he had ample time to set the cutter on fire fore and aft, and then took to his boats. The coolness and deliberation of this act are worthy of the highest praise in a naval officer. As soon as they had left the cutter the flames burst from her in many places, and the steamers were afraid to approach her, fearing the explosion of her magazine. They, however, bore down on Read in his boats, and, as further resistance on his part was now useless, he surrendered himself and party as prisoners of war. After picking up Lieutenant Davenport and his crew, they then stood out to sea a little farther and captured the schooner Archer, which only had three men on her. The cutter blew up about 12 o'clock. Thus ended the cruise of the Clarence-Tacony-Archer. Read and his gallant little

band were taken back to Portland, where the excitement was terrific, and put in prison. Major Andrews, in making his report of their affair, said: "You can form but a faint idea of the excitement now existing among the citizens of Portland and vicinity. Rumor follows rumor in rapid succession, and just before daylight this morning (June 29th) some one from the vicinity of the post went to the city with a fresh rumor, which set the whole city in a ferment. The bells were rung, and men, women, and children soon filled the streets, and were rushing hither and thither in aimless fright. I would respectfully suggest that the prisoners be sent from here as quietly and expeditiously as possible, as I do not think it safe for them to be placed in the custody of the citizens."

Lieutenant Read, in a letter written from Fort Warren to the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, says: "As all our clothing was distributed as relics to the people of Portland, I beg that you will, if possible, remit to Assistant-Paymaster Nixon a sufficient sum of money to purchase my men a change of clothing."

Such is war, and men who enter into it must take the consequences. Read and his crew were kept in prison for a little over a year, when they were exchanged as prisoners of war.

The lessons to be drawn from this little episode of the war on the sea are many and valuable, not only to the naval officer, but to the country at large, and especially to those members of Congress who oppose an increase in the navy and never stop to think that the commerce of the nation is the life of the nation, and that the destruction of that commerce is the clipping of the arteries of its wealth. That one small vessel, with twenty-two men and one gun, and a sailing-vessel at that, should have created such havoc and consternation in the days of steam, whilst forty-seven vessels (mostly steamers) were scouring the seas in search of her, is enough to make old Virgil rise up from his ashes and exclaim, "*Mirabile dictu!*" But what could a modern fast cruiser of twenty-five knots, commanded by a resolute officer, and accompanied by a fast supply-vessel, do on our defenceless coast? And how are we prepared for such an emergency in case of war with a maritime nation? These subjects I leave to the consideration of those who have the fighting to do, and those who have to provide the fighting-machines. Sufficient is it to say that the country which has such officers as the commander of the *Clarence-Tacony-Archer* to depend on will not lean upon broken reeds.

ROBERT H. WOODS,

Chief Clerk, Office Naval War Records, Washington, D. C.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, December 15, 1895.]

THE PLAN TO RESCUE THE JOHNSON'S ISLAND PRISONERS.

CAPTAIN ROBERT D. MINOR'S REPORT.

Why the Daring Expedition Failed.

The following letter from Captain R. D. Minor, Confederate States navy, to Admiral Buchanan, giving the experience of the expedition for the rescue of the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, is taken from advance sheets of "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion," so called :

NAVAL-ORDNANCE WORKS,
RICHMOND, VA., February 2, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,—Enclosed I send you the express company's receipt for a package of cloth, forwarded several days since to your address, at Mobile. Before leaving the Confederacy in October last I wrote to say good-by, and with the hope that before my return you would have heard of our success abroad, but the fortunes of war were against us, and all the consolation we have is the consciousness that we did our best, and that our efforts have been appreciated. You will pardon the prosy story I am about to tell you of our expedition, but, as it were one designed to do much good to our poor fellows at the North, and through their release to be of great benefit to our country, I have thought that it would be interesting to you to know something of its details.

Early in February of last year Lieutenant William H. Murdaugh, of the navy, conceived the plan of a raid on the northern lakes, based on the capture by surprise of the United States steamship Michigan, the only man-of-war on those waters, and, on mentioning his views to Lieutenant Robert R. Carter and myself, I need not tell you how cordially we entered into them, and endeavored by every means in our power to carry them into execution; but it was only after repeated efforts that the Government was induced to take any active part in promoting the expedition, though Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of Navy, was in favor of it from the inception of the plan; but

money, or rather the want of it, seemed to be the cause of delay, which, however, being eventually provided to the amount of \$25,000, we, together with Lieutenant Walter R. Butt, one of our ward-room mess on board of the old Merrimac, were at last ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed on the duty assigned us, when suddenly the order was changed, it having been decided in Cabinet council that our operations on the lakes might embarrass our relations with England, and thus prevent the completion of the iron-clad and other vessels building for us in the private ship-yards of that country. So the plan was foiled at the last moment, and, as we learned, by order of his Excellency, President Davis, who was apprehensive on the score of foreign complications. With the expedition thus broken up, Murdaugh, disheartened, sought other duty, and he, Carter, and Butt were ordered abroad, leaving me here on my regular ordnance duty, as only representative of a scheme whose prospects were so inviting and so brilliant. Late in the spring, I believe it was, that our enemies made Johnson's Island, in the Bay of Sandusky, O., a depot for our officers, their prisoners, and after the surrender of the Post of Arkansas, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson, some 1,500 or 2,000 were imprisoned there, whom it became an object to release, as the balance was, and still is, strongly against us. With this view I found myself one day, in August last, closeted with Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, and Mr. Mallory, who asked me to give my views on the contents of a letter, a part of which Mr. Seddon read to me, containing a proposition for the release of our poor fellows.

ASSENTED AT ONCE.

As a cruise on the lakes in the Michigan, and the destruction of the enemy's very valuable commerce, has been my study for months past, I assented at once to the plan, and remarked that "I need not inform you, gentlemen, how much pleasure it would give me to be engaged upon such duty." Well, sir, nearly a month of precious time passed away without my hearing another word on the subject, when one day I was sent for by Mr. Mallory, who told me to organize an expedition, select the officers, make all the necessary preparations, and then concluded by offering me the command of it, which, however, I waived in favor of my friend, John Wilkinson (who was in a manner somewhat committed to the plan by the letter which I have mentioned as being shown to me by Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War), with this proviso, however, that on our arrival in Canada,

in the event of adopting two lines of operations, I was to have one of them as my command.

As soon as it was definitely settled that the expedition was to go (for the President said it was better to fail than not to make the attempt, as it had been vaguely talked of in Montreal), our preparations were made. Thirty-five thousand dollars in gold, or its equivalent, was placed at our disposal by the Navy Department, and a cargo of cotton, which was subsequently sold at Halifax for \$76,000 (gold) by the War Department—in all some \$111,000 in gold, as the sinews of the expedition. The officers selected John Wilkinson, lieutenant commanding; myself, Lieutenant B. P. Loyall, Lieutenant A. G. Hudgins, Lieutenant G. W. Gift, Lieutenant J. M. Gardner, Lieutenant B. P. (F. M.) Roby, Lieutenant M. P. Goodwyn, Lieutenant Otey Bradford, Acting-Master W. B. Ball (colonel of Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry), Acting-Master William Finney, Acting-Master (H.) W. Perrin, Lieutenant Patrick McCarrick, Acting-Master Henry Wilkinson, Chief-Engineer (J.) Charles Schroeder, First-Assistant-Engineer H. X. Wright, Second-Assistant-Engineer Tucker, Assistant-Paymaster (P. M.) DeLeon, Assistant-Surgeon (William) Sheppardson, gunners Gormley and Waters, John Tabb, a man named Leggett, who subsequently left us at Halifax. Of course our plan was kept secret, only Wilkinson, Loyall, and myself knowing its objects, and we did not attempt to contradict the report that we were going to England, where many of the officers and our friends on shore supposed we were bound.

The party consisted of twenty-two, all told, and on the 7th of October we left Smithville, N. C., on the Cape Fear river, in the blockade steamer R. E. Lee, with Wilkinson in command; and, after successfully running the gauntlet of the blockading squadron of river vessels (not, however, without getting a shell in our starboard bulwarks, which exploded on board, set the cotton on fire, wounded three men, and broke a small hoisting engine into smithereens), we arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where our arrival was at once telegraphed all over the country as being en route for England. Dividing the party, we left Halifax as soon as possible, taking two routes for Canada—one *via* St. John, New Brunswick, and thence up through the province *via* Frederick and Grand Falls to Riviere du Loup, on the St. Lawrence, to Quebec and Montreal; and the other *via* Pictou, through the Northumberland Strait to Bay of Chaleurs, *via* Gaspe, up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and thence by railroad to Montreal, where we all met under assumed names about the 21st of October.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

As it was of vital importance that the utmost secrecy should be observed, the officers were directed to take lodgings in quiet boarding-houses, to avoid the hotels, not to recognize each other on the street, and not to be absent from their rooms for more than half an hour at a time. Finding Marshal (J. P.?) Kane and some of our friends in Montreal, we set to work to prepare and perfect our arrangements, the first object of the plan being to communicate with the prisoners on Johnson's Island, informing them that an attempt would be made to release them. This was effected through a lady from Baltimore, a Mrs. P. C. Martin, then residing with her husband and family in Montreal, and whose husband did all in his power to aid us in every way. She brought a letter from Baltimore, which General (J. J.) Archer, who with Major-General (I. R.) Trimble, was a prisoner at Johnson's Island, had sent there to Beverly Saunders, Esq., telling us to communicate with him through the personal columns of the New York *Herald*, which Wilkinson very promptly did, telling A. J. L. W. that his solicitude was fully appreciated, and that a few nights after the 4th of November a carriage would be at the door, when all seeming obstacles would be removed, and to be ready. The obstacles alluded to were the United States steamship Michigan and the prison guard. Our original plan was to go aboard one of the lake steamers at Windsor, opposite Detroit, as passengers, and when fairly out on the lake to play the old St. Nicholas game, and, by rising on the officers and crew, take possession and run her to Johnson's Island, trusting to the prisoners to overpower the guard, while we would be ready to receive them on board for transportation to the Canada shore; but, finding that the steamers seldom and at irregular interval stopped at Windsor, or at any point on the Canada side, we changed the plan at the suggestion of a Canadian named McQuaig, who was introduced to Kane by Mr. Hale, of Tennessee, as a good and reliable Southern sympathizer, engaged in running the blockade, and occupying a high commercial position in Canada. He entered into our views with enthusiasm, and we believe that up to the last moment he was heart and soul with us; but more of him directly. A reliable man was sent to Sandusky to ascertain the strength of the garrison, position of the guns, etc., and on his return we were delighted to hear that the United States steamship Michigan, under Jack Carter, was lying at anchor about two hundred yards from the island, with her guns (having six reported as

mounted) bearing upon the prison; that there were but four hundred troops on the island, and no artillery save two small Howitzers, one of which was upon a ferry-boat plying between the island and the city.

ARMS PURCHASED.

Two small nine-pounders were quietly purchased, Colt furnished us with 100 navy revolvers, with an ample supply of pistol ammunition—of course, through several indirect channels; dumb-bells were substituted for cannon-balls, as it would have excited suspicion to have asked for such an article in Montreal; powder, bullets, slugs, butcher-knives, in lieu of cutlasses, and grapnels were obtained, and all preparations made to arm the escaped Confederate officers and soldiers who, to the number of 180, we were promised, could be induced to act with us in any way to benefit our cause; but when the time came for them to come forward, only thirty-two volunteered, and, with our party thus augmented to fifty-four, we determined to make the attempt on the Michigan on the following plan: From Ogdensburg, in New York, there is a line of screw steamers plying to Chicago, in the grain and provision trade, and as they return nearly empty to Chicago, and sometimes carry the Adams Express Company's safe, we decided to take deck-passage on board one of them, as mechanics and laborers bound to Chicago to work on the city water-works there, and with this view one of our clever privates, named Connelly, was sent over to Ogdensburg, who paid the passage-money for twenty-five of us in advance, to be taken on board at some point on the Welland canal, and, while doing so, he made an agreement to take as many more laborers as he could obtain, their passage being fixed at the same price, to which the New Yorker consented, and gave him the ticket to show to the captain of the boat. We were then to assemble at St. Catharines, on the canal, go on board the steamer (one of our men, apparently entirely unconnected with us, having charge of the guns, powder, pistols, etc., boxed up in casks, boxes, etc., and marked "Machinery, Chicago," going on board the same steamer with us), and when fairly out in Lake Erie, and well clear of British jurisdiction, we were to rise on the officers and crew, overpower them, seize the steamer, mount our two nine-pounders, arm the men, secure the prisoners, and push on for Sandusky, timing our arrival so as to reach the Michigan about daylight, collide with her as if by accident, board and carry her by the cutlass and pistol, and then,

with her guns, loaded with grape and canister, trained on the prison headquarters, send a boat on shore to demand an unconditional surrender of the island, with its prisoners, garrison, material of war, etc., upon penalty of being fired into and the prisoners being released without restraint upon their actions. Major (W. S.) Pierson, the commanding officer, is said to be a humane man, and seeing the disadvantage at which we would have him, with the prisoners by this time clamorous for their release, he would have been compelled to surrender, and, with the half-dozen steamers at the wharf in Sandusky, we could have speedily landed the whole 2,000 prisoners on the Canada shore, distant only some forty miles; and then, with the Michigan under our command, and she the only man-of-war on the lakes, with a crew composed of our fifty-four and some fifty others of such men as the Berkeleys, Randolphs, Paynes, and others among the prisoners, we would have had the lake shore from Sandusky to Buffalo at our mercy, with all the vast commerce of Lake Erie as our just and lawful prey. So confident were we of success and so admirable were our arrangements, that we had all assembled at St. Catharines, on the canal, waiting in hourly anticipation the arrival of the steamer, when the storm burst upon us in the shape of Mr. Stanton's telegram to the mayors of the lake cities to be on their guard against a Confederate raid, which he had been notified by the Governor-General of Canada (Lord Monck) had been organized in Canada for operations on Lake Erie. Thus, my dear admiral, with victory, and such a victory, within our grasp, we were foiled; and so anxious were the British authorities to keep on good terms with their detested neighbors (for they do detest them) that the troops who were about to be removed from Port Colborne, the Lake Erie terminus of the canal, were ordered to remain at that place, with instructions to arrest any vessel passing through the canal with a suspicious number of passengers on board. With our plan thus foiled, and with the lake cities in a fever of fear and excitement, and with the rapid advance of re-inforcements, both naval and military, to re-inforce the garrison at Johnson's Island against our compact little band of fifty-two Confederates, we had, as a matter of course, to abandon the design, and leave Canada as soon as possible, but to do so in a dignified and proper manner. Wilkinson, Loyall, and I (Coleman, Kelly, and Brest) remained in Montreal from five to ten days, giving to the Canadian authorities every opportunity to arrest us, if it was thought proper to do so; but Lord Monck was satisfied with having frus-

trated our plans, and did not care to complicate the matter or show his zeal for the Yankees in any other shape than the very decisive one of informing on us. And thus we came away, leaving our poor fellows to bear the increased hardships of their dreary prison life for months to come.

BETRAYED.

And now for the sickening part. It appears that McQuaig, whom I believed to have been earnestly with us, became alarmed at the last moment, when our success seemed so certain, and fearing the ultimate bearing of it upon his own individual fortunes, involving, perhaps, failure, exile, loss of position, and imprisonment, betrayed us to Mr. Holden, a member of the Provincial Cabinet, who at once communicated it to the Governor-General; and hence the discovery.

So, but for treachery, which no one can guard against, our enterprise would have been the feature of the war, and our little navy another laurel-wreath of glorious renown. Leaving Quebec, we travelled in open wagons and buggies through the wilds of Lower Canada and New Brunswick, often looking into the houses on the Maine side of the river, with a desire to do to them as their people do to ours; but, as our policy is different, and as we carry on the war more on principles of civilization, the feeling was a childish one, though the contempt one felt for the cowardly dogs who crossed the line to avoid the dreaded draft was only natural, and still more so when their daily papers poured such venom on our cause and all connected with it. Taking the steamer at the small village of Tobique,, we came down the St. John river, and at St. John we went on board the steamer Emperor, in which we crossed the Bay of Fundy, to the village of Windsor, in Nova Scotia, and thence by railroad to Halifax, where I volunteered for and obtained command of the captured steamer Chesapeake, then supposed to be making her way to the port of St. Mary's, about seventy miles to the eastward of Halifax, but before I could get to her with my crew and officers, with the idea of making her a regular cruiser, she had been forced by stress of weather to put into a British port, where her arrival was telegraphed, and, as a great excitement had been made over her novel capture, both English and Yankees were endeavoring to get her; and as I had but a forlorn hope of ever reaching her in a dull, heavy-sailing collier, the attempt was abandoned, and thus I lost my chance of a command afloat, when I had invitingly open before me the prospect of so much damage to the enemy's coasting

trade. At Bermuda (where we arrived on the morning of the 17th of December, in the royal mail steamer Alpha) I found Bob Carter, of the navy, in command of the Navy Department blockade-running steamer Coquette, purchased by Commander Bullock, of the navy, to run in naval supplies and out cotton for our service. Finding some cloth on board for you, I brought it over with me in the little steamer Presto, but by whom it was sent I do not know. After a very rough and exciting passage of four days, during which I did not have my clothes off, we succeeded in eluding the blockading squadron, and reached Wilmington in safety on the 7th of January, our little steamer, under John Wilkinson, being the only one of four leaving about the same time that succeeded in getting into port, the others being wrecked on the coast. On the day of my return to Richmond, with important dispatches from abroad, my former position as lieutenant commanding the ordnance-works was offered me, and accepted, with more work ahead of me than I can do justice to.

I hope, my dear sir, that you have entirely recovered the use of your leg, and that you suffer no pain or inconvenience from your wound, and that you have recently had good news from Mrs. Buchanan. Captain Mitchell delivered your very kind message a day or two since, for which please accept my thanks, and if I can assist you in any way my services are entirely at your command.

[From the *Richmond (Va.) Dispatch*, Feb'y 2, 1896.]

THE FAMOUS LEE RANGERS.

The Organization, Service, and Roster of this Company.

This company was organized at West Point, King William county, Virginia, in June, 1861, with the following commissioned officers: Captain, William H. F. Lee; First Lieutenant, Beverley B. Douglas; Second Lieutenant, James Pollard.

From West Point the company marched to camp of instruction for cavalry (at Ashland, Hanover county), where, after being drilled for several weeks by Colonels Field and Lomax, it was ordered to northwestern Virginia, where it spent the winter of 1861-'62. In the latter part of the winter of 1862, it was ordered to Fredericksburg, where we were regularly drilled until the campaign opened in the spring, when the Ninth Regiment Virginia Cavalry was organized with the following ten companies:

Company A, Stafford county, Va.; Company B, Caroline county, Va.; Company C, Westmoreland county, Va.; Company D, Lancaster county, Va.; Company E, Spotsylvania county, Va.; Company F, Essex county, Va.; Company G, Lunenburg county, Va.; Company H, Lee Rangers, Virginia and other States and counties; Company I, King George county, Va.; Company K, Richmond county, Va.

The following is the roll of Company H, Ninth Virginia Cavalry (Lee Rangers), from June, 1861, to April, 1865:

Captains—William H. F. Lee, dead, B. B. Douglas, dead, Thomas W. Haynes, dead.

First Lieutenants—William V. Croxton, James Pollard, dead.

Second Lieutenant—Thomas J. Christian.

Junior Second Lieutenants—George W. Bassett, dead, John A. Cullen, dead.

First Sergeants—Fleming Meredith, James Allison, killed, Ro. G. Howerton, dead, John L. Slaughter, F. R. Burke, killed, Benjamin T. Williamson, dead, A. H. Jones, William H. Mitchell, dead, William T. Robins, Sr., dead.

Corporals—Hansford Anderson, John W. Bush, Charles H. Harrison, Alfred Morrison, John Ellis, killed, John Pemberton, killed, John Toole, killed, P. P. Moore.

Privates—Richard Apperson, Peter Anderson, killed, F. H. Blackburn, W. H. Berkeley, dead, William W. Berkeley, Vivian G. Boulware, Aubine L. Boulware, Wickliffe Boulware, killed, R. H. Burruss, — Beadles, A. M. Broach, dead, H. C. Brock, James Burgess, killed, — Bagby, killed, James A. Callis, James W. Campbell, James I. Casey, dead, John L. Cardwell, Charles H. Cooke, Richard Crouch, Thomas L. Crouch, dead, — Clements, killed, William H. Clements, dead, — Clayton, S. D. Chamberlayne, dead, Edward Davis, Smith Davis, dead, A. B. Dabney, dead, Ed. A. Duncan, dead, Richard R. Dunstan, dead, Herbert Deans, Harvey Dew, Boone Dew, killed, Julian T. Edwards, P. C. Edwards, Kleber Edwards, Ed. F. Eubank, W. S. Eubank, Joseph Figg, dead, William M. Gary, Jr., James H. Gary, Charles M. Gatewood, dead, William L. Garrett, John G. Gouldin, William Gregory, Rodger Gregory, J. C. Gregory, Oscar Gresham, Walter Gresham, R. B. Gwathmey, killed, Travis Harwood, Walker A. Hawes, Joseph Hay, Charles B. Habliston, dead, Fred. H.

Habliston, Thomas E. Henshaw, dead, William T. Howerton, dead, Robert C. Hill, John Hill, A. B. Hill, E. P. Hodges, killed, Thos. J. Horsey, dead, Lucien Jackson, James P. Jeter, Edward Jacobs, dead, Walter S. Jones, John S. Knote, dead, Miles C. King, James B. Kent, William P. Kemp, dead, A. E. Kinsela, Charles P. Layton, John B. Lacy, killed, John P. Lacy, James I. Littlepage, dead, John C. Littlepage, H. H. Littlepage, killed, Joseph Lee, William J. Leigh, dead, Richard Leftwich, Cornelius Lukhard, S. H. Lukhard, William A. Logan, Cornelius Martin, dead, Samuel J. Martin, dead, John Mann, Alex. Martin, dead, Ernest S. Martin, William B. Martin, Lee B. Martin, killed, Hamilton Martin, dead, Robert Mitchell, A. T. Mooklar, A. Miles, Robert Morris, dead, Cyrus Mellow, Charles Mills, Hasalom Nuthall, J. I. Newman, dead, James Noel, John Noel; dead, Edward Paw, dead, John Paw, dead, R. C. Pemberton, E. S. Pollard, E. L. Powell, dead, Matt. Reynolds, James A. Robins, L. M. Robinson, Robert S. Ryland, Josiah Ryland, Jr., Caleb Ross, dead, William T. Robins, William H. Robb, dead, Charles P. Rust, Robert D. Saunders, Richard H. Shelly, John Saunders, Thomas P. Satterwhite, L. D. Sizer, dead, Pulaski Sutten, dead, —— Swope, David Straughan, Braxton Selden, killed, Granville Skelton, John P. Taylor, Robert T. Tebbs, dead, John Trant, Logan D. Turner, Beverly Turner, Tazewell Thompson, George Tyler, Thomas L. Taylor, Edmund P. Taylor, killed, William P. Taylor, L. M. Tuck, Spencer R. Waring, Warren N. Williams, James A. White, Lawson E. Waring, Straughan Wilson, killed, Robert J. Washington, Benjamin T. Williamson, dead.

Twenty-six men were killed or died from wounds.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, February 2, 1896.]

ROLL OF COMPANY B, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

BOWLING GREEN, VA., January 31, 1896.

Following is a roll of Company B, Ninth Virginia Cavalry. This roll was made up by Judge E. C. Moncure, of Bowling Green, Va., who was second lieutenant of the company, from an old roll and from memory, and consequently there may be a few inaccuracies:

OFFICERS.

Captains—S. A. Swann, promoted. Was for a number of years superintendent of Virginia State penitentiary; died since the war; John Ware, at Newport News.

First Lieutenants—Cecil Baker, killed in battle; James Boulware, farming in Caroline, Va.

Second Lieutenants—Charles Wright, farming in Caroline, Va.; E. C. Moncure, judge of Caroline County Court.

Sergeants and Corporals—T. G. Moncure, S. T. Chandler, D. J. Waller, A. B. Rollins, W. H. Toombs, John W. Broaddus, J. E. Puller, M. E. Shaddock, Thos. Faust, J. D. Gravatt, J. W. Kidd.

Privates—Ernest A. Ambold, John J. Andrews, Charles H. Andrews, W. S. Andrews, Alfred A. Anderson, A. Boutwell, James A. Broaddus, S. B. Broaddus, H. O. Broaddus, Woodford Broaddus, H. N. Broaddus, A. T. Broaddus, Eugene Broaddus, killed on courier duty, R. H. W. Buckner, killed at Brandy Station, R. L. Books, Thomas Burke, J. G. Burruss, A. Burruss, John Battaile, W. J. Boulware, Muscoe Boulware, J. H. Branham, J. W. Burke, M. Campbell, F. D. Campbell, wounded, C. R. D. Campbell, W. S. Chandler, W. T. Chandler, wounded, R. W. Chandler, wounded at Gettysburg, Henry Chandler, W. P. Cullen, R. T. Callis, killed at Five Forks, W. S. Callis, L. H. Carter, D. S. Cash, W. S. Cash, killed in battle, L. J. Carneal, J. W. S. Collawn, J. C. Collins, James T. Collins, Catlett Conway, A. H. Conway, P. H. Conway, J. L. Coleman, lost a leg in battle, W. S. Chapman, G. Crutchfield, wounded; J. C. Dickinson, W. C. Digges, wounded, W. B. Dickinson, H. T. Dade, George G. Duffee, John W. England, wounded, J. T. Edwards, died in hospital, Charles H. Farish, died in hospital, K. R. Farish, Joseph Farish, lost a leg at Brandy Station, W. D. Farish, Charles T. Farish, killed at Brandy Station, W. P. T. Farish, A. T. Forbes, John W. Faulkner, died in hospital, Henry Fitzhugh, J. T. Gatewood, wounded at Brandy Station, W. S. Gouldin, E. Gray, R. A. Gray, R. A. Gravatt, T. E. Gravatt, G. C. Gravatt, Clarence Goodwin, killed in battle, A. J. Greenstreet, George Goodloe, J. Gwathmey, R. G. Hull, J. M. Hull, killed in battle, John T. Harris, killed in battle, J. T. Hove, wounded, Jas. M. Jesse, W. G. Jesse, S. C. Jones, wounded, Alexander Jordan, died in hospital, B. A. Jordan, killed in battle, James A. Jeter, W. E. Jones, Luther Jerrill, killed in battle, B. W. Kidd, killed in battle, H. S. Kidd, B. F. Kidd, H. L. Landrum, George W. Long, Thomas F. Lewis, W.

H. Loving, W. B. Lightfoot, W. S. Luck, James A. McLaughlin, wounded, R. C. A. Moncure, M. A. Moncure, J. D. Moncure, A. H. Martin, died in hospital, John G. Mason, Edgar McKenney, James L. McKenney, R. C. L. Moncure, Jr., T. N. Norment, William M. Oliver, R. B. Oliver, D. B. Powers, Thomas Powers, killed in battle, Willie Powers, died in prison, O. D. Pitts, J. L. Penny, J. G. Parrish, Sample Pave, H. C. Rowe, Carleton Rowe, killed in battle, James W. Rowe, J. R. Richardson, W. A. Richardson, killed at Gettysburg, George G. Richardson, P. L. Robb, P. T. Samuel, F. W. Scott, F. K. Sutton, Archibald Sutton, Page T. Sutton, J. A. Slaughter, J. J. Sale, Benjamin Satterwhite, W. R. Taylor, Temple Taylor, R. J. Taylor, wounded, M. D. Temple, W. S. Temple, Charles Temple, L. Temple, A. B. Terrell, John M. Terrell, lost a leg, J. W. Thomas, W. W. Thomas, T. C. Thornton, George T. Todd, died in hospital, R. H. Upshur, R. S. Wright, Wesley Wright, W. B. Wright, W. S. Wright, B. B. Wright, J. C. Wright, B. M. Wright, J. F. Wright, W. W. Woolfolk, Charles Willis, wounded, C. Warwick, Columbus White, killed at Brandy Station, J. S. Wiglesworth, killed in battle, Charles Waite.

SUMMARY.

Whole number of officers and men, 175; killed in battle, 18; wounded, 15; died in hospital, 9.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Times*, January 26, February 2, 1896.]

BEGINNING AND THE ENDING.

**Reminiscences of the First and Last Days of the War, by
Gen. George A. Hundley.**

INTERESTING PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.

**The Thrilling and Exciting Times Immediately Preceding the War—
The First Battle of Manassas.**

AMELIA C. H., VA., *January 1, 1895.*

George S. Bernard, Esq., Petersburg, Va.:

MY DEAR SIR,—In response to your request, I have written you the enclosed sketch, giving an account of some of my army experiences. I have striven as far as possible to suppress the irrepressible “ego,” and, if it should seem to your readers that I have thrust

into the narrative too much of my own personality, I beg to remind them that, in relating my own experiences, I have ever kept steadily in view a desire to give them a correct idea of the men and times of which I write, and of war scenes of which the historian takes little account. History too often moves along on stilts, giving a very imperfect idea of the realities of war.

It constantly keeps before the eye the deeds and supposed achievements of the great figures and the great movements of the contending forces. This is all very well, but of this I think the public has a surfeit, and I have tried to give them some insight into the interior working of the great machinery of war. I have been actuated in this labor by a desire to oblige an old comrade of those days of which I write, and I trust you will find it such as you desired it to be.

Your friend and comrade,

GEO. J. HUNDLEY.

The following is the sketch referred to in the foregoing letter:

THE BEGINNING AND THE ENDING.

In the winter of 1860-'61, I was a student at Judge Brockenborough's celebrated law school in Lexington, Va. The law class, I think, was fairly representative of the feelings and opinions of the people of Virginia at that time. It was composed of bright young men from all sections of the State, and I well remember how different were the feelings with which the news of Lincoln's election was received by the Union men and the secessionists. The latter rejoiced "with an exceeding great joy," hailing his election as the harbinger of Southern independence, whilst the former were correspondingly depressed, recognizing in that untoward event the token of coming disaster to our common country.

WAR-CLOUD GATHERING.

As the session wore on and spring advanced, secession was a frequent topic of discussion in our debating-society, I with others taking the Union side in these discussions to the last. Soon our noble old preceptor became a candidate for the Convention, and called in William McLaughlin (afterwards the commander of a battalion of light artillery in the Confederate army and now a circuit judge) as his assistant in teaching our class. Public meetings were held, and old Dr. George Junkin, of Washington College, with his squeaking voice, frequently addressed those meetings and managed

to make his shrill shouts of "Union," "Union," heard above the cackling of the obstreperous students of the various institutions of learning in town. I remember young Harmer Gilmer, of Richmond, one of our law class, disconcerting one of the Union speakers very much by suddenly crying out, as the man reached one of his best periods, "Come to my arms, you greasy fritter." I suppose Harmer caught the expression in some of the meetings of the sovereigns in "Old Market Hall."

The war cloud was now gathering thick and fast in the far South, and its distant mutterings grew ominous as the Virginia Convention assembled. We law students went to our homes, and, as the Court of Appeals was then in session in Richmond, I went there to get my license, appearing for examination before Judges Moncure, Robertson, and Daniel. I went first to Judge Moncure, and found him at Ford's Hotel. Truly in him I beheld "a man without guile." One so simple and unpretending, so gentle and kind, and at the same time so great, we rarely meet. He took me into his private room, where his good wife, the very counterpart of himself in woman's attire, sat knitting. First this gentle couple put me at my ease by asking about my home and introducing some familiar topics, about which we chatted until I forgot what I came for. Gradually the old judge introduced the law into our conversation and drew out of me what little I knew about it—I almost imagining that I was imparting to the old gentlemen before me valuable information. I left him highly pleased with myself and my legal attainments, but, bless me, what a check was in store for my vanity. I next sought Judge Robertson, who boarded at the Exchange and Ballard, and he frightened me half to death. He examined me two hours and then signed my license. Judge Daniel, seeing the signature of his brethren, signed without a word, for which act I heartily thanked him, for Judge Robertson had about used me up. Whilst in Richmond I visited the Convention, where I saw all the notables of that day and time, some of whom I was destined to see very frequently on another field of discussion in the near future. The venerable John Janney presided; Henry A. Wise, John Tyler, James Marshall, Summers, Goode, Jack Thornton, and Jubal Early were on the floor.

EARLY CHAMPIONED THE UNION.

John Goode was the fire-eater of the Convention, and he and rugged Jubal Early, the devoted champion of the Union, frequently

locked horns in debate. One day Goode insulted Early. The latter quietly took his seat, but every one knew that the matter would not stop there. That evening, or the next, after some correspondence, Goode apologized. "Old Jube," as he is best known to his soldiers, was a true type of the Virginia Unionist. These men opposed secession, and loved the Union for the sake of the fathers and for its own sake, but they loved Virginia and their own people above all else. So, when Lincoln called for troops and Virginia seceded, they hesitated not a moment as to which side they would take in the now inevitable conflict. Nothing in all history is grander than the conduct of Early and his fellow Unionists. The shock of battle could not shake their dauntless courage, and neither defeat, nor time, nor poverty, nor temptation has cooled the ardor of their devotion to their State and its people. By all means let a shaft go up in honor of "Old Jubal," and inscribe on its base the simple words: "He loved Virginia with all his heart and soul and mind."

Whilst in Richmond, I saw two companies from Danville pass along the streets with drum and fife, and the sight thrilled me so I could hardly wait to get home. I hurried back, and joined the first company made up in the neighborhood. How the boys rushed into the army as if to a frolic in those stirring days of 1861! We were "mustered in" at Charlottesville, and one poor fellow who was rejected because he had a crooked little finger (just think of that!) went home crying as if his heart would break.

For the first year of the war, I was in the infantry (the Nineteenth Virginia regiment); after that I was in the cavalry till the end. At Manassas Junction, we camped for a long time and struggled with measles, hooping cough, mumps, pneumonia, and typhoid fever, whilst General Scott was grooming another antagonist, with whom he was soon to further test our mettle. It was there I first saw General Lee. General Beauregard held a review for him. Tall and straight, with iron-gray hair, and moustache as black as the raven's wing, he was the very embodiment of warrior grace and symmetry as he sat on his horse, and viewed our undisciplined lines with a serious face and grave and dignified mien. I never looked upon his like before, and know I never shall again. I saw him last at Farmville on our way to the doom of Appomattox. I never saw him after the war, and am glad I never did. He will live in my poor memory, one of the least of his boys, as a soldier, and as such I want ever to think of him.

The Nineteenth regiment soon left Manassas and pitched its tents

at Centreville, next to the enemy. Near there I met again some of my old Lexington friends, McLaughlin, Poague, and others of the Rockbridge Artillery, those splendid cannoneers, who afterwards became so famous in the Army of Northern Virginia.

TESTING THE SENTINELS.

Camp life at Centreville was not without its amusing incidents. I remember quite vividly putting the lieutenant-colonel commanding our regiment (John Bowie Strange) in the guard-house one night. A favorite pastime with him was "testing the sentinels," as he termed it. He would go through the lines at night, and then try to pass back by the sentinels without giving the pass-word. They, knowing who he was, and being green, sometimes suffered him to pass into the camp without the word. He would overawe and bulldoze them if he could. So one night, I being the officer of the guard, he tried his old game on one of my sentinels. I had carefully instructed them all not to let him pass under any circumstances without first giving the pass-word, but to arrest him and call for the corporal of the guard, making him mark time until the corporal arrived. About 12 o'clock I heard one of the sentinels calling for the corporal, and I could hear Strange's voice, pitched in a high and peremptory key, demanding that he let his colonel pass, but the man ordered him to halt and mark time, which he promptly did. I ordered the corporal to go and bring the colonel into the guard-tent. Presently the colonel was marched in, his sabre clanking and rattling as he strode along in charge of the corporal. When he got inside I asked the corporal who his prisoner was, and held the lantern up to the colonel's face, pretending that I did not know him. "Oh!" said I, "this is Colonel Strange!" "Well, sir, what are you going to do with me now?" said he, in his gruffest tone. "Well, Colonel," said I, "you can go to your tent and go to bed." He replied, "I am glad to see you know your duty, sir," and a broad smile spread over his face as he strode out to the music of his rattling sabre and the suppressed tittering of the boys.

Only a few cavalry pickets and scouts were between us and the enemy, and, being apprehensive of a night attack, we had a strong guard around the camp. One night after this, when it again came my turn to be officer of the guard, and I had about forty men under me, quite an exciting episode occurred. Alarms had not been infrequent, and all were on the *qui vive*.

Late at night one of my sentinels on the hill next to our picket line cried out, "Halt!" "Halt!" and added, quickly, "Turn out the guard!" I got the whole guard quickly under arms, and started for the beat of the sentinel, giving the alarm at a double-quick. Before we reached him, he fired his gun and ran in. As we reached the line one of the foremost of my men cried, "There they are!" and fired. Then ensued an indiscriminate fusilade. I narrowly escaped being shot by my own men. My gum coat was scorched by a bullet or fire from a musket, but I escaped without injury to my person. By this time the camp was in an uproar. Men rushed out of their tents without their outer-clothing, and fired their guns in the air without aim or object. Some forgot to withdraw ramrods after loading, and the peculiar whistling of these implements could be heard as they flew over our heads. Colonel Strange threw out two companies as skirmishers, but no enemy was found, and the real cause of the alarm was never ascertained. It is quite possible that some of the enemy's scouts were prowling around the camp, and were discovered by the sentinel.

FIRST CAME BULL RUN.

It was not long after this before we learned what real fighting was. First came "Bull Run," which awakened us to the realities of war. Here the enemy made a reconnaissance in force, and that night I was sent in command of a detachment of 100 men to picket the ford at which they had attempted a passage. Our mounted scouts were passing and repassing the ford all night, and I did not get ten consecutive minutes of sleep. I would occasionally fall into a doze, but invariably felt myself shaken by one of the guards, and half-awake would catch the whisper, "Lieutenant! Lieutenant! They are coming!" The enemy never materialized, however; the sounds heard usually proceeded from the splashing of the hoofs of a friendly scout's horse in the water on the other side of the stream.

The battle of Manassas followed quickly after this little affair on our right. Our regiment was stationed at Lewis' Ford, supporting Latham's Battery, which was masked near the road.

I shall never forget the morning of the day that ushered in that memorable battle. It was a typical summer morning in the "Old Dominion." The air was perfectly still. Not a leaflet rustled, and the trembling dew-drops hanging from twig and leaf waited to kiss the brows of the soldier boys doomed to die that day—waited for the breath of the zephyr to send them on their errand of love, but

waited in vain. Before dawn those who were awake heard a confused and uncertain hum in the direction of Centreville, which ere the day broadly dawned had grown into a mighty rumbling of artillery wheels, rattling of wagons, trains, and din of human voices. How sound travels on such a morning, when the world is waking to life again! I slept that dreamless sleep that only comes to a tired man out beneath the wide sky, breathing the unfettered air on such a summer's night, and awoke refreshed beyond the conception of one who has never enjoyed such a privilege.

Before the sun was up we had our coffee simmering on the fire in tin-cups (we had some coffee in those days), and saluted him as he arose with this delightful libation, and such a sun-rise it was! Altogether it was such a morning as Bagby describes in his "Reuben-stein." He describes a country home with apple trees all in bloom, and says something like this: As the sun rose kissing from blossom and leaf the trembling dew-drop, a little bird 'way down in the orchard awoke and began to trill his matin song. Then another, and another, and another, answered back the first little bird till the world was full of melody, and then the servant gal threw open the blinds in the house, and it was day once more. So, that morning the robin in the oak on the hill, and the red bird in the bottom by the stream, seemed to sing their sweetest for the boys in gray, till old McDowell chimed in with his deep base from the other side, when the feathered songsters quit in disgust.

CURIOS WEAPONS.

What a morning for a battle! We had scarcely swallowed our coffee when the boom of the two guns immediately in our front and the hurling of a few shells far over our heads warned us that the ball was about to open, and hastened us down to our hastily-constructed rifle-pits (they had been thrown up with bayonets and tin-cups the night before). As the enemy's skirmishers approached and the minie-balls whistled overhead and thumped the earth-works in front, I noticed that one man took a Testament from his pocket, and sitting bolt-upright, with his head above the breast-works, began to read. He seemed totally unconscious that he was disobeying orders and exposing his person to the bullets at the same time. Lieutenant Brown ordered him several times to lower his head behind the embankment, but he seemed not to hear, until Brown drew his sword and threatened to take his head off, when he suddenly returned to consciousness and obeyed. This old sword of Brown's was a most

curious and antique specimen. It was shaped something like a reap-hook or Turkish scimeter. Brown had been a colonel of militia, and I suppose had sported this sword on many a "general muster" day, when walking-sticks and umbrellas constituted the arms of the rank and file. A brave old fellow, though, was Brown, and he fought through the war, though "muster free" when he entered the army. By the way, amongst the curious things of that day and time, nothing was more curious than some of the weapons with which we armed ourselves, unless it was the idea of war which led us to adopt such weapons. I believe our entire army was armed with Bowie knives. I, myself, purchased in Richmond, at an exorbitant price, a formidable-looking knife, all unconscious of the fact that the modern soldier has a decided reluctance to submitting his person to the carving process, whatever may have been the fashion in Cæsar's day. Most of my company, though, were armed with knives of wonderful make and fashion. Truly they were "fearfully and wonderfully made." They were manufactured at Howardsville, Albemarle county, in Driscoll's foundry. They weighed as much as five or six pounds, and proved very serviceable shortly after in hacking the "blue-beef," of wild-onion flavor, with which our commissariat abounded. One officer got Driscoll to make him a two-edged sword, weighing, I suppose, twenty-five pounds, and a "Bowie" weighing half as much. The sword, which was ground to a sharp edge, was fully four inches broad, and Peter Francisco would have found difficulty in wielding it. When we fell back from Centreville to Bull Run, one of the hottest days I ever felt, it was pathetic to see this officer, with these two formidable weapons and a pistol to-boot buckled around his waist, staggering along under the rays of that July sun. He fell a martyr to his efforts to keep up with the column, for he had a sun-stroke, and was not in the battle of Manassas. He learned better afterwards, and fought bravely through the war, distinguishing himself by his courage and zeal. After the war he became well known to the people of Richmond, and occupied high official positions.

There is no exaggeration about these things. How they make us smile when we think of them! When the firing began that morning, a negro cook left his fire, seized a musket, and started down to the breastworks with the evident intention of fighting it out by the side of his master. Some officer, much to my regret, ordered the faithful fellow back, and in the discussion that followed it was urged that to allow him to fight with us and for us would be to put a negro on

an equality with white men. How times have changed! Then a negro was denied the privilege of fighting for his master, but since then he has disported himself and made laws for that same master in legislative halls.

Presently the enemy debouched in front of us and Latham, until then as silent as the grave, ran two of his pieces (I think he had two at that point) out into the road and opened on them. His command, "Ready!" "Aim!" "Fire!" repeated each time in stentorian tones, could plainly be heard from one end of the line to the other, and we all felt for the first time that peculiar elation which the booming of our own cannon always produced. This was the first taste of our masked battery which the enemy got, and it proved unpalatable, as they scampered away in great haste. After they retired, Latham turned his attention to two of their guns in the road in front of him and "knocked them into pie." We saw them there the next day spiked and abandoned where they stood. Though not occupied ourselves for some time after that, we began to hear the increasing roar of battle over on the extreme left, about the Henry House. An Alabamian came down to our line and told us bad news from that quarter. He said our men were being cut to pieces and driven back. Then came an order for us to double-quick to the left. Out of our rifle-pits we tumbled, coming into line on the plain in rear of our former position. Just as we started at a double-quick, the enemy saw us and commenced to shell us. I saw a rifle shell almost spent pass close to the head of our column, bounding and "swapping ends" as it went. It came very near the long legs of a tall, lanky sergeant, and he jumped up about three feet as it passed under him. This ugly customer seemed to take all the starch out of the fellow, for he dropped out behind a tree just before we reached our position on the left, and the last I saw of him that day he was parting with his breakfast, swallowed so eagerly a short while before. I never suffered so from heat before or since. I believe when we halted my tongue was almost hanging out. We crossed a small branch, and I dropped down and drank out of a bloody pool where some of the wounded had been washed. I could not help it. My thirst was intolerable.

FEARFUL ROAR OF ARTILLERY.

We were halted and ordered to lie down behind a slightly-rising ground covered with stunted pine and oak bushes, and the enemy continued to shell us savagely. Presently we saw a long column of

men coming up on the extreme left and rear, and for some time did not know whether they were friends or foes. We could see them passing a small opening in the timber, but could not make them out. All at once above the steady roll of musketry in our front, there broke out the most awful blended roar of artillery and musketry. The earth fairly shook and trembled. Colonel Strange mistook the sound and thinking the enemy's cavalry were charging, from the shaking and trembling of the earth, threw the regiment into column of companies preparatory to forming squares. He never took his short-stemmed pipe out of his mouth, and was very cool, but we could see he was uneasy. In a few minutes an excited aide came tearing through the bushes in front of us and shouted out, "Bring your guns to the front, now, Captain Latham, and you can give 'em h-h-l." We afterwards learned that the cause of this terrible fire in the front was the advent of that column we had seen pass in on the left, which proved to be Kirby Smith's command hurrying to the field from the Manassas Gap railroad, guided by the sound of the guns. They poured in their fire both of musketry and cannon, as they wheeled into line, and the enemy replied, making their last desperate struggle to retain the fickle goddess on their side. Even this battle episode was not without its ludicrous incidents. I will relate only one. We had in our company a rather stupid fellow, whose father had sent along with him an old darkey with a hunch-back, known as "Uncle Jim," and who cooked for the mess of which this young fellow was a member. "Uncle Jim," of course, had gone back to the wagons along with numerous other darkies. Whilst we were lying down as before described, with the conflict raging fearfully just in front, and shot and shell occasionally ploughing through our ranks, but mostly passing over us, this youth began to pray aloud. He seemed to be at a great loss what to say (I fear his early education had been neglected); so he began: "Oh, Lord, if Uncle Jim was here! Oh, Lord, send Uncle Jim to me!" And when that fearful roar came; in a perfect agony he exclaimed : "Oh, Lordy ! Oh, Lordy ! if Uncle Jim was just here !"

This incident reminds me of another that occurred in 1863, whilst I was in the cavalry. We were at Culpeper Courthouse, and the government was sending out conscripts to the various commands. One of these conscripts, who was over forty-five years of age—the conscription being extended beyond that age—was sent to us from Albemarle. He was a very quiet, respectable looking farmer, with iron-gray hair and beard, and he candidly told us that he was dread-

fully afraid, that he had been very reluctant to come, and felt sure he would run the first fight he got into, and disgrace himself forever.

It was pitiful to witness his dread of the future and hear him talk. Instead of deriding and scoffing at what seemed to be his craven nature, the man's evident sincerity and distress excited our compassion, and we tried to comfort him, telling him it was like taking a plunge in a cold bath. After the first shock he would not mind it (which by the way was a sort of pious fraud).

He never seemed to be reconciled or to put any faith in himself, but the very first battle he got into he fought like a veteran, and died on the field like the hero he was, though all unconscious of it himself. This was truly pathetic, and I shall always be slow to judge a man's courage till he is tried.

Latham did not need a second invitation to make it warm for our foes, as had been suggested to him, but swept around us with his two guns and caissons at a gallop, and unlimbered on the hill in front in time to give the demoralized foe a few parting shots. We were then ordered up to the front, and reached our line of battle just in time to see the enemy on the opposite hill retiring in confusion into the woods. They had lost all semblance of organization, and reminded me of nothing so much as a swarm of bees shaken down on the ground before a hive and making all possible speed to get into it, with much humming and buzzing, climbing over each other in their haste to get inside. They had just given us pretty good evidence of their power to sting, but then they seemed to have lost all inclination in that direction. Our regiment, being comparatively fresh, was ordered to pursue the retreating enemy, and away we went. We picked up, as we passed, a New York Zouave, standing nonchalantly on the hillside in great baggy, red trousers, and one leg crossed over the other. He seemed to have made up his mind to do no more marching or fighting, and was just waiting for us to take him prisoner. On that hill I came close to the first dead man I ever saw on a battle-field, and his features are even now as distinctly visible to me in memory as they were to my eyes that day. In after years I witnessed many more horrible sights on other battle-fields, and I scarcely ever think of them. This dead soldier impressed me greatly. He was a young Federal cannoneer, and lay on his back with arms wide extended, one hand clutching a tuft of grass, and powder stains upon his handsome young face.

We saw no more of the enemy; but such wreck and devastation I never saw. The earth was strewn for miles with muskets, knap-

sacks, cartridges, clothing, crackers, pork, wagon-wheels, caissons, cannon, and broken-down wagons, whilst the little pines and broom-straw were broken and beaten down in the track of the fleeing army as if a cyclone had swept over its pathway.

SHOUTS OF VICTORY.

As we halted for a moment on that hill I looked back at the one we had just left, and saw the whole Confederate army advancing in battle-array, stretching out to our view, for a mile or more, in perfect order, with flags flying and filling the air with shouts of victory. It was a thrilling sight, and my blood even now leaps through my veins as I think of it, as if I had not known the chilling influences of thirty-three winters since that day.

We followed the enemy about six miles to Sudley Church, at which point they had left many of their wounded. That night my company was detailed to take a large number of prisoners to Manassas Station, and we had to pass over the battle-field again. The horrors of the day were intensified by the shadows of the night. Stiff figures of dead men, lying here and there on the plain, dimly seen through shimmering moonlight—dogs and human ghouls that might be seen prowling amongst the dead and dying, and slinking away into the bushes as we passed—the shrieks and moans of the wounded, as yet ungathered into the hospitals—all these things pass before me again as I write. These last are the ghosts that I would lay if I could, but I cannot; they will linger and mingle with the glorious visions of our first triumph.

Twelve miles that night we marched after a long day of battle. When at last we reached our destination and turned over our prisoners, we fell down on the ground to sleep where we stopped, and knew no more till the morning of the next day was far spent. When I awoke I was lying on my back, with the rain beating in my face. The rain had already laid the dust—yes, laid it on my face and clothing. What a sight I must have been, if I only looked half as badly as my comrades lying around me! The thunder of that Sabbath day shook from the battlements of high Heaven to the earth some of the tears that angels are said to weep over the antics of men.

Our first battle was over—the telegraph had spread the news far and wide, and some men who had hardly taken time to acknowledge the enemy's first salute, spread themselves over the interior, telling tales of dire disaster to all save themselves. For a little while, until

the truth had time to catch up with them, they were the centres of gaping and admiring crowds, only to sink into insignificance again, loaded with the scorn of women and the contempt of men, when the truth became known. So Manassas was fought and won, and, although I could fill a volume with reminiscences of other battles and marches which come teeming into my brain, I must pass on to the closing of the great drama.

In the spring of 1865 the condition of the Confederacy may be aptly described by applying to it the touching words of Raphael Semmes, used in speaking of his good ship, the Alabama, just before the battle with the Kearsage. He says she was no longer the alert, swift, formidable greyhound of the seas, as when he first assumed command of her, but after her long and eventful cruise, during which she had been for the most part denied harbor privileges by neutral nations, she came limping back, her timbers riven and shaken by many a storm, to meet her superior at every point, save in the courage and devotion of her crew to the cause of the Confederacy. Now Lee's thin lines after Five Forks were withdrawing towards Amelia Courthouse, the point of concentration where he expected to find rations for his hungry troops. The cavalry, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, to which I then belonged, was bringing up the rear, and had a fine opportunity of witnessing the fighting qualities of the gallant Henry A. Wise and his brigade.

“TRY IT, SIR.”

Never did troops show better discipline or fight more obstinately and bravely than those men under their heroic old general. As we approached the home of Mr. Joseph B. Wilson, of Amelia county, we halted and formed lines in the open fields surrounding his house, and the writer, who knew him and his family well and had often shared their hospitality, rode up to the house and warned them to seek safety in the cellar, as we would attempt to check the enemy there. Whilst conversing with Mr. Wilson, his little girl, Judy, ran up and threw her arms around my neck, exclaiming, “Oh, don’t let the Yankees come!” I never wished so heartily that I had been “a host within myself.” I had not the heart to tell her that we could only keep “those people” back for a little while and then we must retreat.

So I gently disengaged the child’s arms, and told her we would try, but she must make haste and hide, for we would soon be fight-

ing all around her house. Thus reassured, she quickly dried her tears, and ran back into the house. After a short and sharp skirmish we moved on, and the next morning reached the courthouse. We passed Wise's Brigade, drawn up in line, on the road just before we reached the village, and one of our men jokingly said: "Oh, you need not be forming line there, we could break through you." The old General, who heard the remark, exclaimed in that deep voice of his: "Try it, sir;" and the cavalry gave the old man a hearty cheer, for they knew how often the exultant enemy had tried in vain to break those lines on that march.

Reaching the village, I beheld the first signs of dissolution of that grand army which had endured every hardship of camp or march with unshaken fortitude, and, with immortal daring, wrestled with its giant antagonist on every field of battle from Manassas to Petersburg, when, looking over the hills, I saw swarms of stragglers moving in every direction.

Whilst the command rested there I rode over to my old home, which lay near the road (farther on) over which we were retreating. There I filled my haversack, and was resting when I heard the thunder of exploding magazines of ammunition. I knew but too well what this meant, and, bidding a hasty adieu to my relatives, who till then had known nothing of "war's rude alarms" save the echoes from distant fields, soon rejoined my command. At Amelia Springs we fought and drove the enemy's cavalry, who had broken in on our wagon-train near Flat Creek, burned many wagons, and scattered Lamkin's mortars, which were being transported in wagons along the road. The familiar occupation of Lamkin and his boys was gone, but they readily dropped into other arms of the service as they had changed from field to mortar battery before, and faced the enemy again on the last day at Appomattox.

IMMORTAL FOOT CAVALRY.

At Amelia Springs young James Rutherford, assistant inspector-general on the staff of General Dearing, was killed, and I saw his bleeding body brought past, lying across his saddle, followed and supported by one of his brother staff-officers, weeping bitterly over the limp form of his young friend. That night, as I lay upon the ground with a few dying embers close by, and was trying to get to sleep, but could not on account of the thoughts that kept crowding my mind, those inspired by the momentous events then passing,

jostling those that came welling up from childhood's memories, as I was leaving the scenes of those memories, perhaps forever, I heard the tramp of some of that immortal "foot cavalry," that still clung to our standards and answered old "Marse Bob's" roll-call, and they halted there for the night.

Soon a tired, dusty, foot-sore soldier came up to my fire and asked if he could parch some corn. I said, "Yes, certainly." I watched the poor fellow by the flickering light as he drew a handful of corn out of his dirty old haversack and put it in his pan. I said, "My friend, is that all you have?" He said, "Yes, and I have had nothing better for three days." "Are you going to stand by Marse Bob to the last?" The light which flashed up in the old soldier's face from the fire of a noble spirit almost outshone that thrown out by the dying embers beneath, as he proudly straightened up and replied: "Yes, sir, to the last!" I reached for my haversack, just filled that day by loving hands, and handing it to my old comrade, told him to help himself. This he modestly did, and even while he satisfied his appetite, gentle slumber visited my tired eyelids, and, as with the morning light came the ringing call of "boots and saddles," I looked around for my comrade of the night before, but the "foot-cavalry" were already gone, and he was on his way to "Sailor's Creek," where it may be he sealed his devotion to his country's cause with his blood. If my haversack was lighter that morning, so was my heart, and as long as I have a crust I think I shall be proud to share it with one like him.

We moved on hurriedly to the "High Bridge," intending to dislodge a detachment of the enemy then in possession of that point. They were composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, how strong I do not know, but we captured 800 of them and fed them on Confederate delicacies until we reached Appomattox, and there, not being able to board them any longer, we were guilty of the rudeness of asking them to leave and go home. Our cavalry commands were sadly wasted, regiments being no more than companies and brigades hardly good regiments. The engagement was short and sharp, but the boys had lost none of their mettle.

THREE DESPERATE MÉN.

The enemy's cavalry charged that part of the line where I stood three times. They were mounted, and we dismounted. A single, well-directed volley scattered them each time, but the second time

three Federal officers stood their ground, and attempted to cut their way out. We were not much more than a skirmish line, and here these three desperate men came down right amongst us, whilst our men were reloading, cutting and slashing with their sabres as they came. A sight so unusual puzzled our men at first, but soon finding these fellows to be in earnest, some one cried out, "Kill the d——d Yankees," and instantly the three men went down as if they had suddenly melted away. I remember seeing the dust fly from their coats behind as the bullets passed through their bodies. One of these officers proved to be General Theodore Read, of the Federal army, who was in command of the detachment. I have since learned, through a lawyer friend, Walter Sydnor, of Hanover county, Va., an interesting fact concerning this officer. He says that after the war he was a student at the University of Missouri, and there met Dr. Daniel Read, the father of General Read, an elegant old gentleman, who was then the president of that institution, and that the old gentleman blamed General Grant for the death of his son, and never forgave him. He told my friend that his son was on the staff of a corps commander under General Grant, and being very young, and ambitious of distinction, but, having had little opportunity to distinguish himself on the staff, he begged to be given the command of that detachment, believing the war nearly over, and his opportunities almost gone, this, perhaps, was his last, as he thought. Grant yielded, and gave it to him. The old gentleman said Grant well knew that in so doing he was throwing his boy in the path of Lee's whole army, and that his chances of ever coming out alive were few; that as commanding officer, he should not have sacrificed the boy in that manner. He was very bitter towards Grant, says my friend.

It was a sad day for this ambitious youth when he sought distinction by throwing himself in the path of those harassed veterans of Lee, even though they were on the road to Appomattox. Those grim warriors of Brandy Station and Trevillian's little knew and little recked of this ambitious youth or his hopes. He had crossed the retreating lion's path and he must meet his doom.

A BRAVE FEDERAL OFFICER.

Soon the same cavalry came charging down again, and this time one officer stood his ground after a volley had again scattered his men. Major James Breathed, our chief of artillery, who will never be forgotten as long as a cavalryman of the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia lives to think of his dash and courage, came up in the meantime and rode right through our line, accompanied by — Scruggs, a courier. As Breathed rode toward the brave Federal, who quietly awaited him, he seemed to me to make a motion with his drawn sabre as if to convey a challenge, which the Federal accepted, and every man stood still to witness the tilt between two such gallant men. They went at it, and fought for some minutes pretty evenly matched, whilst Scruggs sat his horse close by. Soon the Federal wounded Major Breathed in the arm and seemed to get some advantage, when Scruggs shot the brave fellow dead. I was not near enough to hear whether Scruggs demanded his surrender or not, but I am sure he evinced no intention of surrendering. I passed him as he lay gasping his last, and looked with pity into the dying face of the foeman, so brave. Here the gallant Colonel Boston was urging forward his men, and it was the last I ever saw of him alive, for presently they brought him out dead, a ball having entered his mouth and caused instant death. Some few years ago, in conversation with General Rosser, he told me that he also witnessed this duel between Breathed and his Federal antagonist.

The next day we passed through Farmville, and in the evening halted at the coal pits in Cumberland county, where two roads crossed. The wagon trains were passing, and our cavalry was massed between them and the enemy, held in readiness, but not anticipating an attack. Our beloved old General was sitting beneath an old oak tree near the road, leaning against the trunk of the tree, when suddenly the Federal cavalry opened fire upon us, and came near recapturing all our prisoners, who were held under guard in a bottom in front of us. General Lee slowly remounted his horse and rode past as we formed for the charge. We cheered him, and he gravely lifted his hat in acknowledgment of our greeting. I believe, if Grant's whole army had been there then, they could not have reached or harmed that grey head as long as one of those cavalry boys lived to raise a sabre or handle a pistol. We soon repulsed them and captured General Gregg. I suppose he surrendered his sword to Fitz. Lee, as I saw the latter twirling it in his hand as he rode up after the enemy had retired. When we came back to the cross-roads we found that "Marse Bob" had not left us unprovided with support, for I saw the shining barrels of a grim line of infantry extending across the road, and the black muzzles of a battery pointing down the road. Then, finding that we needed no help, our brethren wheeled into the road and resumed the march.

Describing what was done on this day, April 7th, General Fitz-hugh Lee, at page 386 of his "General Lee," says: "The once great Army of Northern Virginia was now composed of two small corps of infantry and the cavalry corps, and resumed the march toward Lynchburg, but after going four miles stopped, and was formed into line of battle in a well-chosen position to give the trains time to get ahead. It was attacked by two divisions of Humphreys' Second Corps, which had been long hanging on its rear, but repulsed them, Mahone handling Miles very roughly. Humphreys lost five hundred and seventy-one men killed, wounded, and missing. Preceding this attack, Crook's cavalry division crossed the river above Farmville, and was immediately charged by the Southern cavalry and driven back. The Federal General Gregg and a large number of prisoners were taken. General Lee was talking to the commander of his cavalry when Cook appeared, saw the combat, and expressed great pleasure at the result."

THE LAST CAMP-FIRES.

On we went to Appomattox, and I never again saw General Lee, but his image abides in my memory and heart. After dark we saw Longstreet's camp-fires twinkling on the hills on either side of the road as we passed, and these were the last camp-fires of the Army of Northern Virginia. The old boys of R. E. Lee Camp, of Richmond, occasionally hold one to keep us in mind of those real ones till all cross over the river and "on fame's eternal camping-ground their silent tents are spread."

Just as the dawn was breaking the next morning we moved through Appomattox Court House, greeted by shot and shell from the enemy's batteries as our column slowly advanced through the early morning mists. Finding the enemy in great force in our front, we moved off after sunrise to the right and passed around their flank, fighting as we went. I think I see General Munford now riding along that ridge, crested with the smoke of the skirmish line, as our main body passed. Soon we reached the rear of the enemy, between him and Lynchburg, and there we fired the last guns of Appomattox, and the last man that died on the field was a cavalryman. They carried him to the rear on a blanket just as the news of the flag of truce and the impending surrender reached us. Then sadly and slowly we moved on to Lynchburg, intending, no doubt, to join Johnston in the Carolinas. We heard the salutes by the enemy

in honor of the surrender as we marched, and it proved to be the death-knell of the Confederacy. The Army of Northern Virginia had been the soul of the Confederacy, and that having taken its flight, the Confederacy could not live.

Reaching Lynchburg that night, we found everything in dire confusion, and there, all hope having fled, the cavalry, the last organized body of our army, disbanded. When I left my old home in Amelia, I took with me my young cousin, Eugene Jefferson, a boy, who fought by my side at "High Bridge," Farmville, and Appomattox. When we disbanded that night at Lynchburg, I took him to the Norvell House, and we got supper. I paid forty dollars for our supper, the last use made of Confederate money till I reached the Appomattox river at Stony Point, where I paid the ferryman ten dollars to ferry us over. I would as soon have given him a bale of it if I had it. This boy and I passed to the Amherst side of the river after supper and slept on the hill. Next morning we passed down the river on that side 'till we reached Howardsville. Singularly enough, it was at that place, just four years previously, I had entered the army, and there my career as a soldier ended. There Sheridan's men burned my law books and my trunk with my law license in it, where this document had lain securely and almost forgotten for four years. I am practicing law now without a license, so far as that goes, and recently in a West Virginia court, when asked for my license before qualifying, I had to plead the vandalism of Phil. Sheridan, as my excuse for not producing the license.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S ENTREATIES.

At Howardsville my young relative and I encountered Governor William Smith, *venerable nomen*. He had left Richmond before the enemy entered and was then stopping at the house of Mr. Zack Lewis. The old man came out to see us and expostulated with us on returning home. He begged us to turn back and go to Johnston, in North Carolina. He insisted that the end was not yet, that hope had not departed and we would yet gain our independence. This and much to the same effect he said. I had the uttermost respect and admiration for this loyal old Virginian. The whole army had been filled with praises of his superb courage, and laughed at the stories of his ignorance of and bitter contempt for military tactics, but I knew the game was up, and I bade the heroic and undaunted old Governor good-bye, and continued my journey, crossing

over into Buckingham. Nothing better illustrates the name and character of Virginia than the lives of those three eminent Governors of the State—Smith, Wise, and Floyd. Although old men, they all three entered the army, and led the youth of their State where the battle raged hottest. Some years after this I served with Governor Smith in the Legislature, and learned to love and admire him more and more.

Passing through Buckingham, a citizen showed me a tree on the roadside, just beyond the court-house, where General Lee had slept on his way to Richmond the previous night. That evening, after we had crossed over into Amelia, we met some Yankee marauders, who, presenting pistols, halted us and wanted to know whether we were bushwhackers. They informed us that they had just taken a pistol from a Confederate colonel in front of us. This colonel proved to be my good friend, Major W. F. C. Gregory, of Wise's staff. They wound up by insisting on our taking a drink in token of amity, which we reluctantly did, and one of the scoundrels actually hugged me. If he had been an honest Federal soldier I should have minded it less, but for this camp-follower to hug me was all I could bear. The next day, when nearing home, I saw a plow stopped in the midst of a furrow and a negro plowman lying behind the plow asleep, with his face upturned to the broiling sun. Here was a picture of freedom to the negro. Reaching home in a few days, we thought best to go to Burkeville and get our paroles. On the way there I passed a good old man whom I had known from my boyhood, Mr. Stephen Harper, going to the same place, with a bag in his hand to get rations. He had been a wealthy man, but the enemy had destroyed and stolen all he had, leaving him without food. Here was a picture of the desolation of old Virginia.

As we passed through the railroad cut, near Burkeville, the Yankees lined the track on either side, and one fellow told us we were d——d stragglers. I told him if I had had the pleasure of his acquaintance a few days before I should have been happy to argue the question, but just then I begged to be excused. The more honorable ones shamed him and bade him hold his peace. We obtained our paroles and resumed the cares and duties of citizenship. I got me some more law books, and, thanks to my fellow-Virginians, have never wanted for clients from that day to this.

GEO. J. HUNDLEY.

[From the Daily Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, January 5, 1896.]

**A SECRET SESSION DEBATE
OF THE
North Carolina Secession Convention of 1862.**

**Dr. Kemp B. Battle, a Delegate to the Convention, Makes Public for
the First Time Proceedings of a Very Important Meeting of
Our War-Time History—The Debate Centered on What
to Do With Our Slaves, Eastern North Carolina
Having Been Captured by the Federals—A
Bitter Feeling Manifest in the Discus-
sion Between Former Union Men
and the Secessionists.**

The following paper was read before the North Carolina Historical Society, at Chapel Hill, at the meeting held November, 1895:

Roanoke Island was captured by an overwhelming Union force on the 8th of February, 1862. Hatteras had been in their possession since the 29th of August of the preceding year. All the counties of the State bordering on Albemarle Sound were exposed to their raids.

On the 22d of February, 1862, Mr. William S. Pettigrew, the delegate from Washington county to the convention of the State, usually known as the Secession Convention, appeared in his seat, and asked for a secret session, which was granted. I was one of the delegates from Wake county, and took rough notes of the ensuing debate, and will give its substance. I will first briefly describe the speakers.

Mr. Pettigrew, a brother of the distinguished general, J. Johnston Pettigrew, now a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was then owner of two of the most beautiful plantations in the South, Magnolia and Belgrade, large in area, fertile, surrounded by swamps, yet healthy. His numerous slaves were most kindly treated, religiously trained, contented and happy. His manner of speaking was very deliberate, polished, earnest and most impressive.

Mr. Fenner B. Satterthwaite, member from Beaufort county, was a born orator. The most eloquent speech I heard in that body of great men was from him. He was one of the leaders of one of the strongest bars in the State.

Mr. Kenneth Rayner, delegate from Hertford county, had been for years a conspicuous politician. He spoke always with vehemence, and was occasionally so fiery as to appear excited by anger.

Dr. Rufus K. Speed, of Elizabeth City, was such an impressive speaker that he was selected by the Whig party as candidate to be elector-at-large on purpose to meet the Democratic orator, E. Graham Haywood.

Nicholas W. Woodfin, when a boy, rode into Asheville after meal on a mule bareback. By his energy and talents he rose to be a leader of the Buncombe bar and afterwards State senator from Buncombe. His speeches were always strong, but his pronunciation of many words was strange, even to affectation.

The convention was in an exceedingly gloomy frame of mind, because the easy capture of the Hatteras forts and of Roanoke Island made it certain that Washington and Newbern would not be more fortunate, and all eastern North Carolina would be speedily overrun. It is impossible for me to transfer to you the impression made under these circumstances by the intense earnestness of the speakers, all of whom, except Mr. Woodfin, were in constant dread of hearing news of ruined homes and the desertion of their slaves.

Mr. Pettigrew began by stating that he had left his home at the mercy of the enemy. It was his intention not to return to the convention as long as there was danger of invasion of his county, but many of his neighbors, strong friends of the Southern Confederacy, had begged him to resume his seat with the view of obtaining some protection. It was a cause of regret to him that members spoke of adjourning the convention. Let us never yield. If beaten, let us retreat from the sea-shore to the hills; from the hills to the mountains.

Washington and Tyrrell are isolated. He ordered his slaves, ordinarily perfectly obedient, to be ready to start with him away from danger of capture. Only five appeared at the rendezvous. The residue ran off to the swamps. After his departure they returned to their cabins. This conduct was for two reasons. Firstly, they were afraid of suffering in the up country from cold and want of food. Secondly, they had hopes of emancipation, as one of them candidly admitted. The slaves of his brother had behaved in a similar manner, and doubtless such was the universal feeling. Will the convention do nothing to save the wealth and people of these counties?

The remedy is to remove the slaves by military force. Individuals cannot effect such removal. They have not the means.

There is disaffection to the Confederate cause. There are Union men who railed at a friend of his for removing his family. Another had been met by men with shot-guns, who threatened to drag him out of his vehicle in order to detain him in the county. He had heard that a meeting of justices of the peace had been held in Tyrrell county, who had decided to fold their arms and submit to the inevitable, and also not to permit the militia to leave the county; and further, that if the State endeavored to prevent their remaining neutral they would appeal to Roanoke Island. These resolutions were adopted not from disloyalty to the Southern cause, but from fear of the enemy and love of their homes. He closed by an eloquent appeal for some measure of relief.

Mr. Woodfin asked, "Can the gentleman point out a remedy?"

Mr. Satterthwaite began by stating that he had said some time ago, on the fall of Roanoke, that our eastern section is almost subjugated. We ought to have courage to look on the dark side of the picture. We may be subjugated. We ought to form some idea of what we shall do in such event. We should unite on some plan, but did not believe that the measure recommended by Mr. Pettigrew was a good one. In the first place it is impracticable. In the second it is injurious, unwise, dangerous. Would the upper counties agree to have these slaves settled among them? They would be afraid. The slave-owners of the East have no more right to be aided in this manner than the poor. It would be wrong to leave the non-slaveholders exposed to death and destruction of their property. The authorities once had power to protect East Carolina. That power is lost, gone forever, he feared, but he will vote for any measure proper, for its protection.

He was sorry to hear Mr. Pettigrew say that he had heard of Union men willing to submit to Roanoke Island. Union men (meaning those who belonged to the Union party before war) are as patriotic and loyal to the Southern cause as any others. Look at the battle-fields and you will find them. Both parties have erred in judgment. Let us draw no distinction between secessionists and Union men. We should frown on any imputation that Union men will give up the fight. They were the last in the move; they will be the last out. We should pass resolutions of sympathy and endeavor to induce the Confederate authorites to send troops to protect our people. The troops have been all withdrawn from Hyde county. There are only a few in Beaufort. They will not remain four hours after the enemy comes. Suppose the enemy should come,

what must the people do? They will give up. We should not expect anything else. Imagine a man with wife and children. The enemy comes up—no means of escape. The alternatives are death and dishonor to his wife, or submission. What will he do?

Mr. John C. Washington, of Lenoir county: Stand up for the South!

Mr. Rayner: What did our ancestors in the Revolution, when Cornwallis marched through the land? The Whigs treated those who took protection as traitors.

Satterthwaite: What would you do?

Rayner: Under threat of dishonor to wife and children I might speak the word of submission, but I would steel my heart against them. What one does under duress cannot and should not be charged against him.

Dr. Speed said that he had been informed that the statement of Mr. Pettigrew, in regard to one of the men mentioned, is denied by him. He had heard no mutterings of treasons from the common people, but has heard them from the chief men. When there was a demand for their services, colonels and lieutenant-colonels and other officers of militia could not be found. He expressed the opinion that negro men walking about and refusing to go home should be shot.

Mr. Pettigrew explained that Mr. Satterthwaite misunderstood him when he spoke of Union men. He did not refer to the old distinctions between the parties, but to those who are now disloyal to the Confederacy.

Mr. Woodfin: The proclamation of President Lincoln presented the issue whether we would assist in the subjugation of the Southern people, or be subjugated ourselves. This convention did not make the revolution.

He assured Mr. Pettigrew that the West will support all slaves, will put them to work on railroads, and in the cultivation of fertile mountain lands, which can be bought for from seventy-five cents to one dollar per acre.

The subject here dropped. No action was taken by the convention.

I add that Mr. Pettigrew and many others afterwards removed their slaves into the centre and west of the State, where they found employment at remunerative prices. Those so removing were known as "refugees."

Mr. Satterthwaite's firing up at the supposed imputation that "Union men" were more disloyal than secessionists shows a feeling

which was quite strong with many who opposed secession until after Sumter was fired on. They thought that President Davis, Governor Ellis, and their party generally, regarded them with some degree of suspicion, or at least lacking in ardor for the Southern cause. There was an early division in the convention on this line, Graham, Badger, Satterthwaite, etc., against Edwards, Ruffin, Biggs, Howard, etc. The contest for Governor between Vance and Johnston was the result of this difference of sentiment, each party, however, uniting in the avowal of hostility to the restoration of the Union and determination to fight to the bitter end for independence.

I add further that all the speakers in the foregoing discussion are dead except Mr. Pettigrew, who, having left the University of North Carolina fifty-eight years ago, is still doing active and efficient work in the cause of his Master, universally honored and beloved.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, February 9, 1896.]

HOW THE SOUTHERN SOLDIERS KEPT HOUSE DURING THE WAR.

The Experience of Dr. W. W. Parker, Major of Artillery,
Confederate States Army.

DID NOT SUFFER EXCEPT WHEN SEPARATED FROM HIS NEGRO JOE.

A Cow With a History—She Supplied Milk and was Used as a Pack-Horse on the March—Piles of Biscuits Chosen by Lot—War Reminiscences.

[The “solitary horseman” of the novelist, G. P. R. James, was scarcely more familiar to his once numerous readers than is our excellent friend Dr. Parker to the good people of Richmond and its vicinity. In his knightly figure on gaunt steed as he trots daily in his broad ministrations of mercy and healing, do we feel that the type of the tried and tireless “country doctor” is still personified.

Why shouldn’t he be as “lovely” as he is loving? His good wife, noble matron, to whom he so tenderly refers, will, we are assured, vote him “sweet.” Dr. Parker is as gentle as he is ever brave.

Recently a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Dr. Parker is a truly consistent member, felt constrained to preach an eloquent discourse on the crying shame and sin and danger of kissing. That crazy jade, gossip, proclaimed that the "counterblast" referred to was directly induced by some fond expressions of Dr. Parker. Encountering our excellent friend on the highway, we essayed to rally him on his "peculiarity." He thus ingenuously parried the thrust. "Why," quoth he, "an ancient maiden patient of mine avows that *she* don't believe the idle story; that I never tried to kiss *her!*"

A year or so ago Dr. Parker paid us a visit in our time-worn house in which he spent his childhood hours.

The bump of philoprogenitiveness of the Doctor is very large. Whilst with us he seemed much taken with the airs of the hope of our mature years, a little boy then not three years old. Upon leaving, our friend desired to salute the tot. It was impossible for the infant to reach up to the towering figure. The difficulty was in a jiffy overcome. We were surprised to see the Doctor drop on his knees, embrace the little one, and as quickly resume his feet. There could be no discussion as to the grace of the act, and we only felt that our boy had been "blessed" in the kiss of so good a man.

Ah! the heart of the good Doctor is filled with the milk of human kindness; it is expansive. We believe that it embraces every man, woman, and child worthy of his love. Yet, the erstwhile spirit militant in him is scarce diminished. His spear is ever atilt in the cause of what he deems the right or toward the suppression of wrong. He goes into every encounter, too, with visor up. He is a manly antagonist, and scorns subterfuge.

In action no one in our community has been more constant in effort in the cause of humanity. In eleemosynary provision no one has been more influential. A multitude will rise to call him blessed. Thousands will cherish him in grateful remembrance.

We trust that posterity will duly commemorate his consecrated life-work of mercy and charity, and that his loved form will yet be given place in this dedicated City of Monuments.—ED.]

Dr. W. W. Parker's recent address before Pickett Camp on "How I Kept House During the War," was in the bright vein that marks all of the sayings and writings of that gentleman, and was greatly enjoyed by the large company of ladies and gentlemen who heard it. The well-known physician and philanthropist said:

Commander of Pickett Camp, Ladies, and Gentlemen :

I have been frequently honored by the members of your Camp with an invitation to address you on some war subject; but as often declined, till lately your commander repeated the invitation, and, thinking I might say something new, perhaps, as to how much more effectual artillery might be made in battle, in my opinion, I consented to write a short paper on the subject. But I was surprised a

few days ago by the announcement in the papers that ladies would be present on this occasion; and to talk to them about rapid artillery movements would be a piece of stupidity. I have therefore concluded to begin this address on a subject that may possibly interest them. My theme will be

“HOW I KEPT HOUSE IN CAMP.”

I have been trying for some years to get some clever fellow to write an essay on “The World Without Women,” but have failed. I have been asked to write myself, but am not qualified. I have always concluded if the women left the world I would so soon follow them that the discussion would not personally help me.

WOULD NOT HAVE WASHING.

In camp life we have some hint of what would happen if the fair sex should suddenly take wings and fly away, like doves, toward Heaven. One of the things that would soon take place would be the departure of the wash-tub. It is a good thing that sheets are not known in the army. They would never be washed. Were the women to disappear suddenly, no man would have a clean sheet on his bed or a clean shirt on his back two weeks after their departure. I only once attempted to wash a handkerchief in the army, and the result was that the white parts were made black, and the soiled parts greatly extended. I used sand instead of soap.

Sleeping between blankets in winter is well enough. In summer we slept on them. We had, as a rule, dirty shoes, as well as dirty shirts, dirty hands, and dirty faces, dish-rags incredibly and universally dirty. Whether the water was dirty or not seemed never to concern any one; it was this or none. I used to be surprised at the ease with which men found water on a cloudy night, when you could hardly see your hand before you. So soon as the company was halted for the night, a man from each mess would hasten with his wooden bucket and tin dipper to get water to begin cooking. Knowing nothing about the country, it would seem difficult to know which way to go; but as water is found in low places, the soldier would plunge down hills, and continue to go until he came to a creek, and when found he would begin to use his dipper. Sometimes a fellow would be too lazy to go, and would run the risk of begging a little water to make his coffee. They would frequently

rob my man Joe's bucket, and as he generally carried two (one for early breakfast), he could spare a little. But, finally, the boys robbed him so systematically that he would hide one of his buckets under the tent-cloth, or in the bushes nearby. I don't think I ever heard the inquiry made, "Is the water good?"

Before beginning to prepare his dough for making bread, the cook, if he had plenty of water, would get one of the boys to pour a little water upon his hands, which were wiped upon a dirty towel.

APPETITE WAS ALWAYS GOOD.

One of the glories of this housekeeping was that there was no complaint of want of appetite. Everything was good. The only trouble was about the quantity. I defy any man or woman to make two dozen biscuit, every one exactly the same size, and yet, if they were not, there was trouble in the mess. It was amusing to see how the cook eyed each one when in a plastic state, turning them around, eyeing their rotundity, thickness, etc. He was an artist. They were, when done, generally put in little piles on the ground or on a bench, and viewed by the boarders with the keenest discrimination. There was much difficulty also in getting the piles exactly the same size, though with the same number of biscuit. In one of the messes it became a rule that the men would turn their backs upon the rows of biscuit and the cook would take a long stick and cry out: "Who will take this pile?" If Sergeant Jones said "I will," and turned around and found his pile not the biggest, he would exclaim in great disgust: "This is the smallest pile on the board." But there was generally no further complaint. The poor fellows were so hungry they could not delay to gratify their appetites. When the last man got his pile there was silence, and the scanty meal soon disappeared. It was rarely that the food was well chewed, but it was always quickly digested. There were no overloaded stomachs and there were no colics. One of my men, I will not call his name (a Richmond gentleman) lest I might offend him, would sometimes eat a dozen biscuit at a meal.

One night about 2 o'clock, while we camped very near the enemy's lines, not allowed to speak in loud tones or have any fire, some of the men went off to a neighboring house and got a woman to bake their biscuit. On this occasion I saw in the darkness on the side of the mountain a small group of moving objects, and presently I heard talking in low tones. I became uneasy, fearing the enemy was plan-

ning a night attack. I continued to listen for half an hour with increasing concern. The conversation finally ceased, and the men began to move towards me. On enquiring, with some tremor of voice (there was no one awake but myself), "Who comes there?" Sergeant A. replied: "We are all right, Captain." He informed me that he and his comrades were dividing their biscuits, and I found him loaded down. I think I could guess how many he ate that night between 2 and 5 o'clock.

ONLY GREASED THE BREAD.

Towards the close of the war meat became so scarce that it merely greased the bread. The tin plates were scraped so clean that they looked like they had been washed. Coffee had at this time gone out of memory, and the small and scanty repast was eaten with satisfaction and without a murmur as to the failure of the commissary to do better. Heroes, these poor fellows! They knew that all were doing their best, and their sacrifices caused them to love the cause with deathless devotion. With eggs, milk, sugar, and rice, I had dessert two or three times a week—apple dumplings in summer and sorghum pies, though black as tar, were a delicacy. Sometimes I sent a man to Charles City, his home, to see his wife, on the express condition that he would bring me some fresh fish. I remember on one occasion I invited General Alexander to dine soon after the fish came, and I feared he would kill himself eating. When finally the sugar gave out and we did not have anything but black-eyed peas, my dinner was made of them with a little salt pork for seasoning, and one measured quart of water afterwards. But for the water I would have been well salted, and would have kept for years as a mummy. But to return:

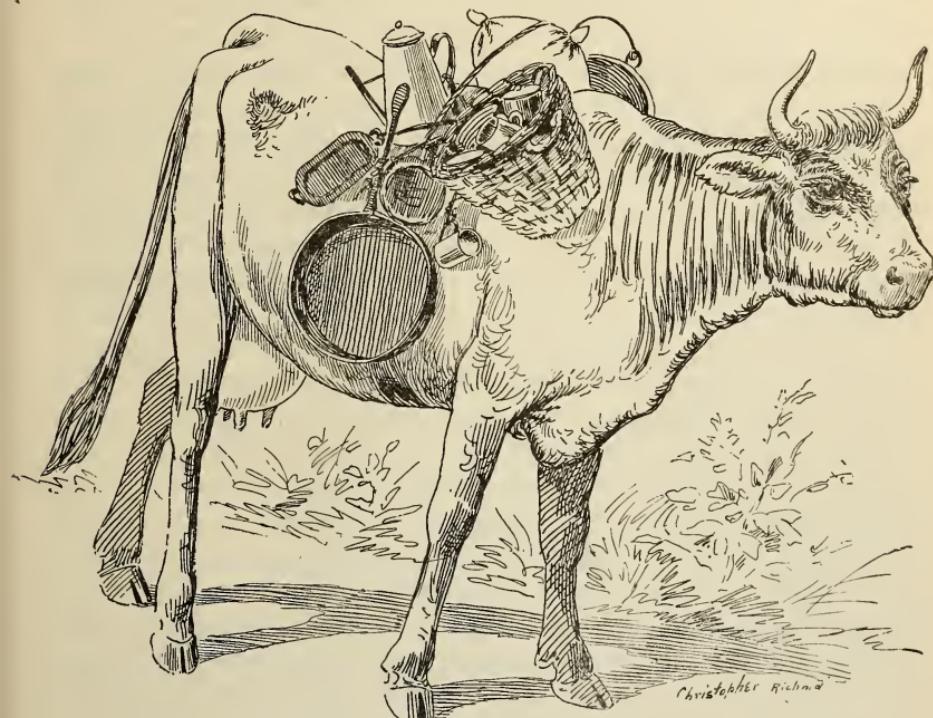
These brave men counted not the cross heavy for the cause they loved so well. Oh, patriotism! How brave and beautiful art thou! How unselfish, how patient, how true to friends, and how fearless of foes! Love of country is next only to love of God. I knew nothing of it till I went into the army. I thought it only love of neighbor and kinsfolk and the old homestead. It is wide, deep, strong, uplifting the soul—yea, stronger than the love of life itself. For this you would give up your wife and children, father and mother, sister and brother, fame and fortune.

My pantry held granite, china, a camp-chest, a chicken-coop, a medicine-chest, a stove, made of a camp-kettle, with the top taken

off and the pipe put inside, which on the march was hung to the pole of the caisson; also, a flat-iron, one guitar, two violins, and a camp-bed. When at a halt the rooster and five hens were turned out to graze, the former tied securely by the hind leg, as Sam Jones would say; the hens were loyal to the captive rooster and would not wander far from the ambulance. Moral: Stick to your sweethearts and husbands, girls!

COW AS A PACK-HORSE.

General Lee allowed me a fine, large ambulance and a pair of good horses all the time, in consideration of my treating my own



DR. PARKER'S HISTORIC COW,
Which Supplied Milk for the Battery and also Served as a Pack Horse.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Richmond *Dispatch*)

sick men. One important member of my household, not to be forgotten, was a docile cow, that served two purposes—first, to supply milk for the household; second, for transportation. She generally carried the kitchen furniture on her back. She had heard the terrible shock of battle with calmness, and did not tremble at the rat-

ting of tin cans, coffee-pot, skillet, and canteens carried on her back. When any of the men were sick they got milk, which, to a soldier, was nectar. When on the march I would fill my canteen early in the morning with milk for the day's ride, and by 10 o'clock I had butter and buttermilk. By dipping the canteen into a branch now and then the milk was kept cool. These canteens were all covered with thick woollen cloth, and keeping it wet, evaporation was very active, and resulted in cooling the contents. This has been the eastern plan many centuries for cooling their wines, etc. I don't think in one year after the war began I saw a Confederate soldier who had not a Yankee canteen. Our northern friends supplied me with four splendid 3-inch steel-rifled cannon, 100 canteens, 100 oil-cloths, and 100 blankets. This was very kind, for enemies. I don't know how we could have gotten along without them.

But I must not forget my candle-moulds. What are they? some may inquire. I have not seen one for twenty years, and I suppose many of you young ladies never saw one. They are for moulding tallow candles. I hope you will never have to use them. In the Tennessee campaign I saw a boy with the largest moulds I had ever seen. He evidently took it for a musical instrument. I said, with surprise and disgust: "What in the world are you doing with those candle-moulds?" He replied: "I picked them up in a 'Uons' house." (In that latitude "Uons" meant enemy, "weons" our people.) I asked: "What are you going to do with them?" "I don't know," he replied. "Won't you have them?" I said: "Don't throw them away. Give them to Joe, my servant." Next winter, on the Howlett-line, I found them of great value. My good friend and good soldier, Billy Mays, of the City Gas-works, was detailed from my battery for the commissary department, and I asked him to get me some tallow. He did so, and I commenced the tallow-chandler business, and it was a success. I occupied quite a large house near the line of battle, and took my wife and servants out there and spent nearly a year. While most tents or cabins had fire-light only, I could afford to burn two candles when I had small print to read, so that my wife and I did more reading than in peace times. These candle-moulds, not being thrown away (note the moral, young ladies and gentlemen), afforded me much pleasure and profit.

VALUABLE SERVICE OF JOE.

But I cannot close my catalogue of household things without mentioning more particularly "Joe," to whom reference has been

made. He was sent me by Heaven, I have no doubt. I am telling the truth. Just as war began, and while I was organizing the Virginia Light Guard, in my office, in the law building, corner Twelfth and Franklin streets, I saw that I must get a man-servant to take to the field. Passing down Bank street one morning, I met a tall, straight, polite-looking mulatto man, who walked with a quick step, and I inquired if he was for hire. He said no, but for sale. The price was \$700. I at once bought him in, and in the four years alone in which he was with me, from Bethel to Appomattox, he was worth \$7,000 to me. Joe used to tell me he was brought up by his "old missus" in the home with a "silver spoon" in his mouth, and that he was taught to do everything. He was waiter, gardener, butler, washer, and ironer, etc., etc. I found he told me the truth. He could do anything, and do it all well. He was blessed with an excellent spirit, and was trusted by every man and officer in the battalion. When going into battle he took charge of all our watches and jewelry, and never was anything missing. He washed for many of the officers, attended to his ambulance horse, and mine, and arose at daybreak. He was one of the cleanest and most honest cooks, and what was most gratifying, he loved me better than anybody in this world. I advised him soon after the war began to get married. Take notice, my young friends, I believe in everybody of any account getting married; but be certain you don't marry in haste and repent at leisure. Joe was no soldier. He knew his business. When we went into Maryland and Pennsylvania I became very uneasy lest he should make a break for liberty. I kept my eye on him. To lose him would be to lose my right hand. On the second day's fight at Gettysburg I saw Joe coming across the field at full speed. I never saw him in such fright, and he said to me, out of breath: "Marse William, I thought dey had me!" "Who?" I asked. "Dem Yankees," pointing to the thousands of Federal prisoners on their way to Libby Prison. I was greatly relieved. I had no more fear of Joe's loyalty.

HURRIED TO THE REAR.

In Tennessee one bright morning the battery was moving along a pleasant road. I was near Joe's ambulance. We did not dream of the enemy being near, when suddenly bang went a cannon over the hills just in the direction we were marching, and instantly the head

of one of Joe's fine white ambulance horses was struck off, with a sinking, hollow sound, and he dropped dead in the traces. I told Joe, as soon as he could, to go to the rear, and I galloped to the top of the hill at full speed to look out for the enemy. I think it was less than three minutes before I looked over my shoulder to see how Joe was getting on with his dead horse. To my surprise, he had cut out the dead animal and put in a live one, and was driving for life and death to the rear. I think Joe's was the fastest time on record. At Cold Harbor my battery was sheltered from the army by an intervening wood, and, while the shells passed near us, there was really no danger. After eating my breakfast, I said: "Joe, eat your breakfast and take the ambulance to the rear." The breakfast was served on a camp-chest. Instead of doing as I directed him, he hastily gathered up in the table-cloth, coffee-pot, sugar-dish, etc., and, with much agitation, said: "Lord, Marse William, this ain't no place to eat breakfast!" and he and his ambulance were gone in a twinkling. To Joe's good management I can say what probably few other men can say—I suffered only one day in the four years for food, and that was the day I was separated from him. Till Joe's death, some years ago, we were great friends. Every Christmas he brought me a turkey, and would say to my wife: "Miss Ella, me and Marse William was jest like brothers in the war." His wife continues to eat her Christmas dinner at my house. Another piece of good luck, perhaps more remarkable than this, was that in the four years I was in the army I did not once get wet. I captured early in the war an excellent oil-cloth, made like a Spanish poncho, with a hole in the centre. With this on, and a slouch hat that turned the rain like a tin roof, and a pair of cavalry water-proof boots six inches above my knees, I have ridden two days and nights in a driving rain without getting a drop of water on me. I did what all soldiers should do; I would never lie down on the wet ground. Many a cold, rainy night I would sit on a log or stump before a fire and sleep with my head in my hands. At one time I had a hammock. They don't answer in wet weather. Sometimes I would sleep on the top of a worm-fence, by separating the two upper rails. It was in these four years that I had no rheumatism. No writer will ever tell of the sorrows and sufferings of our noble private soldiers (I hate the old phrase, "common soldier"), who, badly clad, and without shelter, marched day and night in mud and water, barefooted, and hungry, till disease ended their misery. These

were noble souls in mean clothes, suffering patiently in a noble cause as ever filled a patriot's breast. Long may they live in our affections, and may we never forget their wives and children.

HAD A STRING BAND.

The last thing I shall mention as one of my family possessions was a string band. My bugler was a highly-educated German musician. He served an apprenticeship of seven years. He had a good voice. With my wife's \$50 guitar and two good violins we had good music. It often happened that on the march there were long and tedious delays caused by obstructions ahead. Sometimes it was a bridge or a broken wagon in a narrow road, sometimes waiting for somebody to come up, but from whatsoever cause the delay was irksome, especially if the day was hot and the road dusty. Under such delay music by the band was ordered, and some would dance, while others would drink in with delight the concord of sweet sound. Others would remember the "Old Folks at Home," and others again "The Girl I Left Behind Me." When the band was not wanted in camp at night it could get a good supper by seeking the best-looking house near our camping-ground. Eglin would enter first, almost without invitation, and, seating himself at the piano, would soon attract the whole household to him. There was no need of any further introduction. The cook began to hurry, and hot rolls and coffee were soon spread on the hospitable board for the dusty and tired soldiers. Often an impromptu dance by the neighbors would end the evening. Eglin and Moore have long since departed, but Frank Turnly still remains in Chesterfield. The sweet notes of "Lorena" and "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," even after thirty years, awaken tender memories of departed joys.

FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT.

In conclusion, my comrades, we fought a good fight, but have not yet received the fruit of our toil, but our reward is sure. We sowed in tears, but we shall reap in joy. How, when, and where, I know not. Some of our reward may be in this world—some in the next. Of this I have no doubt. The retrospect of the four years of army life affords me more real pleasure than any like period in the past fifty years. I know—not believe—I know our cause was just. The man who calls us rebels is a fool; he knows nothing of

the rights of man, nor of the Constitution of the State and of the United States. I rest confident of justification in that great day when the Judge shall disclose the secrets of all hearts.

The South asked for peace, and they gave us a sword. No man but the Governor of Virginia had the right then, nor has anyone else the right now, to order me to the field. I would obey our good Governor as cheerfully now as I did Governor Letcher thirty-five years ago. I still love the flag, but not as of yore. Sometimes the first love is the deepest and strongest.

Let no man cheat you out of your inheritance, my comrades. There is not enough money in the coffers of all the banks to buy the proud claim that I was a loyal soldier of the Confederate States; that from Big Bethel to Appomattox I was true to her flag and glad to serve her. This shield I shall hang up in my house for my children's children, when dust shall return to dust, and the soul return to the God who gave it. It is not often the privilege of a man to serve his country for years without pay and on half rations. This has been your privilege, my dear comrades. Wear this badge of royalty upon your hearts, while they beat proudly your grand and solemn march to eternity. This is but a small part of life. Let your last days here be your best and brightest days. It matters not what sort of garments cover your proud hearts. Gold is gold, whether in the rocky drift or on fair woman's brow. God weighs actions, not dry goods. Oh! how I love dear old Virginia! the mother of Washington, Jackson, and Lee.

“Virginia! Virginia! the land of the free,
Three cheers for Virginia from mountain to sea.”

[From the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*, November 9, 1895.]

HEROISM OF A WIDOW.

General Schofield’s Recognition of the Bravery of a Southern Woman.

It was on the first and second days of September, 1864, General Hardee, of the Southern forces, was sent to Jonesboro from Atlanta with 22,000 men to head off a formidable flank movement of the enemy which had for its purpose to cut off Southern communication

and thereby compel the evacuation of the city of Atlanta. The flank movement consisted of 40,000 or 45,000 men, and was commanded chiefly by Major-General John M. Schofield, together with General Sedgwick, who was also a corps commander, and consisted of the best fighters of the Federal army.

As the two armies confronted each other two miles to the north and northwest of Jonesboro, it so happened that the little house and farm of a poor old widow was just between the two lines of battle when the conflict opened, and having nowhere to go she was necessarily caught between the fire of the two commanding lines of battle, which were at comparatively close range and doing fierce and deadly work. The house and home of this old lady was soon converted into a Federal hospital, and with the varying fortunes she was alternately within the lines of each contending army, when not between them on disputed ground. So the battle raged all day, and the wounded and dying of both armies were carried to the humble shelter of this old lady until her yard and premises were literally strewn with the dead and dying of both armies.

During the whole of this eventful day this good and brave woman, exposed as she was to the incessant showers of shot and shell from both sides, moved fearlessly about among the wounded and dying of both sides alike, and without making the slightest distinction. Finally night closed the scene with General Schofield's army corps in possession of the ground, and when the morning dawned it found this grand old lady still at her post of duty, knowing, too, as she did, the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of war had stripped her of the last vestige of property she had except her little tract of land which had been laid waste. Now it was that General John M. Schofield, having known of her suffering and destitute condition, sent her, under escort and arms, a large wagon-load of provisions and supplies, and caused his adjutant-general to write her a long and touching letter of thanks, and wound up the letter with a special request that she keep it till the war was over and present it to the United States Government, and they would repay all her losses.

She kept the letter, and soon after the Southern Claims Commission was established she brought it to the writer, who presented her claim in due form, and she was awarded about \$600—all she claimed, but not being all she lost. That letter is now on file with other proofs of the exact truth of this statement with the files of the Southern Claims Commission at Washington.

Her name was Allie McPeek, and she died several years ago.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, February 9, 1896.]

COMPANY C, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, C. S. A.

ITS ROSTER AND GALLANT RECORD.

Company C, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, Confederate States Army, was organized in Westmoreland county, and named in honor of General Harry Lee, of the Revolution, "Lee's Light Horse." It was mustered into service at Montross on May 23, 1861. The survivors of the company were among the last troops engaged in action at Appomattox, and escaped from the field without surrendering. The roll is as follows:

OFFICERS.

Thomas S. Garnett, first captain, promoted colonel of Forty-eighth Virginia infantry; killed at Chancellorsville. R. L. T. Beale, second captain; twice wounded. John N. Murphy, third captain; resigned. John W. Hungerford, fourth captain; killed at Middleburg. Charles C. Robinson, fifth captain; wounded and captured at Upperville. George W. Beale, first lieutenant, twice wounded. A. G. Dade, second lieutenant; promoted major in commissary department. W. W. Murphy, second lieutenant; resigned. John T. Stewart, second lieutenant; killed in Charles City county. Lawrence Washington, second lieutenant; severely wounded. Ro. B. Lewis, second lieutenant, twice wounded.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Richard Washington, first sergeant; killed near Hagerstown. Stephen C. Hardwick, first sergeant; killed at Nance's Shop. Thomas W. B. Edwards, first sergeant; captured. Henry Benson, sergeant; John W. Branson, sergeant; severely wounded. Gordon F. Bowie, corporal; wounded in Charles City county. John Graham, corporal; died in service. W. C. Marmaduke, corporal; captured. John Critcher, corporal; promoted colonel, Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry. George B. Carroll, corporal; killed at Nance's Shop. Henry C. Baker, corporal.

PRIVATES.

Thomas Arnold, transferred to Company I, B. B. Ashton, killed at Gettysburg, Charles H. Ashton, Benjamin Atwill, wounded, Thomas B. Baber, Ellison Barber, Thomas Barber, killed at Brandy Station, Burton B. Bates, died in service, Eugene Battaile, wounded, Albert Beale, B. B. Beale, killed in Dinwiddie, Richard Beale, wounded, Richard S. Beale, died in service, Robert Beale, Robert H. Beale, Ham Bisham, killed at Hatcher's Run, Benjamin Branson, accidentally wounded, James Brook, Horace A. Brooks, captured and imprisoned in Fort McHenry till close of the war, B. B. Brown, killed at Nance's Shop, Edwin D. Brown, severely wounded and discharged, John N. Brown, killed in Dinwiddie, Thomas Brown, Thomas Callahan, Richard H. Chandler, wounded, Edwin C. Claybrook, captured, Benjamin Courtney, Bushrod Courtney, David C. Courtney, James R. Courtney (bugler), W. Hank Courtney, Wm. W. Cheuning, John Combs, Abraham Cox, captured, Ephraim F. Cox, killed, Eugene Crabbe (courier), Tasker Crabbe, Joseph Crask (ambulance driver, Selden Crask, discharged, Rhody Douglas, Philip Dozier, died in service, William R. Dozier, discharged, Charles Edwards (color-bearer), wounded, George Eliff, discharged, James English, Thomas English, T. W. G. Evans, blacksmith, Charles Everett, William H. Franklin, died of wounds received at Hanover, Pa., J. J. Garland, died in service, Philander George, John Gordon, killed, Chester Gouldin, killed near Reams' Station, Jesse Gouldman, severely wounded at Hatcher's Run, Joseph R. Gregory, captured, Levi Gregory, discharged, Thomas P. Greenlaw, severely wounded at Upperville, Frederick Griffith, William Guthrie, discharged, George Gutridge, wounded and captured at Upperville, W. Octavus Gutridge, killed, Joseph Haislin, James Hall, Luther Hall, drowned, Shelton B. Hall, discharged, Hackman Haynie, died in service, Benjamin Hardwick, John W. Harvey, Mungo P. Harvey, ordnance sergeant, James R. Holliday, Richard Hunter, killed at Charles City county, — Hutt, Ogle Hutt, Steptoe D. Hutt, discharged, James Jenkins, wounded accidentally, Charles W. Jett, killed at Brandy Station, Lucius L. Jett, Thomas Jett, badly wounded in foot at Brandy Station, Toucey Jett, regimental bugler, wounded at Brandy Station, William Jett, severely wounded, Philip Johnson, William Johnson, Churchwell Jones, Robert Kennedy, Benjamin King, R. S. Lawrence, wounded at Fredericksburg, David Lowe,

Robert A. Marshall, Julian J. Mason, promoted as aid to General Fields, Thomas H. Massey, substituted, Chapman Maupin, transferred to engineers, George McKenney, discharged, James McKenney, discharged, Lucius McKildoe, wounded, Jeter Montgomery, Joseph J. Moone, wounded, James Morris, wagoner, Robert Murphy, John Neale, killed at Ashland, Benjamin Owens, W. W. Palmer, wounded at Gettysburg, captured, Richard Payne, Edward Porter, wounded, Edward F. Porter, Henry Porter, killed at Nance's Shop, J. Horace Porter, R. Louis Porter, Joseph A. Pullen, John Purcell, died in service, Broaddus Reamy, James Reamy, killed at Sailors' Creek, William A. Reamy, killed at Nance's Shop, Emmett Reed, Clarence Rice, Robert Wilbur Rice, William Rice, James Robb, Charles Rust, transferred to Company H, John Rust, died of wounds, William R. Rust, severely wounded at Gettysburg, Coral Robertson, William W. Rose, killed, Robert A. Sanford, wounded, Robert Self, John Settle, Robert Spilman, severely wounded at Ashland, Thomas M. Spilman, Bruce Stringfellow, severely wounded, Hansford Sutton, disabled by a fall, and discharged, John E. Sturman, William Smith, died in service, Garvin C. Taliaferro, adjutant of the regiment, leg fractured, and amputated at Barbee's Cross-Roads, Henry Thrift, wounded, Joseph Thrift, discharged, Robert L. Talent, died in service, Charles Taylor, Henry Taylor, Thomas Taylor, Robinson Taylor, Charles Turner, severely wounded at Upperville, Henry Turner, James Walker, discharged, Milton M. Walker, William M. Walker, severely wounded in Dinwiddie, Ro. J. Washington, wounded, promoted adjutant, William A. Weaver, killed near Shepherdstown, F. D. Wheelwright, discharged, F. D. Wheelwright, Jr., wounded, Thomas C. Wheelwright, wounded, J. N. Wright, wounded after being captured, M. U. F. Wright, wounded and captured, J. J. Yeatman, died of injuries received in service, Oscar Yeatman.

The above list shows a total enlistment of 175 men, of whom 36 were wounded, 26 killed, and 11 died in service. Of the whole number, about 70 are living, and over 100 are dead.

G. W. B.

[From the *Christian Observer* Louisville, Ky., November 20, 1895.]

STONEWALL JACKSON'S "MOST DREADED FOE."

WORSE THAN POPE'S ARMY.

A Story Never Before Published, as Related by an Ex-Confederate Officer, Who is Now a Resident of Norfolk, Va.

About daylight of the day before the second battle of Manassas, I was ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, with a detail of one hundred men for special duty. Upon arrival at the headquarters and making myself known by presenting the order of General J. E. B. Stuart, General Jackson told me to come with him, and rode some fifty or one hundred yards from his staff, turned towards me and halted. Then he said, "Captain, do you ever use liquors?" I replied, "No, sir." He then said: "I sent to General Stuart to send me a special detail of one hundred men under command of an officer who never used spirituous liquors. Are you that man?" I said, "Yes, sir; I was detailed on that account."

"Well, sir, I have an order to give, upon the full and exact execution of which depends the success of the present movement, and the result of the battle soon to be fought. Can I trust you to execute that order?"

I replied that if to keep sober was all that was needful he could rely upon my obedience.

He said, "No that is not all, but unless you can resist temptation to drink you cannot carry out my orders; but I will explain." He then pointed to a large frame depot or warehouse and said: "Take your command up to that warehouse, have a large number of barrels of bread rolled out and sent down the railroad to a point about five hundred yards from the warehouse, so that my men can get all the bread they want as they pass, and then take some picked men into the building and spill all the liquors there; don't spare a drop, nor let any man taste it under any circumstances. I expect you to execute this order at any cost."

He pulled down his cap and was about to ride back to his staff, when I said to him: "General, suppose an officer of superior rank should order me under arrest and then gain possession of the warehouse?"

He said, with an air of solemnity I shall never forget, coming close to me and looking as if he would look me through: "Until I relieve you in person you are exempt from arrest except upon my order in writing." He then said: "I fear that liquor more than General Pope's army," and rode off.

I took my men to the warehouse, now so important in my eyes, and threw a guard around it, placing five men at each entrance, with orders to neither allow any one to enter, nor to enter themselves. I then put some prisoners under guard to roll out the bread nearest the doors. In a little while this was done, and to guard was apparently all that was required. But in a little while I was called to one entrance to find a general officer with his staff demanding that the guards should either allow him to enter or bring out some liquor. Upon my refusal to comply with his request, he ordered his adjutant to place me under arrest.

I told him that I was put there by General Jackson in person, and exempted from liability of arrest. He gave his staff an order to dismount and enter the warehouse, and I gave my men the order to level their guns, and "make ready." This made the thirsty General halt, and hold a consultation with his officers, who concluded to try persuasion. But they soon found that no liquor could be had. They then asked my name, and to what command I belonged, and threatened to report me for disobedience of orders to a superior officer.

Just then General A. P. Hill came galloping up with his staff. I explained the position to him, and soon saw that he took in the situation, as he ordered the thirsty squad off. Then he said: "Have you orders to burn this building?" On my replying that I had not, he went off. Within an hour General Jackson sent me an order to burn the building, and after it was well destroyed, to report to him. This I did. No man got a drink that day. And the foe that Stonewall Jackson most dreaded was powerless for evil.

[From the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*, Jan. 7, 1896.]

CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

As stated in a former article, there were 474 general officers of all grades in the regular military service of the Confederacy. It may be interesting to know just how many of these were severally contributed by the States comprehended in the Southern Confederation:

Virginia—Three full generals, five lieutenant-generals, seventeen major-generals, and fifty-four brigadier-generals—seventy-nine in all.

North Carolina—Two lieutenant-generals, seven major-generals, and twenty-nine brigadier-generals—thirty-eight in all.

South Carolina—Three lieutenant-generals, four major-generals, and twenty-seven brigadier-generals—thirty-four in all.

Georgia—Three lieutenant-generals, seven major-generals, and forty-two brigadier-generals—fifty-two in all.

Florida—One general in provisional army of Confederate States, three major-generals, and ten brigadier-generals—fourteen in all.

Alabama—One lieutenant-general, six major-generals, and twenty-nine brigadier-generals—thirty-six in all.

Mississippi—Five major-generals and thirty brigadier-generals—thirty-five in all.

Louisiana—Two full generals, two lieutenant-generals, four major-generals, and twenty-two brigadier-generals—thirty in all.

Texas—One full general, one general with temporary rank, three major-generals, and thirty-six brigadier-generals—forty-one in all.

Indian Territory—One brigadier-general (Stand Watie).

France—One major-general (Camille J. Polignac).

Arkansas—Four major-generals and eighteen brigadier-generals—twenty-two in all.

Missouri—Four major-generals and twelve brigadier-generals—sixteen in all.

Tennessee—Two lieutenant-generals, eight major-generals, and thirty-four brigadier-generals—forty-four in all.

Kentucky—One lieutenant-general, five major-generals, and sixteen brigadier-generals—twenty-two in all.

Maryland—Three major-generals and six brigadier-generals—nine in all.

CHAS. EDGEWORTH JONES.

Augusta, Ga.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 AND THE SPIRIT OF '61.

MR. R. A. BROCK,

Secretary of the Southern Historical Society,

Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR,—The following incident was related to me last week by the Rev. William M. Dame, of Baltimore, who entered the service of the Confederacy at sixteen and served gallantly throughout the war in the Richmond Howitzers. With his permission I have prepared the paragraphs below for publication, my manuscript having since been examined and confirmed by him. Mr. Dame was one of the sixteen youths mentioned in the first sentence.

Truly yours,

L. M. BLACKFORD.

Alexandria, Va., February 17, 1896.

On the last Sunday in August, 1860, at "The Forks," in Cumberland county, Virginia, was gathered a body of sixteen youths, with two exceptions, between the ages of fifteen and twenty. They were grandsons of the venerable Mrs. Lucy Page, daughter of General Thomas Nelson, Jr., Governor of Virginia in 1781, and widow of Major Carter Page, of the Continental Line, who served through the whole Revolutionary War. According to the custom of the family, the boys had been on a vacation visit to their grandmother, and were to disperse in a few days to their several homes. The aged lady, full of the patriotic traditions of her historic line, was rallying them on the decay in their degenerate day of the spirit of chivalry and self-devotion which characterized their Revolutionary ancestors, and intimated her conviction unequivocally, if not in so many words, that they would never live again in them.

The following spring, at eighty-six, Mrs. Page died, living not quite long enough to see how completely she had been in error. The sixteen lads who left her in August, 1860, within eleven months of that leave-taking had, *every one*, entered the military service of the Confederate States. Two of them had already fallen in battle, and three had been wounded.

RELIEF OF CONFEDERATES BY NATIONAL APPROPRIATION.

HON. P. J. OTEY'S BILL.

R. E. Lee Camp, C. V., Protests Against the Consideration of the Bill by Congress.

[So sweeping were the pecuniary losses of the Confederates, that to ask partial reparation for them, would be pardonable. No one can question the excellence of intention of the gallant Major Otey. Still the noble declaration herewith printed touches a commanding chord in the Southern heart. No veteran can be neglected with us. No want will be unsupplied, and his closing years will be soothed with the loving ministrations of both sexes. The provision is happily systematic. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, may righteously voice the sentiment of the nobly beneficent fraternity which it initiated. Instituted in April, 1883, its admirable example has been potential. Grandly has the roll grown, comprehending now fully 800 Camps, with a constantly-increasing ratio of organization. Grateful result is the speedy sequence. Provision for the needy veteran is the concomitant of every established Camp.—ED.]

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, in meeting held January 24, 1896, expressed its disapprobation of the bill offered by Major P. J. Otey, looking to Federal aid to Confederate veterans. The following dignified expression (the report prepared by a committee consisting of General Peyton Wise, Major Norman V. Randolph, and General Thomas A. Brander, to whom the bill had been referred) was adopted with hearty acclaim:

THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The report of General Wise's committee, as adopted by Lee Camp, reads:

Your committee, to whom was some time since referred the questions presented by a report in the newspapers that Hon. Peter J.

Otey, of the Sixth Congressional District of Virginia, was about to introduce in the United States House of Representatives a bill to make abandoned property, captured from the people of the Confederate States, and covered into the Treasury of the United States, available for the benefit of disabled Confederate soldiers, have had those questions under earnest consideration, and now report that a bill for the purpose named, and numbered H. R. 1678, has been introduced in the House of Representatives, together with a bill, which is alternative in its character, and numbered H. R. 1677, by the Hon. Peter J. Otey. These bills, copies of which are attached to this report, were offered on the 16th ultimo, and referred to the Committee on War Claims. At the time of their reference the committee named had not been constituted, and was not organized until the first week of the present month, owing to the prevalence of the Christmas holidays, and the absence of members of the House from their seats in the chamber. For these reasons the bill named did not get into the hands of your committee until very recently, and for other reasons, well known to you, this report could not be made before the present meeting of this camp.

WAS A GALLANT CONFEDERATE.

Since H. R. 1677 is only intended to be considered in the House in the event of the failure of H. R. 1678, and since the latter is the one which is peculiarly interesting to you, the latter will be exclusively commented upon in this report.

We want to say at the outset that the patron of these bills was a gallant Confederate soldier, who, in the opinion of your committee, and doubtless of all who know him, worthily wears the honors of a representative of Virginia in Congress; that it is unquestionably his intent in the offer of this bill to endeavor to have a boon conferred upon that class of our comrades who deserve the highest, simplest consideration from every quarter; and therefore it does not lie in our hearts, and that it is not our desire, or our purpose to reflect upon Major Otey in any way or to any extent in this report. We do not approve, however, to any degree of the methods of this bill, and will state our objections to it frankly, respectfully, and kindly.

The title of the bill is "To Restore a Part of Captured and Abandoned Property." The title of the bill is objectionable, because the

bill does not propose to restore the property named to its real owners, but to give it, practically, to persons who, however meritorious, have absolutely no title whatever to it.

WHAT THE BILL RECITES.

The recitals in the preamble of the bill are four in number:

1st Recital. That the property proposed to be restored was captured from the people of the Confederate States, non-combatants and others, after it had been abandoned by them, and was sold and covered into the Treasury, amounting to \$27,000,000. We have no reason to doubt the truth of this proposition.

2. That the chaotic condition of affairs in the South after the surrender prevented the reclamation at the time of the captured, abandoned property by its real owners, and that it is evident now that such claims can never be presented or sustained at this late day.

The truth of this recital, in any and all of its parts, is open to the most serious question, and, could it be established beyond peradventure, scarcely offers a basis for giving this money to any class of the citizens of the United States. The one question which, in law or in morals, could in the latter event arise, is whether the captured, abandoned property belongs to the United States, under the law of war, or by escheat to the States in which that property was found in its state of abandonment. This is a question for the courts, not for Congress.

3. That the United States is under no obligation in law or usage to provide for those who fought against them, but recognizes in them now its own citizens, who have become patriotic, and will cheerfully support the government, whether in peace or war.

The allegations of this recital are correct beyond any question, but, in view of them, it does not fail to strike your committee that they offer the strongest reasons why the bill should not pass. Law and usage should not be overturned, and the wholly unconstitutional and improper attitude of granting premiums to citizens for support of the government should not be assumed by the Congress of the United States.

NOT THE GOVERNMENT'S PROVINCE.

4. That the United States, moved by the spirit of humanity, fraternity, and magnanimity to sympathy with those who have suffered by the casualties of war, desire to contribute to the alleviation of the necessities of those who are unable to support themselves.

This recital undoubtedly presents a case of misery for the heartiest sympathy and for the most urgent effort in every proper quarter to relieve it. But it is very much to be doubted whether under any circumstances whatever it is the true mission of government to relieve suffering by appropriations from the public treasury, except where it has been occasioned by labor in its service; and the wisest and best men claim that such appropriations tend to produce a paternalism in government, a want of self-reliance in the citizen, which go to sap the foundations of that liberty for which our fathers and Confederate soldiers conspicuously fought and became heroes.

PROVISIONS OF THE BILL.

The bill itself provides for the payment by the United States of five per cent. interest per annum on the amount of the captured abandoned property, to be paid over to the Southern States at definite periods in the proportions to each State established by the provision made by each State for its disabled soldiers.

It will be readily seen that in the case of those States which have made no provision for their disabled soldiers, no bounty is created for them, and that the principle is established that where there is the most misery there shall be the least relief, and that where the largest charity is extended it shall be rewarded by a bounty, which, in that case, would not be needed.

The bill, to sum it up, is illogical throughout, and a non-sequitur from premises, which, in their important parts, are as incorrect as they are improper to be pleaded.

TO OUR GOOD FORTUNE.

We must not conclude this report without saying that the failure of the Government of the United States to provide for our disabled soldiers has resulted most fortunately for the manhood and womanhood of the South. Notably, it has caused the formation through-

out the South of camps like this, whose fame has been blown throughout the land, and where we are drawn together, not merely to do to each other, and especially to our suffering poor, the offices of mutual benefit for the here and the hereafter, through the agency of men who become devoted to the greatness of self-sacrifice, and of women who become heroic in ministration; where we not only enjoy the pleasure of recounting glorious memories of a splendid past; but where we have rescued from oblivion and saved to our posterity the rich heritage of a veracious history of immortal glory wrought by Confederate valor.

Shall we barter this for gold? Worst of all, shall we, whose past at least is secure, who have saved honor where we have saved nothing else; who have realized in its highest form the Greek conception of a man—that he is the animal whose countenance is turned to Heaven—get down upon our knees and crawl to the footstool of the Federal throne, and beg a bounty for what we failed to hold by our arms. No! a thousand times, no!

INCONSISTENT WITH SELF-RESPECT.

Major Otey means kindly by us, and he is right when he declares our hearty and undying loyalty to the flag of the common country; he is correct in assuming that should war come the Confederate soldier will be found carrying that flag to heights as great as any soldier may reach, let them be as high as the stars, which it types. But neither he nor any Southern representative shall ever, with our consent, place us in any attitude like that of this bill, which is inconsistent with our self-respect, and stains the record, to whose purity we devote and consecrate ourselves, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

If, at some future date, an American Congress, listening to the voice of some gallant representative of the North, should desire, in the general interest, to consecrate American valor, as it was illustrated by the Confederate soldier, in some form, alike appropriate and pleasing, our loyalty would not be enhanced, because that is impossible; but we should find in our fellow-citizens to the north of us the real brothers whom we are most anxious to discover.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, February 16, 1896.]

THE LONGSTREET-GETTYSBURG CONTROVERSY

WHO COMMENCED IT.

The Whole Matter Reviewed by J. William Jones, D. D.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

You are unquestionably right in the very courteous little difference with the *Times* as who begun the Longstreet-Gettysburg controversy, but you do not put its origin quite far enough back, and omit some very important points in the history of the controversy.

As I have been in a position to know all of the facts, have read and preserved everything of interest that has been published concerning these matters (although I have not until quite recently printed anything myself), and as there seems to be a constantly recurring question as to "who fired the first gun," and who is continuing the firing, I ask space for a summary statement of the whole question.

There was in army circles after the battle of Gettysburg a good deal of talk as to the causes of our failure, and it seemed to be very generally understood that the fault was not Lee's, but that his orders had been disobeyed, in that the heights were not carried on the evening of the first day, the attack was not made until the afternoon of the second day, and the troops making the assault on the third day were not properly supported.

But, as Lee, moving among his shattered battalions at Gettysburg, had shown the same superb magnanimity as when at Chancellorsville he had given the glory of the victory to Stonewall Jackson, and had declared, "This is all my fault; I have lost this battle, and you must help me out of it the best you can," no one was disposed to publish any criticisms of his subordinates. And so after the war there seemed to be a general disposition on the part of leading Confederates to let the Federal generals do the quarrelling, and to preserve among themselves the harmony and good-will counselled by their great commander, and of which he gave so conspicuous an example.

The first publication made in reference to the cause of our defeat at Gettysburg by any Confederate who participated in the battle, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was made by General Longstreet in Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," which was published in the spring of 1866.

In this book (page 340) Swinton says, and gives Longstreet as his authority for the statement: "Indeed, in entering upon this campaign, General Lee expressly promised his corps-commanders that he would not assume a tactical offensive, but force his antagonist to attack him. Having, however, gotten a taste of blood in the considerable success of the first day, the Confederate commander seems to have lost that equipoise in which his faculties commonly moved, and he determined to give battle."

Swinton then proceeds to criticise Lee very severely for not "manceuvring Meade out of the Gettysburg position," and says: "This operation General Longstreet, who forboded the worst from an attack on the army in position, and was anxious to hold General Lee to his promise, begged in vain to be allowed to execute." (*Ibid*, p. 341). He quotes General Longstreet as his authority for this, as also for the further criticisms of General Lee which he makes, and the very language of which bears a most remarkable resemblance to what General Longstreet has since printed over his own signature.

NOT REPLIED TO.

These criticisms of Longstreet on Lee were not replied to by the latter, though it is within my personal knowledge that he had Swinton's book and read at least a portion of it, and none of Lee's subordinates thought proper to make answer.

A short time after General Lee's death General Longstreet gave out for publication the private letter which he wrote his uncle from Culpeper Courthouse, on July 24, 1863, and in which he distinctly claimed that we lost Gettysburg because Lee refused to take his advice, and fought the battle against his judgment; that, if his (Longstreet's) plans had been adopted, "great results would have been obtained;" and, "so far as is given to man the ability to judge, we may say with confidence that we should have destroyed the Federal army, marched into Washington, and dictated our terms; or, at least, held Washington, and marched over as much of Pennsylvania as we cared to."

It will be thus clearly seen that General Longstreet first began

this controversy by his criticisms of General Lee, and his claim that we lost Gettysburg because the Napoleonic genius of General James Longstreet could not overcome the obstinate stupidity of Robert Edward Lee.

As a matter of course, these criticisms of Longstreet against the idolized commander of the Army of Northern Virginia met with reply.

January 19, 1872, General J. A. Early delivered the address at Washington and Lee University on the occasion of the anniversary celebration of General Lee's birth. He discussed "Lee, the Soldier," with that ability, accurate knowledge of the subject, and real loyalty to the name and fame of his old commander which so pre-eminently characterized that sturdy old patriot, Jubal A. Early, and in the course of his address gave an outline of the Gettysburg campaign and battle, and defended General Lee from the charge that he failed by his own blunders or mistakes.

HIS CRITICISM OF LONGSTREET.

What he said in criticism of General Longstreet was contained in the following sentences. After speaking of a conference General Lee had with Rodes, Ewell, and himself, held on the evening of the first day, General Early says: "General Lee then determined to make the attack from our right on the enemy's left, and left us for the purpose of ordering up Longstreet's Corps in time to begin the attack at dawn the next morning. That corps was not in readiness to make the attack until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. By that time Meade's whole army had arrived on the field, and taken its position. Had the attack been made at daylight, as contemplated, it must have resulted in a brilliant and decisive victory, as all of Meade's army had not then arrived, and a very small portion of it was in position. A considerable portion of his army did not get up until after sunrise, one corps not arriving until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and a prompt advance to the attack must have resulted in his defeat in detail. The position which Longstreet attacked at 4 was not occupied by the enemy until late in the afternoon, and Round Top Hill, which commanded the enemy's position, could have been taken in the morning without a struggle."

Speaking of the fight the next day, of the impossibility of General Lee's doing "the actual marching and fighting of his army," and the necessity of the prompt and cheerful execution of his orders

by his subordinates, General Early said: "If Mr. Swinton has told the truth in repeating in his book what is alleged to have been said to him by General Longstreet, there was at least one of General Lee's corps commanders at Gettysburg who did not enter upon the execution of his plans with that confidence and faith necessary to success, and hence, perhaps, it was that it was not achieved."

These were all of General Early's criticisms upon General Longstreet, and it is obvious that, under the provocation of General Longstreet's previously published criticisms of General Lee, they were very mild for General Early.

GENERAL PENDLETON'S SPEECH.

The next year, January 19, 1893, General W. N. Pendleton, General Lee's chief of artillery and his beloved friend and pastor during his residence in Lexington, made the anniversary address, in which he made the statement about General Lee's orders for the early attack which you have published, and in which, while pointing out his tardiness and its result, he spoke of General Longstreet in very complimentary terms as a brave and sturdy soldier.

This address General Pendleton repeated at a number of points in the South, and then published in the *Southern Magazine*, Baltimore.

General Longstreet next published in the New Orleans *Republican* of February 27th, 1876, a very bitter attack on General Fitz. Lee (whose offence was that he had respectfully asked him to publish the whole of a letter from General R. E. Lee, from which he had published a single sentence), General Pendleton, and General Early, but was especially bitter against General Early.

Of course "Old Jubal" replied, there were several papers from each, and General Early used him up so badly that General Longstreet's warmest friends very much regretted that he had gone into the papers.

THE NEXT PHASE.

The next phase of the controversy was the publication of General Longstreet's paper in the Philadelphia *Times* of November 3, 1877, a very full account of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg, in which he criticised General Lee more severely than ever, and undertakes to show nine distinct mistakes which Lee made, and he (Long-

street) saw, pointed out, and remonstrated with Lee against at the time. This called forth the scathing rejoinder of General Dick Taylor, "That any subject involving the possession and exercise of intellect should be clear to Longstreet and concealed from Lee is a startling proposition to those possessing knowledge of the two men. We have biblical authority for the story that the angel in the path was visible to the ass, though invisible to the seer, his master. But suppose that instead of smiting the honest, stupid animal, Balaam had caressed him and then been kicked by him, how would the story read?"

Especial indignation was excited against General Longstreet because in a letter to the editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, accompanying this paper, he charged that General Lee had altered his original official report, written under the generous spirit in which he had assumed all the blame of the defeat at Gettysburg, and had afterwards "written a detailed and somewhat critical account of the battle," from which Longstreet's critics had gotten all of their points against him. In other words, he charged General Lee with altering his original report in order to injure him.

In the meantime, I, as secretary of the Southern Historical Society, received a letter from the Count of Paris, propounding a series of questions as to "the causes of Lee's defeat at Gettysburg," and asking that I secure replies from leading Confederate officers, who were in position to know. I sent copies of this letter to prominent men in every corps, division, and arm of the service, with a personal letter requesting a reply. The result was a series of papers on Gettysburg from such men as Generals J. A. Early, A. L. Long, Fitz. Lee, E. B. Alexander, Cadmus Wilcox, J. B. Hood, H. Heth, L. McLaws, R. L. Walker, James H. Lane, and B. D. Fry, Colonels William H. Taylor, William Allen, J. B. Walton, J. R. Winston, and W. C. Oates, Major Scheibert, of the Prussian Engineer Corps, Captain R. H. McKim, and the Count of Paris. General Longstreet did not send me a paper, as I requested him to do, but published a second paper in the Philadelphia *Times*, in which he undertook to reply to his critics, who had handled his first article pretty roughly. It is clear that I was, according to the rule among editors, under not the slightest obligation to copy his papers from the *Times*, and yet I was so anxious to do him the fullest justice, and to have our "Gettysburg series" as complete as possible, that I republished both of his articles. I also published all of the Confederate official reports of Gettysburg that I could procure, including General Long-

street's report, which had never before been in print, and which he contradicted five times in his papers in the *Times*.

This series of papers excited wide interest among Northern and European military cities, as well as among our own people.

As I did not, personally, write either of the papers, but published all that reached me without note or comment of my own, I may say that most of them were able, clear, and of rare historic value, showing deep research and a thorough knowledge of the subject, and that the series (which may be found in Volumes IV, V, and VI of Southern Historical Society Papers), thoroughly established these points:

POINTS ESTABLISHED.

1. General Lee made no mistake in invading Pennsylvania.
2. After the brilliant victory of the first day, the Confederates ought to have pressed forward and occupied the Gettysburg heights, and General Lee ordered General Ewell to do so, but excused him when he afterwards explained that he was prevented by a report that the enemy were advancing on his flank and rear.
3. We would have won a great and decisive victory on the second day had Longstreet obeyed the orders which there is overwhelming proof General Lee gave him, to attack early in the morning, or, had he carried out the orders which he admits he received to attack at 11 o'clock that morning, but which he managed to put off until 4 o'clock that afternoon.
4. With the great results to be attained, and the confident expectation of winning, General Lee made no mistake in attacking on the third day.
5. We should have pierced Meade's centre, divided his army, smashed to pieces his wings before they could have reunited, and captured Washington and Baltimore, had Longstreet obeyed orders on the third day, and made the attack at daybreak simultaneously with that of Ewell; or made it, as ordered, with his whole corps, supported by A. P. Hill, instead of with a bare 14,000 men against Meade's whole army, while the rest of our army looked on, admired, and wondered while this "forlorn hope" marched to immortal glory, fame, and death.

But I did not mean to go into any discussion of these points, and will only add, as completing the history of the controversy, that Longstreet afterwards continued the fight by publishing in the *Century* several articles, in which he bitterly criticises General Lee,

ridicules Stonewall Jackson as a soldier, belittles A. P. Hill, and makes light of nearly every other Confederate soldier, except—General James Longstreet; who “knew it all,” and virtually did it all—that he submitted to several newspaper interviews, in which he said many unlovely things, and that he has now published his book, which has so fully shown the philosophy of the proverb, “Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!”

It will thus be seen that instead of being the meek martyr whom his critics have persecuted and goaded into saying some ugly things, General Longstreet began the controversy, and kept it up—that his attacks upon General Lee have been as unjust as they have been unseemly and ungrateful; and that the only thing “politics” has had to do with the controversy has been that ever since Longstreet became a Republican, a partisan Republican press has labored to make him the great general on the Confederate side, and to exalt him at Lee's expense.

So far as I am personally concerned, while I would not pluck a single leaf that belongs to the laurel crown of the brave leader, the indomitable fighter, the courageous soldier who commanded his old brigade, his old division, his old corps of heroes on so many glorious fields of victory, yet I shall not stand idly by and see him or his partisans criticise and belittle our grand old chief, Robert Edward Lee—the peerless soldier of the centuries—without raising my humble voice or using my feeble pen in indignant burning protest.

J. WILLIAM JONES,
The Miller School, Crozet, Va.

February 14, 1896.

STUART AND GETTYSBURG.

Col. John S. Mosby's Defense of the Great Cavalry Leader.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., January 28, 1896.

To the Editor of the Dispatch :

I have just read in the *Post* the report of Colonel Charles Marshall's speech at the celebration of the anniversary of General Lee's birthday. It is the argument of an astute advocate and sophist, and utterly destitute of judicial candor. I shall briefly notice and

answer the charge he makes that General Stuart, the Chief of Cavalry, violated General Lee's order in the Gettysburg campaign. Fortunately, in this case, the truth does not lie at the bottom of a well:

1. General Lee expressly says in his report that he gave Stuart authority to cross the Potomac in the rear of the enemy, which is the route he took. Colonel Marshall was a staff-officer of General Lee's, and, of course, knew this fact; yet he did not mention it.
2. He states that Stuart was ordered to place himself on Ewell's right flank, and did not do it. Any one reading the speech would infer that at the date of the instruction Ewell was with General Lee in the Shenandoah Valley, and that Stuart was in default in this respect. He ignores the important fact that Ewell was then several days' march in advance of General Lee, in Pennsylvania. Of course, Stuart could not be at the same time with General Lee in Virginia and with Ewell in Pennsylvania. He says that Stuart's instructions were to cover the Confederate right as the enemy moved northward. No such instructions were given, but just the reverse. At 5 P. M. June 23d, General Lee wrote to Stuart, who was then east of the Blue Ridge, in Loudoun county:

"If General Hooker's army remains inactive, you can leave two brigades to watch him, and withdraw with the three others; but should he not appear to be moving northward I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountain to-morrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day (25th), and move over to Frederickstown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions," etc.

At that time Longstreet's Corps was the rear guard of the army, and Lee's instructions to Stuart were sent through him. On the day before Longstreet had forwarded a similar letter from General Lee, and urged Stuart to go to Ewell by the route around the rear of the enemy. So far from Stuart having been ordered to wait until the enemy moved northward, he was told to go immediately, if they were not moving northward. At that time Hooker was waiting quietly on General Lee; all of his movements had been subordinate to Lee's. He had moved in a circle *pari passu* with Lee from the Rappahannock to the Potomac so as to cover Washington. When Lee crossed the river, of course Hooker would cross and maintain

the same relative position. General Lee knew that it was physically impossible for Stuart to pass the enemy's rear and keep up communication with him; he knew that it would be equally impossible if he crossed the river west of the Blue Ridge at Shepherdstown, and then (in accordance with his orders) moved on over the South Mountain and joined the right of Ewell's column. How could Stuart be on the Susquehanna and at the same time watch and report Hooker's movements on the Potomac?

MARCHED DAY AND NIGHT.

On June 22d General Lee had written Stuart, "One column of Ewell's army (under Early) will probably move toward the Susquehanna by the Emmitsburg route—another by Chambersburg." So it was immaterial so far as giving information of Hooker's movements was concerned whether Stuart crossed the Potomac east or west of the Ridge. In either event after crossing he was required to go out of sight of Hooker, and to sever communication with General Lee. Stuart took the most direct route to join the right of Ewell's column, marching continuously day and night to do so. When he reached York he found that Early had been ordered back to Cashtown, the appointed rendezvous of the army. About all this Colonel Marshall says nothing.

3. Colonel Marshall leaves the impression on the reader that Stuart took the whole cavalry corps with him. He knew that Stuart left two brigades of cavalry with Longstreet.

4. Colonel Marshall says that General Lee, at Chambersburg, not having heard from Stuart since he left Virginia, thought that Hooker was still south of the Potomac, until on the night of the 28th he learned through a spy that Hooker was moving northward. This is equivalent to saying that General Lee had lost his head, for no rational being could have supposed that Hooker would remain on the south bank of the Potomac while the Confederates were foraging in Pennsylvania. He might as well have disbanded his army. When General Lee passed Hagerstown on the 26th he knew that the bulk of Hooker's army was north of the river and holding the South Mountain passes. If Hooker had still been in Virginia there would have been nothing to prevent General Lee from marching direct to Baltimore and Washington. If General Lee had supposed (as Colonel Marshall says he did) that the way was open to capture those cities, he would have marched east, and not north to Chambersburg.

General Lee never committed any such military blunder. The spy, therefore, only told General Lee what he knew before.

On the morning of June 28th, at Frederick, Hooker was superseded by Meade. His army remained there that day. Instead of threatening General Lee's communications, as Colonel Marshall says, Meade withdrew the two corps that were holding the mountain passes when General Lee passed through Maryland, and moved his army the next day to the east so as to cover Washington and Baltimore. There was never any interruption of Lee's communications.

5. Colonel Marshall says that General Lee took his army to Gettysburg simply to keep Meade east of the mountain and prevent a threatened movement against his communications. This statement is contradicted by the record. General Lee attached no such importance to his communications—if he had any. The road was open to the Potomac, but it was not a line of supply; his army lived off the country, and took with it all the ammunition it expected to use. On June 25th, after crossing the river, he wrote Mr. Davis: "I have not sufficient troops to maintain my communications, and therefore have to abandon them."

According to Colonel Marshall he broke up his whole campaign trying to save them. The fact was they were not even threatened, and General Lee knew it. There was continued passing between the army and the river.

6. I deny that General Lee ever ordered his army to Gettysburg, as Colonel Marshall says, or had any intention of going there before the battle began. In an article published in *Belford's Magazine* (October and November, 1891) I demonstrated this fact from the records. Colonel Marshall ought to study them before he makes another speech.

GENERAL HETH QUOTED.

On the morning of June 29th General Lee ordered a concentration of the army at Cashtown, a village at the eastern base of the mountain, Hill's Corps was in advance; he reached Cashtown June 30th. That night Hill and Heth heard that there was a force of the enemy at Gettysburg; early the next morning Hill, without orders, with Heth's and Pender's Divisions, started down the Gettysburg 'pike. General Lee was then west of the mountain with Longstreet. Buford's Cavalry was holding Gettysburg as an outpost. Heth was in advance, and soon ran against Buford. There was a pretty stiff fight with the cavalry until Reynolds, who was camped some six miles back, came to his support. Heth says:

"Archer and Davis were now directed to advance, the object being to feel the enemy; to make a forced reconnoissanc, and determine in what force the enemy were—whether or not he was moving his forces on Gettysburg. Heavy columns of the enemy were soon encountered."

Davis's and Archer's Brigades were soon smashed, and Archer, with a good many of his men, made prisoners. "The enemy," says General Heth, "had now been felt and found to be in heavy force. The division was now formed in line of battle," etc.

The object of a reconnaissance is to get information; after getting the information the attacking force retires. It seems that General Heth ought now to have been satisfied that the enemy was in force, and should have returned to Cashtown—*i. e.*, if he only went to make a reconnaissance. Hill now put in Pender's and Heth's divisions, and says they drove the enemy until they came upon the First and Eleventh corps that Reynolds had brought up. He says that he went to Gettysburg "to find out what was in my front." He had now found it. Hill would have been driven back to Cashtown if Ewell had not come to his support. With Rodes's and Early's divisions, he had camped the night before a few miles north of Gettysburg, and had started to Cashtown when he received a note from Hill telling him he was moving to Gettysburg. The battle had then begun. Ewell, not understanding Hill's object in going to Gettysburg, hearing the sound of battle, and no doubt supposing the army was assembling there, turned the head of his column and marched toward Gettysburg. He came up just in time to save Hill.

AT FULL SPEED.

General Lee was still west of the mountain when he heard the firing. He did not understand it, and rode forward at full speed to the battle. He arrived on the field just at the close. The battle had been brought on without his knowledge, and without his orders, and lasted from early in the morning until 4 o'clock in the evening. It is clear that Hill took the two divisions to Gettysburg just for an adventure. When General Lee arrived on the field he found about half of his army there. He had been so compromised that he was compelled to accept battle on those conditions, and ordered up the rest of his forces. That morning every division of his army was on the march, and converging on Cashtown. That night the whole army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—would have been concentrated at Cashtown, or in supporting distance, if this rash movement

on Gettysburg had not precipitated a battle. A British officer—Colonel Freemantle—was present as a spectator, and spent the night of July 1st at General Longstreet's headquarters. In his diary he says:

"I have the best reason for supposing that the fight came off prematurely, and that neither Lee nor Longstreet intended that it should have begun that day. I also think that their plans were deranged by the events of the 1st."

The record shows who is responsible for the loss of the campaign, and that it was not Stuart. There were no orders to make a reconnaissance on July 1st, and no necessity for making one.

The success of the first day, due to the accident of Ewell's arrival on the field when he was not expected, was a misfortune to the Southern army. It would have been far better if Ewell had let Hill and Heth be beaten. They had put the Confederates in the condition of a fish that has swallowed a bait with a hook to it.

JOHN S. MOSBY.

THE SOUTH'S MUSEUM.

The Davis Mansion Formally Thrown Open for the Reception of Relics.

THE BATTLE-ABBEY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

An Institution to Preserve the Record of the Deeds of Our Soldiers.

THE ORATION OF GENERAL BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

He is Eloquently Introduced by Governor O'Ferrall—Dr. Hoge's Earnest Prayer—His Invocation a Beautiful Tribute to the Southern Women—The Historic Structure Thronged Both Afternoon and Evening.

The dawn of February 22, 1896, was auspicious—assuredly, in the historic city of Richmond.

The chill or damp of preceding days was superseded by an exhilarating atmosphere, which was as balmy spring in contrast. Old Sol rose in all the vaunted splendor of Italy's skies. All nature was calm and serene. Who will say that it was not the approving smile of the Lord of hosts upon the truly reverential efforts of our most excellent women in the perpetuation of the truth—the treasuring of evidence and of memorials of the righteousness of the grandest struggle for constitutional right which has ever impressed the page of history?

A representative building of the period of Richmond, the most happy probably in the exemplification of intellectual worth, of social grace and substantial comfort, was the residence of the Chief Magistrate of the Confederate States, whilst they blazed into undying glory.

This memorable edifice, the patient, devoted women of Richmond undertook to restore enduringly to its original conditions of form, with the sacred purpose of dedicating it to the preservation of the materials of history and hallowed memorials of Southern heroism and sacrifice.

The natal day of George Washington was happily chosen for the

opening of the building as a Confederate Museum, and to commemorate the formation of an institution for the preservation of the records of the glorious deeds of the Southern sons who went forth to battle in defense of honor, truth, and home, and the foundation of a permanent repository for relics of the war between the States.

The former home of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, is a most appropriate place for the location of the Confederate Museum. Situated in the very heart of the capital of the Confederacy, the institution is where it will inspire the pride and interest of every Southern man, woman, and child, and will be ac-



Jefferson Davis

(Made from a Photograph taken during the War.)

corded the loving and tender watchfulness of a fond and patriotic people.

When the City Council gave the Jefferson Davis Mansion to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society for a museum, that organization undertook a high and noble work, the consummation of which on yesterday was a brilliant climax to five years of undaunted energy expended in getting the building into proper condition for the change from a public school-house to a place for the reception of Confederate relics and records. The ladies of the society have done their work well. The old soldiers may pass away, but their immortal deeds and the evidences of their achievements will be preserved in the old home of the President of the Confederacy, where they will remain throughout generations and for all time.

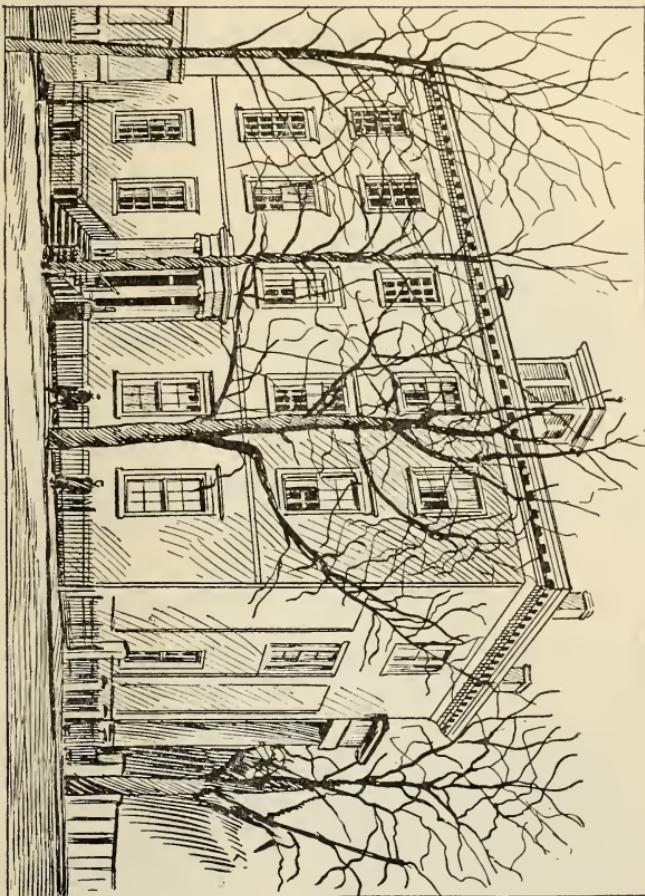
THE FORMAL OPENING.

One o'clock was the hour set for the mansion to be thrown open to the public, and the members of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society were out early arranging articles of furniture, putting up decorations, and getting the various rooms of the building into readiness for the formal reception to commence. By 1:30 P. M. the visitors began to arrive in large numbers, and they fairly poured into the historic structure until 2:30, when the opening exercises commenced. The ladies of the Memorial Literary Society were at their posts, the officers being on duty as a reception committee in the main hall, or the apartment assigned the "Solid South." In this hallway the guests were first made welcome, and, passing along, they were extended cordial reception in the rooms of the several States. Owing to the fact that a large crowd was expected to throng the building, only a few of the relics had been placed in the rooms. The apartments only contained the necessary furniture and decorations to make them look cosey and comfortable, and, at the same time, to allow sufficient space for the passing of spectators. On all sides were appropriate draperies and decorations of Confederate flags, and mantels were banked with ferns, palms, and cut-flowers of different kinds.

The dining-room, which has been given to Virginia, was utilized as a refreshment-room, and it was generously patronized. The ladies attended the table, serving the salads, oysters, and other delicacies.

There were present prominent gentlemen and ladies from Hanover, Chesterfield, New Kent, Goochland, and Henrico counties, besides the large contingent furnished by Richmond and Manchester.

During the afternoon hours a continuous stream of visitors taxed the efficiency of the policemen wisely stationed about the building, who managed the crowd so admirably, however, that at no time was there a crush or confusion. It was an agreeable study of several things, including the faithfulness of the Southern heart, that this same crowd furnished. Gravity was present to an unusual and deep degree on the faces, which suggested the general appreciation that Confederate relics are not the exponents of a tradition, but of a memory of very vital quality. To your correspondent this social tone, if we may so speak, was very remarkable and very beautiful. There were old men and women, and young ones; prominent and



FRONT VIEW OF THE MUSEUM.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the *Richmond Times*.)

obscure; but one in the common cause of devotion to valor, purity, and liberty.

OPENING EXERCISES.

At 3 o'clock the formal opening exercises took place in the main parlor of the mansion, toward which visitors to the various rooms had gradually gravitated. The Governor and his staff entered about 2:45, and took positions about the platform, on which stood a small table covered with a battle-flag, whose age and signs of service were its veriest grace.

The windows were curtained with flags, and the white of the walls was only trespassed upon by large portraits of Stonewall Jackson, Johnston, and Jefferson Davis. When the strong face and venerable figure of Rev. Dr. Hoge was seen to enter the main door, there was a general hush, for his arrival was the signal that 3 o'clock had arrived. The face and figure, the fine mind and splendid heart, have lived through so many crises in Virginia and Southern history, and the ministry of the great preacher been so thoroughly a part of the latter, that it was especially fitting he should be chosen to make the prayer, linking, as his years do, the present with the stirring past. Judge George L. Christian, always so happy a speaker, introduced Dr. Hoge, whose prayer, indeed a benediction, was as follows:

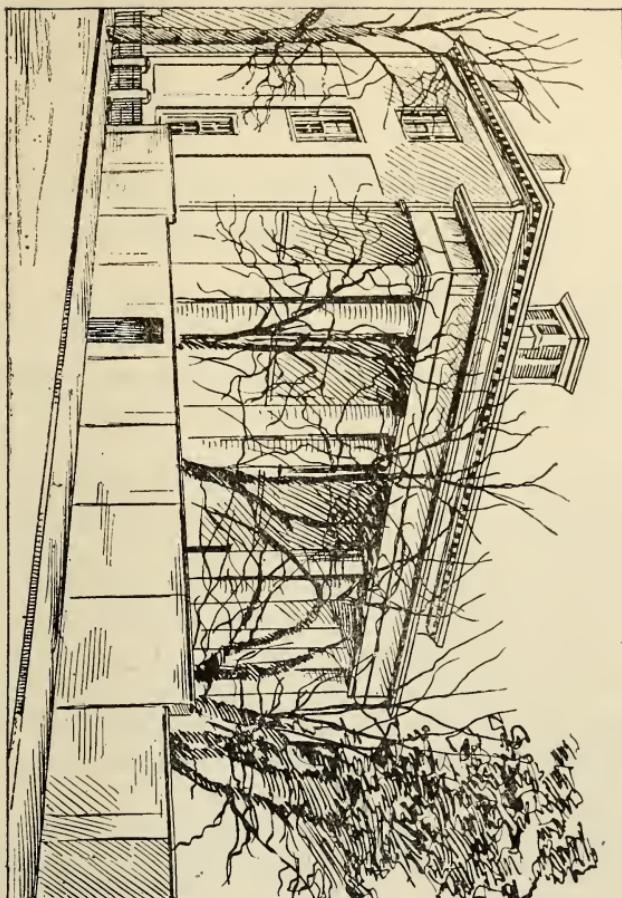
DR. HOGE'S PRAYER.

Almighty God! Thou livest and reignest forevermore, and with Thee do live the souls of all who, having consecrated their lives to Thy service, died, committing their spirits to Thy hands and their memories to our hearts. By Thy help we will be faithful to the sacred trust. We will perpetuate the story of their virtue, valor, and piety as a precious legacy to all succeeding generations.

We gather here to-day with hearts subdued by the tender recollections of the past and with devout gratitude for the mercies of the present hour.

We recognize Thy kindness in permitting the noble women of our Southland to renovate and beautify this building, which we dedicate with these impressive ceremonies to all the sorrow-shrouded glories of our departed Confederacy.

We come on this day, hallowed as the birthday of the Father of his Country, and by the inauguration of the Chieftan, who being dead, yet lives in the hearts of those who followed the



REAR VIEW OF THE MUSEUM.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Richmond *Times*.)

banner now forever furled. We dedicate this mansion as the shrine to which all right-minded and right-hearted men will gather from every State and from every land to pay homage to exalted worth. The shrine, which will be hallowed by men bound to us by no tie, save that which admiration for such worth established between all magnanimous souls; the tie which will never be sundered while the great heart of humanity throbs in sympathy with heroic endeavor, and most of all when heroic endeavor is overwhelmed with defeat.

Here we would preserve the relics and the records of a struggle nevermore to be repeated and nevermore to be forgotten.

Our Father, we cannot forget the fiery trials, the disasters and desolations, which, in years gone by, caused us such humiliation and bitter tears, but we gratefully remember also the fortitude, the courage, the unfaltering trust in Thee which characterized our people in their time of peril and bereavement.

And now, turning from the strifes and sorrows of the past, we resolutely face the future, beseeching Thee to grant us the wisdom and the grace to make that future prosperous and happy—an era of progress in all that enriches and ennobles a people whose God is the Lord.

And now, our Father, amidst the festivities of this hour, we implore Thee deeply to impress upon our hearts the great truth that all the temporal honors and glories of earth are worthless in comparison with the honors Thou dost bestow on those who are loyal to Thee, and who seek the eternal glory to which Thou hast taught us to aspire. We devoutly thank Thee that the piety of the great leaders of our armies was the flower and crown of all their virtues, and nothing now fills us with a satisfaction so pure and with a gratitude so profound as the remembrance of their consecration to Thee and their supreme devotion to Thy service.

May these great lessons be impressed anew on our minds and hearts by Thine honored servant who comes to address us to-day; and may it please Thee to hasten the coming of the time when all the inhabitants of this great land may be brought more and more to cherish the relation which unite them as children of one Father and as citizens of one country, and when freedom, founded on constitutional law and religion, pure and undefiled, shall make our whole land happy and fill the whole world with peace.

And to God, Most High, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we will ascribe all honor and glory forever. *Amen.*

At the conclusion of the prayer, Judge Christian read a telegram received from Miss May Singleton Hampton of congratulation on the auspicious day: "Greeting to Confederate Memorial Literary Society; regret I am not with you." In this connection it may be stated that a telegram was also received from Mrs. Barton Haxall Wise, now in attendance upon the Congress of "Daughters of the American Revolution" in Washington. This stated that her motion to make an appropriation to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities was greeted with acclamation.

THE GOVERNOR INTRODUCES THE ORATOR.

Governor O'Ferrall here arose, and introduced to those assembled General Bradley T. Johnson as the orator of the day. The Governor spoke substantially as follows:

Ladies of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I think I can say boldly that the bloody strife of 1861 to 1865 developed in the men of the South traits of character as ennobling and as exalting as ever adorned men since the day-dawn of creation. I think I can proclaim confidently that for courage and daring chivalry and bravery, the world has never seen the superiors of the Southern soldiers. I think I can assert defiantly that the annals of time present no leaves more brilliant than those upon which are recorded the deeds and achievements of the followers of the Southern cross. I think I can proclaim triumphantly that, from the South's beloved President, and the peerless commander of her armies in the field, down to the private in her ranks, there was a display of patriotism perhaps unequalled (certainly never surpassed) since this passion was implanted in the human breast.

But, as grand as the South was in her sons, she was grander still in her daughters; as sublime as she was in her men, she was sublimer still in her women.

DEVOTION OF WOMEN.

History is replete with bright and beautiful examples of woman's devotion to home and birthland; of her fortitude, trials, and sufferings in her country's cause, and the women of the Confederacy added many luminous pages to what had already been most graphically written.

Yes, these Spartan wives and mothers, with husbands or sons, or both, at the front, directed the farming operations, supporting their families and supplying the armies; they sewed, knitted, weaved, and spun; then in the hospitals they were ministering angels, turning the heated pillow, smoothing the wrinkled cot, cooling the parched lips, stroking the burning brow, staunching the flowing blood, binding up the gaping wounds, trimming the midnight taper, and sitting in the stillness, only broken by the groans of the sick and wounded, pointing the departing spirit the way to God; closing the sightless eyes, and then following the bier to a Hollywood or some humble spot, and then dropping the purest tear.

They saw the flames licking the clouds, as their homes, with their clinging memories, were reduced to ashes; they heard of the carnage of battle, followed by the mother's deep moan, the wife's low sob—for, alas! she could not weep—the orphan's wail, and the sister's lament. But amid flame, carnage, death, and lamentations, though their land was reddening with blood, and their beloved ones were falling like leaves in autumn, they stood, like heroines, firm, steadfast, and constant.

Oh! women of the Confederacy, your fame is deathless; you need not monument nor sculptured stone to perpetuate it. Young maidens gather at the feet of some Confederate matron in some reminiscent hour, and listen to her story of those days, now more than thirty years past, and how God gave her courage, fortitude, and strength to bear her privations, sufferings, and bereavements and live.

But I must not permit my feelings to secure the mastery of me. My soul must be still. I have felt that this tribute to the Daughters of the Confederacy, poor and brief as it is, would not be inappropriate on this occasion.

And now, why is it we are here? What has brought us together? What means this concourse of people? The answer is ready upon every tongue. Southern women's love for the memories of a generation ago; Southern women's devotion to the cause which, though enveloped in the clouds of defeat, yet is circled by a blaze of glory, has called us from our firesides and business to this spot. The daughters and granddaughters of the women who did so much to make this sunny clime of ours so classic and rich in historic lore in time of war and battle-sound, are here to attest their fealty to the traditions of that period by dedicating this structure as a depository of Confederate relics, setting apart a room for each of the States

whose sons followed the star of Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, or Smith, and assigning it to the care of a regent, herself the worthy descendant of some patriot who wore the gray or gave aid and comfort to those engaged in the terrific struggle. Burning with a desire to establish such an institution in this old city, the Capital of the Confederacy, whose very streets seem to be consecrated ground, still resounding in the imaginative ear with the tramp, tramp, tramp of that army that wrought renown imperishable from Gettysburg Heights to these city gates, from Bethel to Appomattox, these devoted women determined to raise the necessary funds for the purpose. When this resolution was formed, success was assured. In March, 1890, the Society was organized. Soon thereafter Colonel John B. Cary, as a member of the City Council of Richmond, offered a resolution donating this property, and the resolution was promptly passed.

The Society has expended about \$14,000 in repairs and improvements. Where all have acted so nobly and done so well it would be almost impossible to accord special credit to any, yet I feel sure I will voice the sentiments of the individual members of the Society when I mention as worthy of particular notice for their untiring and efficient efforts Mrs. Joseph Bryan, president of the society, and Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss, chairman of the Building Committee.

Hastily passing on, let me ask what building is this we dedicate?

IT WAS OUR WHITE HOUSE.

It is what was the White House, the executive mansion of the Confederacy. Within these walls councils of State and councils of war were held; policies discussed, and campaigns mapped. Beneath this roof statesmen met statesmen, and warriors met warriors, all filled with a loyalty that knew no quenching and a zeal that knew no lessening. Through these corridors rang voices all in harmony, all proclaiming allegiance to a cause about which clustered the affections of a people who had staked everything in its maintenance and defence. Yes, this was the official home of the Chief Magistrate of the new American republic, founded upon the eternal principles of right and justice, but whose life was crushed out of it under the juggernaut wheels of superior numbers and merciless power—numbers recruited from the four corners of the earth, power secured from the combined nationalities of the globe.

How precious are the recollections that hang round these precincts.

Every spot is sacred, every room is hallowed. If these walls could but speak what tales of joy and anxiety, happiness and woe they would unfold. In their massiveness they stand indeed as a memorial to the great man who once occupied them, and in their stateliness as a reminder of the lofty character of the beloved chief magistrate of the short-lived but glorified and immortalized Confederacy.

But while the tendrils of all our hearts entwine this historic structure, there is no lingering feeling of bitterness engendered by internecine strife in our breasts. Neither are we engaged in this work in any spirit of disloyalty to our reunited land. Oh, no. We are one people under the aegis of one flag, affirming allegiance to one constitution, worshipping at one altar, and moving forward to one goal. While we have no retractions to make, no recantations to sing, while we intend ever to be true to ourselves, to our martyred dead and our heroes, dead and living, to our traditions and civilization, to everything that characterized a brave and chivalrous race, we proclaim ourselves loyal sons and daughters of this Union.

I must now discharge a duty which has been assigned me. I must perform a task which, though pleasant, will be labor lost. I have the honor of introducing to you a gentleman who needs no introduction to a Richmond or Virginia audience—the distinguished soldier and honored citizen, General Bradley T. Johnson, who will address you.

GENERAL JOHNSON'S ADDRESS.

When the applause which followed the Governor's eloquent presentation of the distinguished orator subsided, General Johnson arose, made graceful recognition, and said:

*Ladies of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society,
Friends, and Fellow-Confederates, Men and Women :*

To-day commemorates the thirty-fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the last rebel President and the birthday of the first. It commemorates an epoch in the grandest struggle for liberty and right that has ever been made by man. It celebrates the baptism of a new nation born thirty-five years ago to-day. And this commemoration is in the capital city of the Old Dominion and of the Confederacy.

More than a generation after the utter failure of the attempt, it is by the statesmen of Virginia, by her public authorities, by the

government of the city of Richmond, who honor themselves in honoring this occasion, and by the free sentiment of this great and noble people.

There is nothing like it in history. No Greek general, no Roman consul, was ever welcomed with a triumph after a defeat. Nowhere, at no time, has a defeated side ever been so honored or the unsuccessful apotheosized.

A SUCCESS IN A SENSE.

Success is worshiped, failure is forgotten. That is the universal experience and the unvarying law of nature. Therefore, it would seem that the fall of the Confederacy was in some sense a success and a triumph, for it cannot by that universal law have been set aside, for this sole exception, the glorification of the Lost Confederacy, its heroines, and its heroes.

I shall endeavor to make clear in what respects there was success and triumph. I believe our first and most sacred duty is to our holy dead, to ourselves, and to our posterity.

It is our highest obligation to satisfy the world of the righteousness of our cause and the sound judgment with which we defended it. And we injure ourselves, we impair the moral of our side, by incessant protestations of loyalty to the victor and continual assertions of respect for his motives of forgiveness, for his conduct, and of belief in the nobility of his faith.

There never can be two rights, nor two wrongs—one side must be right, and, therefore, the other is, of course, wrong. This is so of every question of morals and of conduct, and it must be pre-eminently so of a question which divided millions of people, and which cost a million of lives.

The world is surely coming to the conclusion that the cause of the Confederacy was right. Every lover of liberty, constitutional liberty, controlled by law, all over the world begins to understand that the past was not a war waged by the South in defense of slavery, but was a war to protect liberty, won and bequeathed by free ancestors.

PRINCIPLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

They now know that the fundamental basic principle of the Revolution of 1775 upon which the governments of the States united, were all founded, Massachusetts and Virginia, Rhode Island and North Carolina, was that "all government of right rests upon the

consent of the governed," and that they, therefore, at all times, must have the right to change and alter their form of government whenever changed circumstances require changed laws.

They now know that the English settlements in America were made in separate communities at different times, by different societies; that they grew and prospered until an attempt was made to deprive them of an infinitely small portion of their property without their consent. The whole tea tax would not have produced £1,500—less than \$7,500. That they resisted this attack on their rights as distinct colonies; that as separate States they made treaties with France and the continental powers in 1778; that their independence as separate States, by name, was acknowledged by Great Britain in 1783; that Maryland fought through that whole war until 1781 as an independent and separate State, and never joined the confederation until the last-named year; that North Carolina and Rhode Island refused to enter the union created by the constitution of 1789, after the dissolution of the confederation, and for two years remained as independent of the States united, and of each other as France and England are to-day; and, therefore, they know that these independent States, when they entered into the compact of the Constitution of 1789, never did (for a State never can, by the very nature of its being, commit suicide), consent and agree forever to give up the right of self-government, and of the people of a State to make governments to suit themselves.

There can be no such thing as irrepealable laws in free society.

Society is immortal. Its atoms arrange and crystallize themselves from generation to generation, according to their necessities, but society grow and expands, and constant changes are required in its organization.

CANNOT ABANDON THE RIGHT.

Therefore, a State never can abandon its right to change—it is the law of nature, which neither compacts nor treaties, constitutions nor congresses can change.

When the Constitution of the United States was formed, the institution of slavery existed in every one of the States, though emancipation had begun in New England. Found to be unprofitable as an economical organization, it was rapidly eliminated from the northern society, which was and is based on the idea of profit and loss. In the South it developed and prospered.

It produced an enormous expansion of material and consequently

political power. It developed a society, which for intelligence, culture, chivalry, justice, honor, and truth, has never been excelled in this world, and it produced a race of negroes the most civilized since the building of the Pyramid of Cheops and the most Christianized since the crucifixion of our Lord.

The Southern race ruled the continent from 1775 to 1860, and it became evident that it would rule it forever as long as the same conditions existed. The free mobocracy of the North could never cope with the slave democracy of the South, and it became the deliberate intent of the North to break up an institution so controlling and producing such dominating influences.

MORAL QUESTION SUBORDINATE.

Slavery was the source of political power and the inspiration of political institutions, and it was selected as the point of attack. The moral question was subordinate to the political and social one. The point of the right or wrong of slavery agitated but a few weak-minded and feeble men. The real great, dominating, and controlling idea was the political and social one, the influence of the institution on character and institutions.

There was forming in the South a military democracy, aggressive, ambitious, intellectual, and brave, such as led Athens in her brightest epoch and controlled Rome in her most glorious days.

If that was not destroyed the industrial society of the North would be dominated by it. So the entire social force, the press, the pulpit, the public schools, was put in operation to make distinctive war on Southern institutions and Southern character, and for thirty years attack, vituperation, and abuse were incessant.

It was clear to the States of the South that there could be no peace with them, and there grew up a general desire to get away from them and to live separate.

The Gulf States urged instant separation when this hostile Northern sentiment elected a President and Congress in 1860. But Virginia, who had given five States to the Union, Virginia, whose blood and whose brain had constructed the union of the States, Virginia absolutely refused to be party to the breaking of that which was so dear to her. She never seceded from the Union, but, standing serene in her dignity with the halo of her glorious history around her, she commanded peace. The only reply vouchsafed was the calling out of 75,000 troops and the tramp of hostile footsteps on her sacred soil.

Like the flash from Heaven her sword leaped from its scabbard, and her war cry, "*Sic semper tyrannis,*" echoed round the world, and her sons circled the earth with the blaze of their enthusiasm as they marched to the call of the old mother. Student from Göttingen, trapper from the Rockies, soldier and sailor, army and navy, men and women, staked life and fortune to stand by the mother of us all. And Virginians stood in line to guard their homes from invasion, her altars from desecration, her institutions from destruction.

She resisted invasion. It cannot be too often repeated or too plainly stated.

ONLY RESISTED INVASION.

Virginia never seceded from the Union. She resisted invasion of rights, as her free ancestors for 800 years had done with arms and force. Before the ordinance of secession was voted on Virginia was at war with the Northern States, and all legal connection had been broken with them by their own act in the unlawful invasion of her soil. God bless her and hers forever and forever. She bared her breath and drew her sword to protect her sisters behind her, and took upon herself the hazard of the die. And I will presume to record my claim here for her kinsmen who flocked to her flag from beyond the Potomac, and who died for her on every battle-field from Shepherdstown to Appomattox, that the survivors love her now with the devotion of children adopted in blood.

It is this constant and growing consciousness of the nobleness and justice and chivalry of the Confederate cause which constitutes the success and illuminates the triumph we commemorate to-day. Evil dies; good lives; and the time will come when all the world will realize that the failure of the Confederacy was a great misfortune to humanity, and will be the source of unnumbered woes to liberty. Washington might have failed; Kosciusko and Robert E. Lee did fail; but I believe history will award a higher place to them, unsuccessful, than to Suwarrow and to Grant, victorious. This great and noble cause, the principles of which I have attempted to formulate for you, was defended with a genius and a chivalry of men and women never equalled by any race. My heart melts now at the memory of those days.

WHAT OUR WOMEN STOOD.

Just realize it: There is not a hearth and home in Virginia that has not heard the sound of hostile cannon; there is not a family

which has not buried kin slain in battle. Of all the examples of that heroic time; of all figures that will live in the music of the poet or the pictures of the painter, the one that stands in the foreground, the one that will be glorified with the halo of the heroine, is the woman, mother, sister, lover—who gave her life and heart to the cause. And the woman who attracts my sympathy most and to whom my heart melts hottest, is the plain, simple, country woman and girl, remote from cities and towns, back in the woods, away from railways or telegraph.

Thomas Nelson Page has given us a picture of her in his story of "Darby." I thank him for "Darby Stanly." I knew the boy and loved him well, for I have seen him and his cousins on the march, in camp, and on the battle-field, lying in ranks, stark, with his face to the foe and his musket grasped in his cold hands. I can recall what talk there was at "meetin'" about the "Black Republicans" coming down here to interfere with us, and how we warn't goin' to "'low it," and how the boys would square their shoulders to see if the girls were looking at 'em, and how the girls would preen their new muslins and calicoes, and see if the boys were "noticen," and how by Tuesday news came that Captain Thornton was forming his company at the court-house, and how the mother packed up his little "duds" in her boy's school satchel and tied it on his back, and kissed him and bade him good-by, and watched him, as well as she could see, as he went down the walk to the front gate, and as he turned into the "big road," and as he got to the corner, turned round and took off his hat and swung it around his head, and then disappeared out of her life forever. For, after Cold Harbor, his body could never be found nor his grave identified, though a dozen saw him die.

And then, for days and for weeks and for months, alone, the mother lived this lonely life, waiting for news. The war had taken her only son, and she was a widow; but from that day to this, no human being has ever heard a word of repining from her lips. Those who suffer most complain least.

ANOTHER PATHETIC STORY.

Or, I recall that story of Bishop-General Polk about the woman in the mountains of Tennessee, with six sons. Five of them were in the army, and when it was announced to her that her eldest born had been killed in battle, the mother simply said: "The Lord's will

be done. Eddie (her baby) will be fourteen next spring, and he can take Billy's place."

The hero of this great epoch is the son I have described, as his mother and sister will be the heroines. For years, day and night, winter and summer, without pay, with no hope of promotion nor of winning a name or making a mark, the Confederate boy-soldier trod the straight and thorny path of duty. Half-clothed, whole-starved, he tramps night after night, his solitary post on picket. No one can see him. Five minutes' walk down the road will put him beyond recall, and twenty minutes further and he will be in Yankee lines, where pay, food, clothes, quiet, and safety all await him. Think of the tens of thousands of boys subjected to this temptation, and how few yielded. Think of how many never dreamed of such a relief from danger and hardship! But, while I glorify the chivalry, the fortitude, and the fidelity of the private soldier, I do not intend to minimize the valor, the endurance, or the gallantry of those who led them.

MEMORIES OUTLAST TIME.

I know that the knights of Arthur's Round Table, nor the Paladins and Peers, roused by the blast of that Font-Arabian horn from Roland at Ronces Valley, did not equal in many traits, or nobility of character, in purity of soul, in gallant, dashing courage the men who led the rank and file of the Confederate armies from lieutenant up to lieutenant-general. There were more rebel brigadiers killed in battle for the Confederacy than in any war that was ever fought. When such men and women have lived such lives, and died such deaths in such a cause, their memories will outlast time. Martyrs must be glorified, and when the world knows and posterity appreciates that the war was fought for the preservation and perpetuation of the right of self-government, of government by the people, for the people, and to resist government by force against the will of the people, then the Confederacy will be revered like the memories of Leonidas at Thermopylae, and Kosciusko, and Kossuth, and all the glorious army of martyrs.

THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

It is to commemorate these principles, and this heroic conduct, this patriotic sacrifice of men and women, that we propose to erect here a memorial hall of the Confederacy.

When William, the Norman, had destroyed the English nation at Hastings, so the inscription read, he erected a grand memorial in the sight of the thickest fray, and placed the high altar of the Abbey over the very spot where Harold fell. This memorial he called Battle-Abbey. He dedicated it to the Norman, St. Peter, and placed it in charge of an order of Norman monks. The banner and the shields of those who died on that stricken field were hung up in the chapel, and the roll of their names and dignities inscribed on its record. Here for four centuries daily prayers were offered for the repose of their souls, and matins and even-song celebrated their devotion and their death. But the Abbey of Battle has long ago passed to profane uses, and the flags of the conqueror and his knights have faded into dust. It cannot be so with the memorial of the Confederacy. The Battle-Abbey commemorated a ruthless raid of robbers, who took by the strong hand and lived with disregard of blood. There was not a principle of honor, of chivalry, of justice, or right in that attack upon a nation and in that overthrow of a race. With the power that established it, Battle-Abbey fell and disintegrated.

NO "LOST CAUSE."

Our memorial will be here in Richmond, the heart and grave of the Confederacy, and around it hovers the immortal soul of love and of memory, which for all times will sanctify it to all true men and women. They will know that it is a memorial of no "Lost Cause." They will never believe that "we thought we were right," they will know, as we knew, that we were right, immortally right, and that the conquerer was wrong, eternally wrong. The great army of the dead is here; the sentiment of the living is here, the memories of the past are here, the monuments of the future will be here. As all roads lead to Rome, so in the ages to come all ties of memory, of sentiment, of heart, and of feeling, will vibrate from Richmond. As every follower of the prophet at sunset turns his face to Mecca, and sends up a prayer for the dead and the living, so everywhere in this great South Land, which was the Confederacy, whenever the trumpet call of duty sounds, when the call to do right without regard to consequence rings over the woods and the meadows, the mountains and the valleys, the spirit of the Confederacy will rise, the dead of Hollywood and of Oakwood will stand in ranks, and their eternal memory will inspire their descendants to do right whatever it cost of life or fortune, of danger and disaster. Lee will ride his bronze horse,

Hill (A. P.) will be by his side, Stonewall will be there, Stuart's plume will float again, and the battle-line of the Confederacy will move forward to do duty, justice, and right. The memorial of the Confederacy is here, not built by hands—made by memory and devotion! What else could it be?

The following officers of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and the Regents of the Solid South and of Virginia received in the entrance hall and reception room: Mrs. Joseph Bryan, president; Mrs. E. C. Minor, first vice-president; Mrs. James H. Grant, second vice-president; Mrs. R. T. Colston, third vice-president; Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss, honorary vice-president; Mrs. M. S. Smith, treasurer; Mrs. Stephen Putney, recording secretary; Mrs. Lizzie C. Daniel, corresponding secretary; Mrs. James R. Werth, chairman of Committee on Relics; Mrs. Hunter McGuire.

SOLID SOUTH.

Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, Regent; Miss May Greer Baughman, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Frank T. Crump, alternate. Committee: Mrs. Jas. D. Crump, Miss Minnie Baughman, Miss Mary Quarles.

VIRGINIA ROOM.

Miss Mildred Lee, Regent; Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Vice Regent; Mrs. J. B. Lightfoot, alternate.

In the east room, which is the Virginia room, refreshments were served to all desiring them at small cost. The menu was a particularly fine one, the qualities of the coffee particularly appealing to the general taste. In this room hospitalities were extended by Mrs. George West, Mrs. James Gordon, Mrs. Randolph Norris, Miss Ann C. Bentley, Mrs. Bowden, Mrs. Little, Mrs. R. S. Christian, Mrs. Smith Redford, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Fellows, Mrs. Larmant, Mrs. George W. Mayo, Mrs. H. W. Rountree.

The bureau in this room is one which occupied a place in the house when used as the executive mansion. The bust standing upon it (of Mr. Davis) is that which stood at the head of the dead chief's coffin when the body lay in state at the Capitol, before the reinterment in Hollywood. It is the gift of Colonel J. Bell Bigger.

NORTH CAROLINA ROOM.

Mrs. Christopher Woodbridge McLean, Regent; Mrs. T. D. Neal, Vice-Regent; Mrs. A. T. Broadnax, alternate, of Atlanta, Georgia. Reception Committee: Mrs. W. S. Forbes, of North Carolina; Mrs. Gordon, of North Carolina; Mrs. Gregory, of North Carolina; Mrs. McMaran, of N. C.; Mrs. Strudwick, *nee* Miss Nannie Hughes, of North Carolina; Miss Hughes, and Mrs. McLean, sister-in-law of ex-Governor Ellis; Mrs. Gordon, of North Carolina; Mrs. Bennahan Cameron, now of North Carolina, and others; Mrs. W. J. Whitehurst, Mrs. Wingo, Mrs. W. J. Blunt, Mrs. T. J. Jeffries.

The State colors were conspicuous in the decorations of this room.

SOUTH CAROLINA ROOM.

This room was one of the most richly-decorated and most interesting of them all. On the wall was the State seal and legend "*Semper parati.*" On the east wall was a particularly beautiful flag of blue silk, upon which a palmetto tree and crescent were worked in silver. Beneath it hung a palmetto wreath, sent by the members of the Memorial Association of South Carolina for the Jefferson Davis reinterment. On the north wall was a portrait of General Wade Hampton, in a palmetto wreath. In a corner of the room, on a large easel, was a portrait of the last battle-flag at Fort Sumter.

Miss Mary Singleton ("Daisy") Hampton, Regent; Mrs. W. P. DeSaussure *nee* Logan, Vice-Regent; Mrs. L. B. Janney, alternate. Reception Committee: Mrs. Herbert A. Claiborne; whose mother was Miss Alston, of South Carolina; Mrs. Jackson Guy, formerly Miss Hemphill, of South Carolina; Mrs. Clinton Boudar, formerly Miss O'Conner, of Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Basil Gwathmey, of Henderson, S. C.; Mrs. Ann Gwathmey, Mrs. A. H. Reynolds, Miss Helen Bennett, all of South Carolina families; Mrs. Caskie Cabell, Mrs. O. A. Crenshaw, Miss C. B. Bosher, Mrs. Hugh Taylor, Mrs. Winn, Miss Guillaume, and other ladies who helped at the South Carolina table of the memorial bazaar of 1893.

GEORGIA ROOM.

Mrs. Robert Emory Park, Macon, Ga., Regent; Mrs. J. Prosser Harrison, Richmond, Va., Vice-Regent; Miss Lucy Lily Temple, alternate.

The following ladies, native Georgians, were in charge, with the Vice-Regent as chairman: Mrs. Barton Haxall Wise, Mrs. Thomas E. Binford, Mrs. Luther Warren, Mrs. Peyton Wise, Mrs. Ashton Starke, Mrs. Charles Ellis, and with the committee the following young ladies: Misses Tatum, Peebles, Causey, of Delaware, Mary De Noble, Morgan, of California, Jenkins, Harrison, and the Misses Mosby, daughters of the celebrated partisan ranger, Col. John Singleton Mosby. These ladies were all in full dress.

MARYLAND ROOM.

This room was very artistic in its decorations. Oriole and black were the conspicuous colors in this room; over the main window of which the State name appeared in evergreen.

Among its interesting contents was a bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee, executed by the late Frederick Volck; presented by the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States of Maryland. The bust was undertaken about the time of the battle of Chancellorsville, when General Lee was in his mental and physical prime. The lineaments were carefully taken by actual measurement, and Mrs. Lee herself arranged the hair of the General for the sitting. The clay model was carried to Europe, and the bust was cast in bronze at Munich, by Weber, under Volck's direction. Volck had received a commission to execute a statue of Stonewall Jackson, and was in Europe for that purpose when the collapse of the Confederate States came. A pocket handkerchief belonging to the great General, given by Mrs. Henry C. Scott, of Ashland; a crucifix made of bullets collected from the battle of the Crater, and given by Mrs. Randolph Tucker.

Although the display is as yet small, the ladies have had assurances from the Confederates of Maryland, upon whom they rely, for gifts which will speedily make the Maryland room one of the most appealing and attractive in the building.

In this room were Mrs. Charles Marshall, Baltimore, Md., Regent; Mrs. Charles O'B. Cowardin, *nee* Anne Moale, of Baltimore, Md., Vice-Regent; Mrs. Thomas H. Leary, Jr., alternate; Mrs. J. D. Patton, Mrs. H. Frazier, *nee* Nannie Turpin Maryland; Mrs. E. T. D. Myers, Jr., *nee* Grace Adams, Maryland; Mrs. Waller Morton, *nee* McIntosh, Maryland; Mrs. Alfred Gray, Mrs. B. Saunders Johnson, Maryland; Mrs. John Goode, *nee* Lelia Symington; Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, Maryland; Mrs. Thomas Symington,

nee Maude Randolph; Mrs. John K. Jones, *nee* Wilkinson, of Annapolis; Mrs. Innes Randolph, and Mrs. James Pleasants.

TENNESSEE AND FLORIDA ROOMS.

The rooms representing these States communicate. The ladies in the Tennessee room were: Mrs. Kellar Anderson, Regent of Tennessee; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Vice-Regent; Mrs. J. W. White, alternate, of Lee Camp Auxiliary. Committee: Mrs. Wilbur Armistead, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. L. M. Hart, and others.

It was prettily decorated; and contained interesting relics, including a memorial to William Taylor Watson, eldest son of John W. C. Watson, Confederate States Senator from Mississippi.

A step across the threshold of the Florida room transported the visitor to the very land of the palmetto. There were tall, overtopping palms, Florida moss, flowers from Tallahassee and Jacksonville, and a general suggestion of the far South. Relics were in every direction—indeed, the appointments of the room were almost exclusively of relics. There were battle-flags, one bearing the significant legend, "Any Fate but Submission"; a cutlass taken from the first Confederate privateer, "Jefferson Davis"; Captain Fleming's sword, canteen, and uniform; company muster and pay-roll of the Second Florida Infantry; a piece of crockery made for the Confederacy, and numerous others.

The ladies here were Mrs. F. P. Fleming, wife of ex-Governor Fleming, of Florida, Regent of the Florida room, who sent growing palms; also cut-palms and flowers, for the decoration of the room; also money and some valuable relics, among them a valuable wash-stand from the gun-boat "Chickamauga." Vice-Regent, Mrs. R. A. Patterson; alternate, Mrs. J. Preston Cocke; Committee, Mrs. R. S. Chamberlayne, formerly Miss Byrd, of Monticello, Fla.; Mrs. Burton, formerly Miss DuVal, a resident of Florida for twenty years.

ALABAMA ROOM.

Miss Mary Clayton, Eufaula, Ala., Regent.

Over the entrance to the Alabama room was the State seal and the interpretation of the State name—"Here we rest." In this room were Mrs. James H. Drake, *nee* Lizzie Ott, Eufaula, Ala., Vice-Regent; Mrs. Joseph A. White, *nee* Sophy Berney, Montgomery, Ala., alternate; Mrs. Roy Mason, *nee* Lizzie Bacchus, Eufaula,

Ala.; Mrs. James Walker, Mrs. Robert Reynolds, Mrs. W. H. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Moncure Perkins, Mrs. General Little, Mrs. Frank Nalle, Mrs. Robert B. Munford, Mrs. Frank Dean, Miss Belle Perkins, Miss Lou Adkins, Miss Willie Rogers, Miss Virgie Drewry, Miss Mary Mayo, Miss Nellie Mayo, Miss Lina Mayo, Miss Lily Wilson, Miss Daisy Wilson, Miss Kate Montague, Miss Judith Deane, Miss Ella Thomas, Miss Mary Thomas, Mrs. William A. Moncure, Miss Merrill, Miss Graham, Miss Laura Wilkinson, and Mrs. Powell, Huntsville, Ala.

The room was richly decorated, and contained numerous relics of particular value and interest, including an original manuscript account of the battle of Manassas by General Beauregard, presented by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the popular Southern authoress; sword, epaulets, field-glass, Bible, spur, bit, saddle, blanket, and coat belonging to General H. D. Clayton, and sent by his daughter, Miss Clayton, of Eufaula, Ala.

MISSISSIPPI ROOM.

The west rooms on the first floor were those representing Mississippi and Georgia. The first was decorated with the Confederate colors, and contained numerous relics of special interest. Over the doorway was the State name in letters of gold. Miss Winnie Davis, "Daughter of the Confederacy," Regent. In the room were Vice-Regent Mrs. R. N. Northen, Mrs. J. H. Capers, whose husband was a Mississippian; Mrs. H. Clay Drewry, formerly of Vicksburg, Miss.; Mrs. Edmund C. Pendleton, Miss Margaret Humphries, Columbus, Miss.; Mrs. J. E. Stansbury, and Mrs. E. F. Chesley.

Among the relics were a copy of General Lee's farewell address to the army at Appomattox; a sword belonging to Colonel Thomas P. August, epaulets belonging to Captain Pitt, slippers made of carpet taken from one of the rooms in the Executive Mansion during the war.

ARKANSAS ROOM.

The room representing Arkansas was brilliantly decorated, and here numerous relics were on exhibition also. Miss Francis M. Scott, "Arkansas' Daughter," Van Buren, Ark., Regent. The ladies in this room were Mrs. Decatur Axtell, Vice-Regent; Miss May Cantrell, daughter of Dr. William A. Cantrell, an old and prominent physician of Little Rock; Miss Frances M. Scott, daughter of the late Charles G. Scott, Arkansas; Miss Lelia Dimmock, and others.

At the head of the stairway, on the second floor, was the flag which lay at the head of Mr. Davis' casket prior to the interment.

LOUISIANA ROOM.

This room was very attractive, although those in charge were not prepared for a display of relics.

— — — Regent.

Vice-Regent, Mrs. George Wayne Anderson, *nee* Estelle Marguerite Buerthe, of New Orleans; Mrs. John C. Freeman, alternate. Reception Committee: Mrs. W. Benjamin Palmer, *nee* Nellie Nalle, of New Orleans; Mrs. Parker Dashiell, *nee* Margaret May, of New Orleans; Mrs. William C. Bentley, *nee* Lula Logan, of New Orleans; Mrs. George Ainslie, *nee* Miss Buerthe, of New Orleans; Miss Anna Boykin.

TEXAS ROOM.

Mrs. A. V. Winckler, Corsicana, Texas, Regent; Mrs. Cazneau McLeod, Vice-Regent; Mrs. G. W. Mayo, alternate. Reception Committee: Mrs. M. P. Branch, Mrs. Fanny Crump Tucker, Mrs. Maria P. Moore, Misses Phronie Pegram, Anna McCaw, Evelyn Gordon, Lina Mayo, Louise Mayo, Virginia McLeod, and Florence McAnerny, of New York city.

A "Lone Star" of evergreen was the sole attraction in the Texas room, which, however, will shortly be brilliantly attractive.

MISSOURI AND KENTUCKY.

Missouri and Kentucky shared one room, which was as full of interest as any in the house. Conspicuous in it was a portrait of General John C. Breckenridge, given by the artist, Mr. Hunleigh, of Lexington, Ky., and the Missouri coat-of-arms, on satin, given in memory of Lieutenant William Keith, Company D., Fourth Missouri Cavalry (Marmaduke's Brigade), by members of the family. The ladies present representing Missouri were: Mrs. L. B. Valliant, St. Louis, Mo., Regent; Mrs. G. P. Stacey, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Nannie D. Werth, who is a sister of Rev. P. G. Robert, a well-known St. Louis minister of the P. E. Church.

Representing Kentucky—Mrs. Norborne Galt Grey, Regent; Miss M. P. Harris, Vice-Regent; Mrs. E. V. Valentine, alternate; Mrs. C. C. Walker, Mrs. M. J. Dimmock, Mrs. J. P. Yancey, Mrs. H. A. Williams, Mrs. Philip Taylor, Mrs. Lindsey Walker, Mrs. R. G. Reynolds, Mrs. S. G. Wallace, Miss Cary Larus, Miss Fannie

McGuire, Miss Mary Donnan, Miss Bessie Catlin, Misses Leary, Miss Lelia Dimmock, Mrs. B. S. Smith, Miss L. M. Knox, Miss Estelle Clements, New York; Misses Williams.

PROJECTORS OF THE MUSEUM.

The idea of the establishment of the museum originated with Mrs. Joseph Bryan, to whom, more than any other, is due the honor of success. This statement is made at the very urgent request of many members of the Society. Next to her, no one, says the general voice, has been so indefatigable as Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss. Miss Isabel Maury, who had charge of the relic department at the bazaar, has been appointed temporary superintendent of the Museum. The permanent appointment will be made later.

AT NIGHT.

The Museum was also open to the public from 8 to 11 o'clock at night, between which hours the historic structure was packed to its utmost capacity. Hundreds of people, eager to honor the auspicious occasion by their presence, could not get near the doors of the old mansion, so large was the crowd. The standing room of the stairways and corridors, as well as of the rooms, was taxed to its utmost. The regents and vice-regents and the ladies composing the various reception committees, were attired, mostly, in evening dress, and this added beauty and inspiration to the scene. The Governor, accompanied by his staff, in full uniform, visited the Museum, both afternoon and evening, but at night they visited all the State rooms, and viewed the relics on display with much interest.

The Richmond Light Infantry Blues and the veterans from the Soldiers' Home also attended the evening reception.

The historic battle-flags on exhibition were objects of considerable attraction and curiosity, and they were gazed upon and discussed by many.

The refreshment-room was merry with laughter and the music of silverware and china the entire evening. The ladies in charge, with Mrs. George M. West as chairman, were kept exceedingly busy, and the results were very gratifying.

The bust of General Lee, presented to the Maryland room by the Confederate Society of the Army and Navy of Maryland, arrived, and was placed in position.



MRS. BELLE STEWART BRYAN,

President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society and of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Richmond *Dispatch*)

The handsome etchings of Generals Lee, Jackson, and Johnston, which adorned the walls of the main hallway, were presented to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society by Mr. Charles Barmore, of New York, who was at the Museum, and was thanked in person for the gift, by Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Association.

Mrs. Bryan and other officers of the Society received in the main hallway at night, as they had done in the afternoon.

One of the most attractive of the relics in the South Carolina room was the company flag of the Macalla Rifles, which was found upon one of the battle-fields of Virginia, but has never been reclaimed.

The ladies in charge of the restaurant, and the officers and members of the Society generally, sent to Mrs. J. Johnston, who lives at the northeast corner of Clay and Twelfth sts., a bowl of punch and some beautiful flowers as a testimonial of their appreciation of a remarkable act of kindness on the part of that lady. Mrs. Johnston is a northern woman, and her father and two of her brothers were killed in the Union army. Nevertheless she turned over all of her dishes, her range, her dining-room furniture, and, in fact, her entire house, furnishing coal and light free of cost, to the ladies of the Society. "It was an act that was worthy of a noble and patriotic woman," said Mrs. Joseph Bryan.

Among the many interesting relics displayed at the Museum, a little volume—a memorial to Francis Dunbar Ruggles—attracted considerable attention. The volume contains only the name and lineage of the young soldier, bound together, with a letter written in 1862 to his father, in Boston. Young Ruggles, though a Massachusetts boy, had adopted the South as his home, and had become a member of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. He was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and lies in our beautiful Hollywood Cemetery.

ADVISORY BOARD.

The following prominent citizens of Richmond comprise the Advisory Board of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society:

Hon. George L. Christian, Colonel Wilfred E. Cutshaw, Colonel John B. Cary, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, E. D. Hotchkiss, Esq., Colonel John B. Purcell, Joseph Bryan, Esq., Robert S. Bosher, Esq., Hon. Beverley B. Munford, Hon. Edmund C. Minor.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The whole of the basement of the historic building has been allotted to the Southern Historical Society, which has an exceedingly interesting collection of manuscripts and relics, and a very valuable library. Of this Society Mr. R. A. Brock has been the secretary since 1887, and the editor of the annual volume of *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

It is manifest that the building so auspiciously instituted will prove an invaluable conservatory of that which is precious in the light of the truth and dignity of the momentous struggle of 1861-'5.

JOSEPH JONES, M. D., LL.D.

Died, at his home in New Orleans, La., February 17, 1896, after many months of physical suffering, Professor JOSEPH JONES, M. D., LL. D.

Thus has passed to the vale beyond, a man of the noblest instincts, a lover of truth, a servant of his kind.

In him was constantly dominant the desire to serve suffering humanity, to relieve its woes, and to subserve, as he might, enlightenment in its broadest compass.

His was a heritage of duty, precept, and practice.

Patriotism and virtue had incited and constrained in his forbears, for generations, in the Nation's progress.

It has been but a few years since his noble father, Rev. Charles Colcock Jones, D. D., teacher, minister, and philanthropist—blessed and blessing—in fullness of years, was called to his eternal reward.

It was the privilege of the writer to meet Dr. Joseph Jones during our late memorable interneceine war. I have not been face to face with him since, but we have maintained correspondence at intervals. I was honored in his regard.

A brother, like worthy, the late Colonel Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., of Augusta, Ga., I met later, only a few years ago. Although our friendship began later, our communication was more frequent whilst he lived.

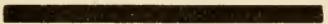
Rarely in the world's history has it been that an excellent father has been doubly blessed in two sons, such types exemplar, as citizens, patriots, scholars, and useful public ministrants.

Dr. Joseph Jones was the first Secretary of the Southern Historical Society upon its institution at New Orleans, May 1, 1869. Its welfare has ever since been dear to his heart.

His was a nature of purest purpose—of absolute fidelity. He had been unflagging in his efforts since the conclusion of the war to secure a roster of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army, and a record of its labors.

He had committed to the Southern Historical Society the voluminous result of his devoted efforts, for preservation in its collections. In the last volume of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* (XXII) a portion of his valuable work was presented. Since then, for purposes of reference, Dr. Jones recalled his MS. It is to be hoped that his representatives will restore it to the custody of the Society.

R. A. B.



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